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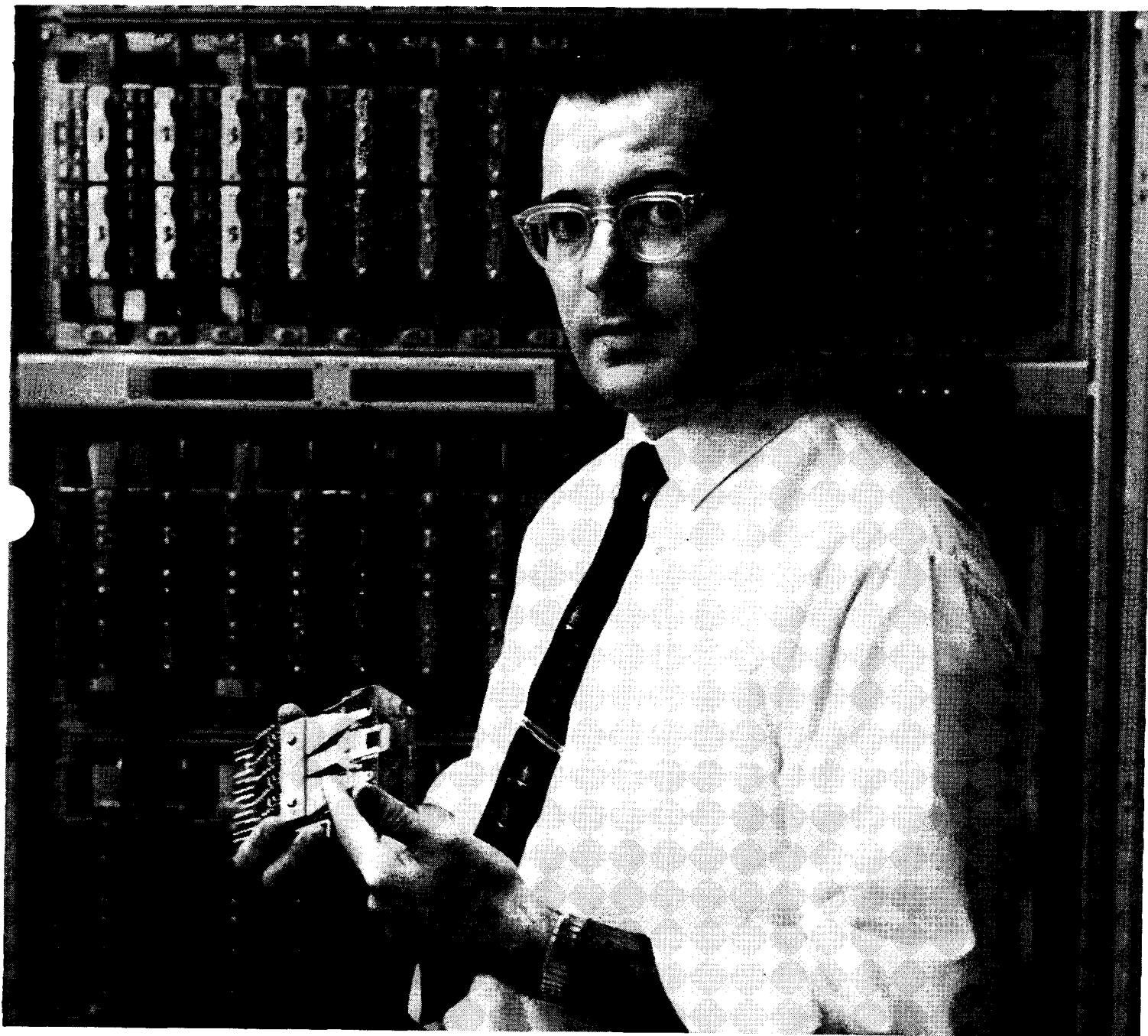
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1964 VOLUME 213 NUMBER

LOUIS M. LYONS	Liebling, Libel, and the Press	43
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER	The Mad Strangler of Boston	49
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS	A Rough Map of Greece: The Night Boat	57
MARTIN GREENBERGER	The Computers of Tomorrow	63
W. S. MERWIN	The Museum - A STORY	68
MICHAEL GOLDMAN	The Sense of Crisis - A POEM	73
	German Students Reply to Martha Gellhorn	74
TERENCE PRITTIE	Britain Before the Elections	79
J. DOUGLAS BROWN	The Squeeze on the Liberal University	84
RICHARD MOORE	Hawks - A POEM	87
MAURO SENESI	The Breach - A STORY	88
DUDLEY FITTS	Any Author to Any Friend - A POEM	90

ATLANTIC EXTRA

CURTIS CATE	People on Fire: The Congo	91
-------------	---------------------------	----

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington - France - Ghana	4
-----------------------------	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON - R. G. G. PRICE - LEONARD WOLF - JOHN AVERY SNYDER -	114
FRANCES DUNCAN	
GEORGE LAURIA	Tokyo and the Olympics 122
HERBERT KÜPFERBERG	They Shall Have Music 128

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	132
WILLIAM BARRETT	Reader's Choice	135
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	142

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WASHINGTON

IN THE normal course of an election year no American Administration would deliberately do anything to become more deeply involved in the war in South Vietnam or to accelerate that war in any way. But predictions about the course of American action in the next few months are largely meaningless because events beyond Washington's control will determine what Washington does.

It is for this very reason that many critics have assailed Administration policy in South Vietnam. They have argued that the United States has become overextended, that it is a captive in a grave situation without the power reasonably to influence events.

Nevertheless, the decision was taken months ago to prevent a Communist victory in South Vietnam. That decision stands. It is the basic guideline to an understanding of what Senator Dirksen calls the "enigma" of American policy. No one in Washington knows when a general's coup or an assassin's bullet will topple a government. No one can predict the course of popular support for an Asian government. No one knows what move Hanoi or Peiping may make next.

Firm intentions

But the determination to make a stand in South Vietnam, however difficult the challenge may be, has not wavered. When Mr. Johnson flew to South Vietnam in May, 1961, at President Kennedy's request, it was not only to bolster and reassure the Vietnamese but to bolster and reassure Thailand, India, Pakistan, and the Philippines, all of which he visited on the same trip.

India has been the principal consideration in the development of nearly all recent American policies in Asia. If India can be maintained as a growing, hopeful society on the side of freedom,

the power of Communist China can somehow be checked. A Communist victory in South Vietnam would mean almost immediate collapses in Thailand and Burma and would put India and the Philippines very much on the defensive. In both those countries powerful parties urging an accommodation with Red China would promptly arise.

Because President Johnson wanted Hanoi particularly to know that American intentions are firm, he made his declaration that those who are engaged in "external direction and supply" of the assault on South Vietnam "would do well to be reminded and to remember that this type of aggression is a deeply dangerous game."

From the time that he first examined the problem for President Kennedy, Mr. Johnson, a direct-actionist in most things, wanted to act more boldly to punish the Communists in the North, to make Hanoi's gamble as costly as possible. There are many officials in Washington who are convinced that if more pressures were put on North Vietnam, the Ho Chi Minh regime, which clearly wishes to maintain its independence of China, would withdraw some of its support of the guerrilla fighters in the South.

But it also has been apparent, as Secretary Rusk has said, that "the basic problem . . . the central problem . . . is in South Vietnam, even though supported from the North. In other words, whatever happens in the North, there is a large problem in South Vietnam to be dealt with." That problem is political as well as military, and under the best of circumstances will take much time to resolve. Nevertheless, as the President indicated, his policy toward Vietnam can have two blades, one of which may be aimed directly at the North in stepped-up support of South Vietnam harassments of the Hanoi regime.



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Report on Washington



The President's warning was made after President de Gaulle's call for the neutralization of Southeast Asia, and it served to help make clear the Administration's belief that neutralization is a fanciful concept while aggression is being committed. For De Gaulle to have proposed neutralization in the face of the difficulties with the Communists in Laos, where they are violating the neutrality agreement, convinces Washington that his proposal was an utterly cynical one.

Anxiety about De Gaulle

When President Johnson and Secretary Rusk replied softly to news conference questions about the French leader's proposal, they did so deliberately. They decided that nothing could be gained by a debate with De Gaulle on the eve of his Latin-American tour. They were convinced, moreover, that De Gaulle was in no position to determine events in Southeast Asia. But no one of late has caused so much anguish in Washington as President de Gaulle. It is difficult to understand how he can argue for the complete independence of the nation-state in Europe and advocate the neutralization of states in Asia.

Walt W. Rostow, chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, said in a speech in Brussels, "It is important that the Communists in Asia understand well that the West is not ready to turn over Southeast Asia to Communist rule, either directly or through a process of neutralization which the Communists and others would understand as tantamount to Communist hegemony. Our interest is the continued independence of the nations of Southeast Asia."

A strong stand does not mean that the United States should fail to take advantage of any political opportunities to reach accords, specifically including arrangements with North Vietnam if that regime would agree to cease its aggressive acts.

While De Gaulle's recognition of Communist China has not caused as much trouble in non-Communist Asia as Washington expected, there are deep forebodings regarding the effect it will ultimately have on the United Nations. State Department vote counters do not believe that the United Nations General Assembly will change its attitude toward Peiping this year. But they know

that some day the problem will plunge the United Nations itself into its gravest crisis, and De Gaulle's action has hastened the day.

The Republican primaries

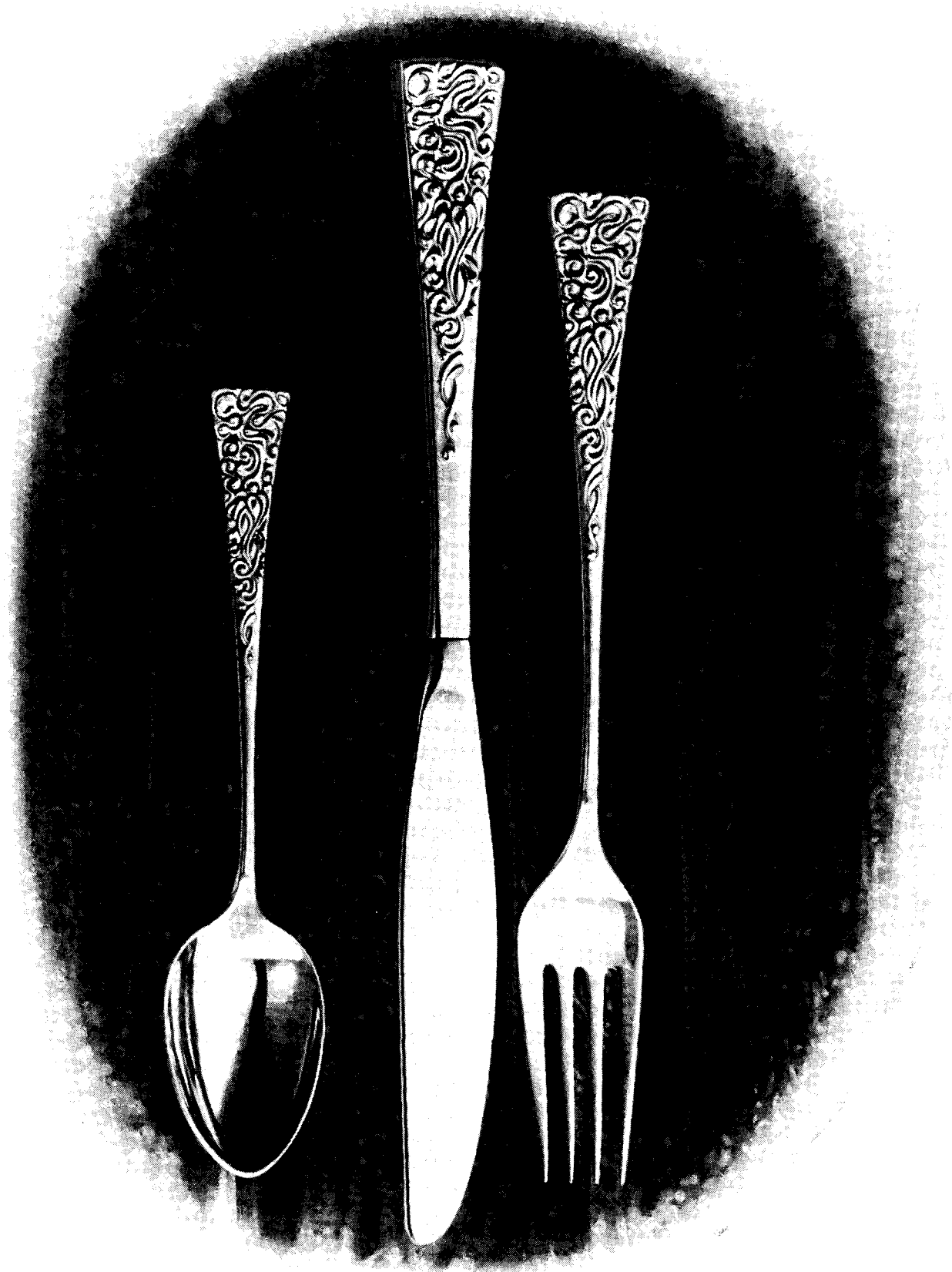
The surprise vote in New Hampshire that propelled Henry Cabot Lodge into the political spotlight at home while he is serving as ambassador to South Vietnam has not made the Administration's task in Saigon easier. This is true despite the widespread belief among politicians of both parties that Lodge has only an outside chance of winning the Republican presidential nomination.

For a long time there has been a strong belief that the two most active candidates would knock each other out, as they almost did in New Hampshire, and that the convention would turn to a compromise candidate. Lodge remains a possibility, of course, but Washington experts believe that Governor William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania or Richard M. Nixon may have the edge.

For further political signs and portents, Washington is turning its eyes to California, now the most populous state, where voters this year have at least two opportunities to make political history. In the June 2 primary, Rockefeller and Goldwater are offered a chance to repair the damage they did to their reputations in New Hampshire.

California has eighty-six convention votes, and both candidates are concentrating on the state which, with South Dakota, has the last primary before the Republican National Convention meets in San Francisco July 13. While the victor in the California primary may very well not win the nomination, the loser surely will not win it. Both, however, will retain some leverage, because of the support already pledged to them, to influence the choice of the nominee. Goldwater's strength in this respect may be decisive. Because both candidates understand what is at stake in the party, they are sparing no effort in California. Their California supporters also are waging hard campaigns, because they know that the contest has become a battle for control of the Republican Party now and in the years ahead.

In recent weeks, Californians interested in the party's future in the state have become active in the Rockefeller-Goldwater contest in increasing numbers. During the winter, despite the decline in Goldwater's strength following President Kennedy's death, the senator was widely recognized as the leading contender. But lately there has been a Rockefeller gain as middle-of-the-road Republicans have thrown their support to him. Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, the leading Republican in the state and a respected vote-getter, and other prominent Republicans have declared for Rockefeller,



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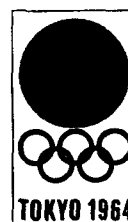
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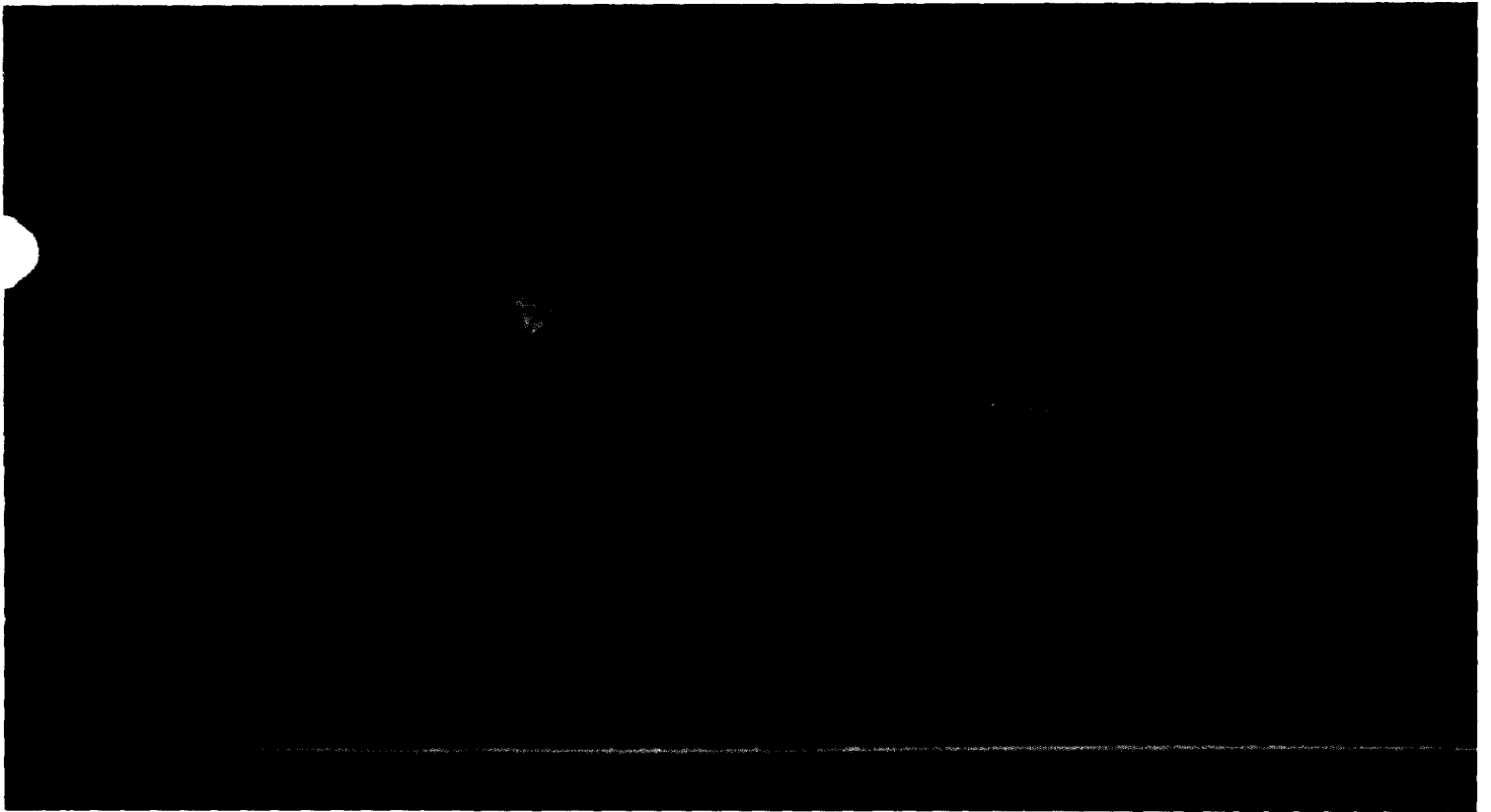
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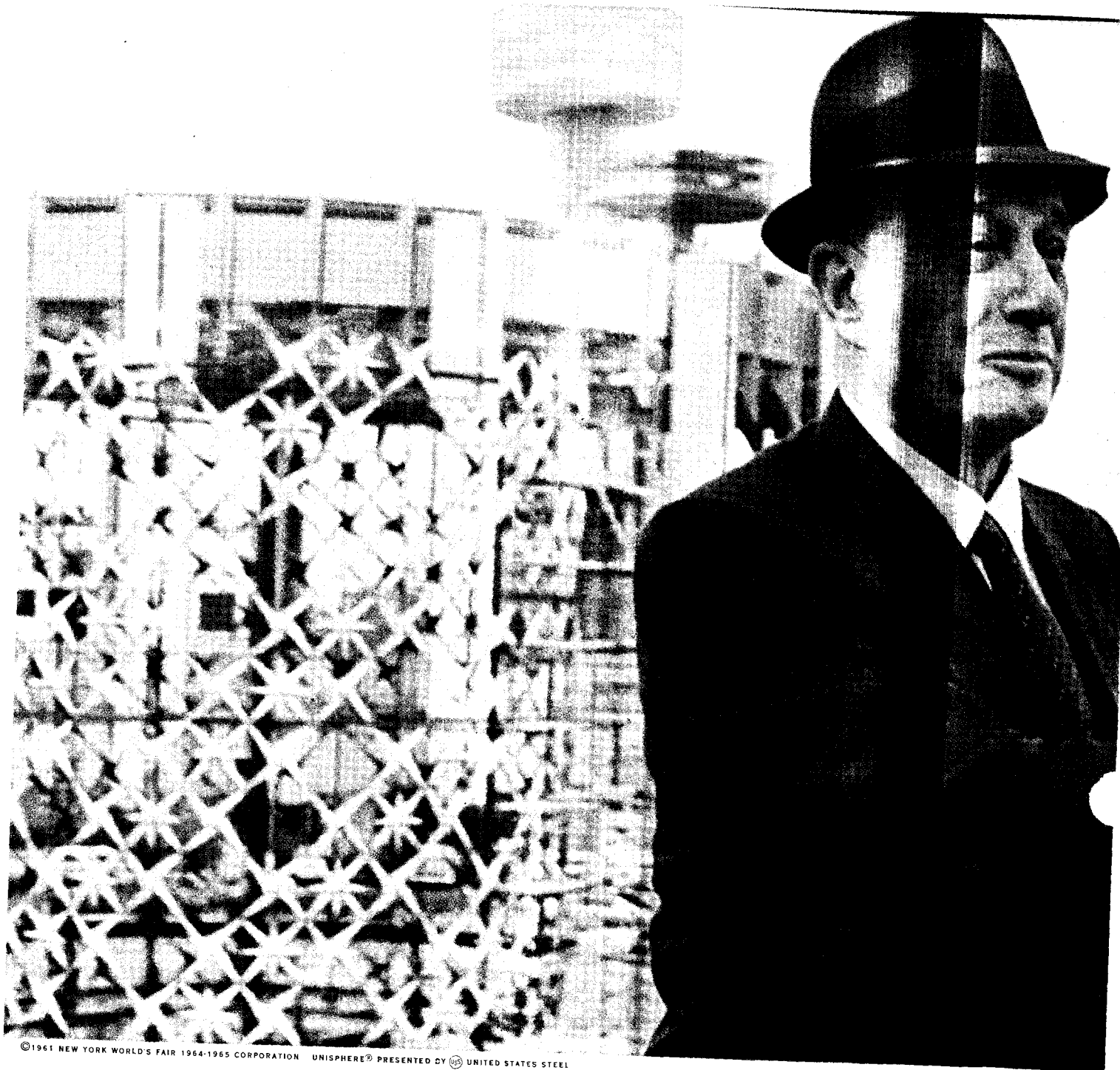




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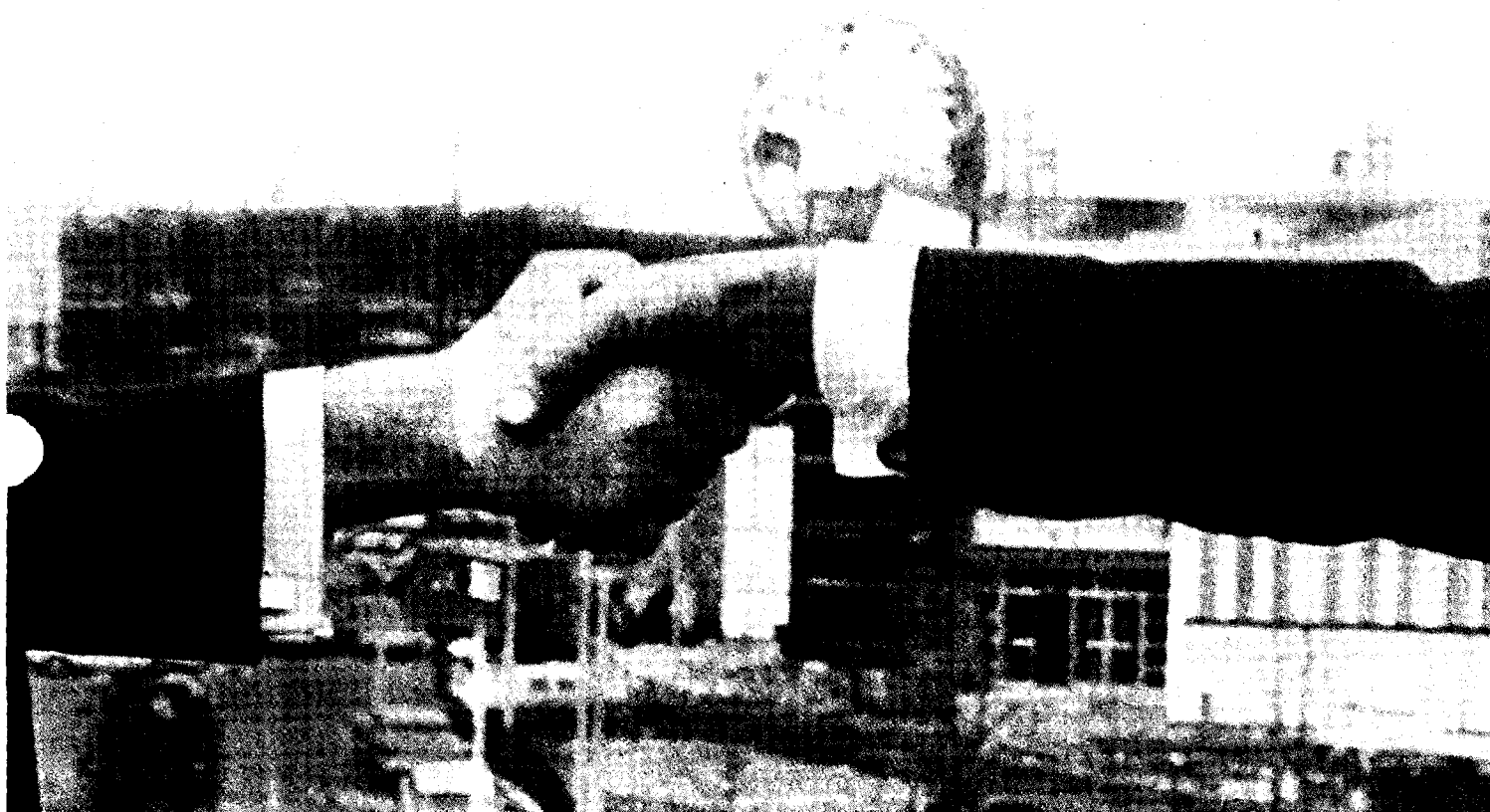


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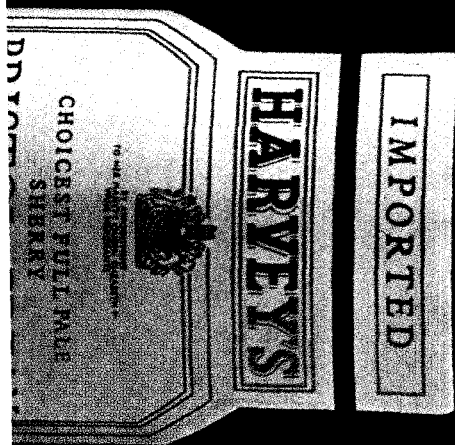
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Report on Washington

partly because they are determined to stop Goldwater and keep the reins of power in the hands of the moderates. Republican National Committeeman Joseph L. Martin, Jr. of San Francisco resigned his party post to be free to campaign for Rockefeller and to fight what he called the Birchers and the rightist lunatic fringe. "The compelling reason for my decision," Martin said, "is a desire to do my part to prevent the Republican Party from becoming a branch of the John Birch society. . . . The stakes in June are nothing more nor less than the survival of our party."

Former Senator William F. Knowland, chairman of the Goldwater campaign in the state, replied that Martin was "the political hatterman for the Eastern liberal establishment," thus demonstrating that he had learned the language of the extreme right. California Republicans will tell a lot about the future of American politics when they cast their ballots in June, even if they do not pick a winner.

Fair housing in California

The other major issue for California voters this year involves civil rights. The debate on the rights issue began even before the Senate became engaged in the great filibuster, but it will last even longer. On November 3, Californians will be asked to decide whether a fair housing act should remain on the statute books. Their answer will influence the course of similar legislation in other states.

Last year the California legislature passed a bill sponsored by Democratic Representative Byron Rumford forbidding discrimination in the sale or rental of real estate. Almost immediately after the bill became law the California Real Estate Association began a campaign to nullify it. The association obtained more than a half million signatures to a petition requiring a popular referendum on the law. If approved by the voters, the resolution not only would kill the Rumford Act but would write into the state constitution a ban on any antidiscrimination laws which affect real estate.

Governor Edmund G. Brown and a majority of California Democratic leaders are arguing strongly for the Rumford Act and against the Real Estate Association's resolution. Republicans are divided. But Republican State Chairman Caspar W. Weinberger has warned his fellow Republicans that the repeal campaign could cost his party as dearly in 1964 as the divisive fight over right-to-work laws did in 1958, the year Brown beat Knowland for the governorship by more than a million votes. Polls in the state indicate that the fight will be bitterly contested. The voters were almost evenly divided as the battle opened.

Mood of the Capital

President Johnson's continued refusal to provide any leadership on the urgent question of the presidential succession has disappointed many of his supporters. Now is clearly the time to act. In finding a solution, the country should have the leadership of the man who recently succeeded to the highest office in the land. The President's silence is no doubt dictated by a reluctance to offend Speaker of the House John W. McCormack, who is next in line to the presidency. But the President's duty to the nation should override all other considerations.

Former President Eisenhower, former Vice President Nixon, the American Bar Association, and other individuals and groups have endorsed the proposal for a constitutional amendment to permit a Vice President upon assuming the presidency to nominate a new Vice President. Nixon would like to see the electoral college confirm the new nominee; others would like to provide for confirmation by the two houses of Congress; still others think the best plan would be to allow the Senate to act alone, as it does now in all matters involving confirmations.

The President has recognized that a constitutional amendment may be needed, but he has said that he does not expect any "realistic progress" this year. Many members of Congress believe that the fight should be pushed now when the need is greatest. They sense a broad agreement that the country must have a Vice President at all times and that this is the year for action.

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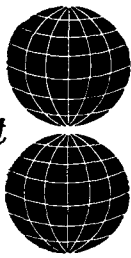
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The Atlantic Report FRANCE



CHARLES DE GAULLE's recognition of Red China offered a new and striking demonstration of at least three familiar traits in the Gaullist regime. The first is the General's supreme indifference to questions of political doctrine. The second is the extreme to which he is prepared to go in the attainment of his goals. The third, and not the least important, is the reaffirmation of the old principle of the divine right of kings to rule as they please, regardless of what people, parliament, or even allies might wish.

By last November — after a French trade mission and former Premier Edgar Faure, De Gaulle's special emissary, had returned from China — the operation was too obvious to be camouflaged any longer. A few weeks later, after the Assembly had recessed, the Gaullist propaganda machine got into action, intimating that all De Gaulle envisaged was the establishment of diplomatic and cultural relations up to the *chargé d'affaires* level, where British recognition has remained stymied for the last dozen years. Full recognition might come in a year or two, but progress was likely to be slow. In any case, there was no question of France's renouncing the Two Chinas policy or of breaking with Taiwan.

To make this clear, De Gaulle dispatched General Zinovi Peshkov (Maxim Gorky's adopted son), who had served him as Free French envoy to Chungking, to reassure his old friend Chiang Kai-shek. To get Peshkov to undertake this task must have required some persuasion, for he is a bitter anti-Communist who has little use for De Gaulle's present policies.

De Gaulle breaks his pledges

Similar assurances were conveyed through the ordinary diplomatic channels to both Washington and London. Yet within a couple of weeks all of them had quietly evaporated, and the way was open for De Gaulle to unveil his latest Grand Design at a press conference he gave in the Elysée Palace on January 31, which attracted an unprecedented number of auditors. It began with a lengthy disquisition on the institutions of the Fifth

Republic, in the course of which De Gaulle insisted on the absolute need for autocratic rule in France, even going so far as to scoff at the idea of France's becoming a dyarchy, or bicephalous state, in which the Prime Minister might be something more than the first valet of the President.

This was followed by an elaborate apologia in favor of massive aid to underdeveloped countries. The General pointed with pride to the fact that 2 percent of France's national income and 10 percent of its annual investment are devoted to foreign aid. These glowing statistics were tempered by a thinly veiled warning to African recipients that if they went on dissipating this aid in petty internecine quarrels, France would divert it elsewhere. Subsequent references to President López Mateos of Mexico, to the governments of the Latin-American states which De Gaulle is to visit next autumn, and finally to "our friend Prince Sihanouk, the Chief of State of Cambodia, his Majesty the King of Laos and his Prime Minister, Prince Souvanna Phouma" — all due to be received in Paris in the near future — made it quite clear where French aid could go.

By the time this lengthy explanation was completed, the thousand or so listeners who had crowded into the ballroom of the Elysée Palace were nodding with drowsiness from the combined effect of the wine they had drunk at lunch and the heat given off by massed batteries of television cameras.

De Gaulle continued with a few historical allusions to a "great people . . . the most numerous of the earth," to a "state which is older than history." He discussed the immense effort made by the Communists to exploit China's natural resources before he reached the heart of the matter, long one of his pet themes: the inevitable conflict between Russian and Chinese national interests.

"The least that can be said on this subject," the General declared, "is that in Asia, where the frontier between two states, from the Hindu Kush to Vladivostok, is the longest in the world, the interest of Russia, which conserves and main-

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Report on France

tains, and that of China, which needs to grow and take, cannot be confused." He then made a plea for an "eventual neutrality agreement concerning the states of South-east Asia to which, for so many reasons, we French attach a special and cordial attention."

Since this, like all of De Gaulle's press conferences, was a carefully managed affair, no journalist was given the opportunity of raising the obvious question, How can De Gaulle justify a policy of neutralism—which in effect leaves countries disarmed—for neighbors of a state which, by the General's own definition, is expansionist in character?

The answer to this unasked question is, in the present French context, probably not one which the General would care to make public. He has, however, made no secret of it to close friends and collaborators. De Gaulle has long been persuaded that the underlying trend of all modern civilization is from individualism to collectivism. The imperatives of technological progress and the new complexities of mass production, circulation, and distribution, linked as they are to a ceaseless demographic surge and ever increasing urbanization, render state planning and economic socialization inevitable. This is what the General calls the "course of history."

It is pointless to resist this wave, De Gaulle argues; the only thing to do is to try to temper its ferocity and backlash. This is particularly true of weak states like Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, which are already profoundly infected by the Communist virus. Better, then, to bend like the willow rather than to go crashing down like the oak—which is what happened to France at Dien Bien Phu, and what, the General is persuaded, will happen to the Americans if they continue to support an anti-Communist regime in Saigon.

The French reaction

In France itself De Gaulle's high dive into the muddy waters of Asiatic diplomacy was greeted with mingled dismay and delight. Most delighted, of course, were the cartoonists, who suddenly found a vast

new horizon opening before them thanks to the General's new taste for *chinoiserie*. The singularly succulent name of Red China's Prime Minister—*chou* in French means "cabbage"—proved infinitely helpful, enabling them to depict De Gaulle in a wide variety of gastronomic poses: lapping up cabbage soup (*soupe aux choux*) with a Johnson-faced spoon or popping Chou En-lai under a crust (*choucrouste alsacienne*).

The state-controlled radio-television network made documentaries showing immaculately tilled rice fields and well-tamed rivers backed up behind endless earth dams. But this sudden flurry of drawings and propaganda high jinks could provide no answer to the riddle of just how General de Gaulle was going to implement a neutralist policy for Southeast Asia which at least three of the governments concerned—Saigon, Bangkok, and Kuala Lumpur—adamantly oppose.

In early March, a Russian parliamentary delegation turned up in Paris for a ten-day visit. Officially, this was purely a courtesy visit in return for a previous visit made to the Soviet Union by a French parliamentary group; but the fact that the Russian delegation was headed by Nicolai Podgorny, Khrushchev's successor as Secretary-General of the Communist Party and the third-ranking figure in the Soviet Union, made the visit unusually significant.

Podgorny made it clear at once that the freeze which had descended on French-Russian relations last summer as a result of De Gaulle's refusal to sign the test-ban treaty was now completely thawed. After an hour's talk with the General, he publicly praised his "very courageous, bold, and resolute initiative" in recognizing Red China, adding that Moscow and Paris saw eye to eye in favoring a policy of neutralism in Laos and Cambodia.

All this, of course, was a statement of the obvious. Moscow could hardly demonstrate chagrin over a French initiative which has so far proved infinitely more vexatious for Washington than Moscow. In Cyprus, where Moscow had already assumed a pro-Greek stand, France and Russia were now also aligned on a common front. And since De Gaulle

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1946 This photograph, taken in 1946, shows a slum in the heart of San Juan. Old tires served as stepping-stones.

1964 Public Housing projects, like the one at right, have replaced many of Puerto Rico's slums. They're found all over the Commonwealth—are now housing 125,000 people. →

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Report on France

was showing himself more disposed than ever to upset the NATO applecart, there was obviously everything to be gained by continuing to woo the General.

Opposition to De Gaulle?

Next year there will be a French presidential election, and the French President at that time will be no freer than President Johnson now is to do what he pleases. If his health permits — the General has long suffered from uremia — there seems little doubt that he will want to run for office again. He probably would have no trouble defeating Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles, who was prodded by the left-wing weekly *L'Express* into prematurely tossing his hat into the ring last autumn after De Gaulle threw the entire French opposition off balance by allowing it to be rumored that he was planning to spring an election on the country early in 1964.

A far more serious opponent is Antoine Pinay, who has twice been Premier of France and who, as De Gaulle's finance minister, was chiefly responsible for stabilizing the franc in the winter of 1958-1959. Since his resignation in December of 1959 the franc has been undergoing gradual erosion. The cost of living in France has been rising at an average rate of close to 5 percent a year, so that today the benefits of the 28 percent devaluation of 1958 have been erased by a 30 percent increase in French prices. Last year, France's trade deficit rose to \$644 million, which, though it was only half as great as Italy's, was nevertheless the signal for mounting concern not only in Paris but also in Brussels, where Common Market economic policy is drafted.

Another significant pointer of possible economic trouble has been the steady decline in quotations on the Paris stock market. While France continues to enjoy a boom — the gross national product rose by another 6 percent last year — confidence in the immediate future of the French economy, directed by a semi-socialist regime, has been evaporating in the French business community. Pinay, of course, is the favored son of this community, and

he also enjoys the support of many French farmers and, in general, of the "little man," who has always seen in him something of his own grass-roots simplicity. A worsening economic situation might, therefore, be all that is needed to form a solid anti-Gaullist coalition, which would significantly include Defferre's fellow Socialist but arch-enemy, Guy Mollet, who has privately been saying that Defferre does not stand a chance.

Another interesting index of the way the wind is blowing was afforded early last March by the publication of three articles in *Paris-Match* which openly attacked the Gaullist policy of lavish aid to foreign countries. *Paris-Match*, the *Life* of France, claims a readership of six million people, sufficient to make its ace reporter and editorialist, Raymond Cartier, far and away the most widely read, if not the most influential, journalist in France.

His articles, chock-full of facts and figures, constituted a sledgehammer indictment of the entire French aid program, which, Cartier claimed, absorbed almost 3 percent of France's national income, 6 percent of its budget revenue, and one third of its annual investment, and imposed on the individual French taxpayer a financial burden which, relative to income, was four times as high as that imposed on the American taxpayer. (\$18.60 per capita in the United States compared with \$20.40 per capita in France.)

The disproportion of these handouts to France's national income and domestic needs explains why France has been falling so far behind on the home front — with a telephone system more antiquated than that in Mexico or Spain, a superhighway network hardly covering 200 miles, a canal system which has slowly been falling into ruin, a stagnant rate of building which has been unable to creep above 300,000 housing units a year (compared with 500,000 in West Germany), and most dramatic, an ever mounting shortage of schools and teachers.

The General's wrath

De Gaulle, on reading the first article, exploded into a towering rage, for Cartier had put a critical finger on one of the sensitive points

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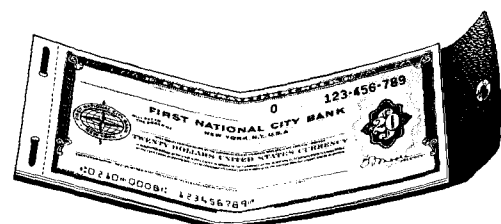
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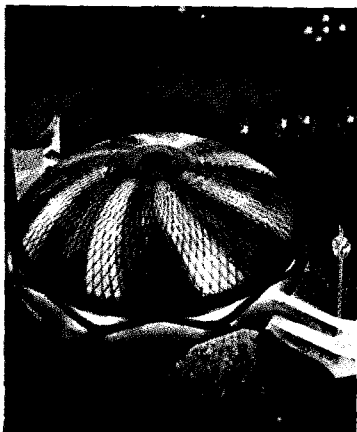
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IN SEPTEMBER, 1962, a "blue baby" came to Lutheran General Hospital with an estimated forty-eight hours to live.

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for Lutheran General by the engineers at Borg-Warner—a pressure chamber that increases the oxygen level in the blood by as much as 15 times.

The doctors agreed with the baby's parents to try this chamber as a last-ditch effort.

The Chicago papers picked up the story, and for weeks the people of Chicago anxiously followed the baby's progress.

Twenty days later, the baby died of heart failure. It was a sad day.

In New York, the parents of another "blue baby" heard about the work being done by Lutheran's doctors. They flew to Chicago. Their baby needed an operation, but wasn't thought strong enough to survive it.

He did survive. The chamber helped him gain weight and strength, and when the operation was performed, it was successful. Our picture shows you how that baby looks today—eighteen-month-old James Patrick Angus of Long Island, N. Y.

James Patrick Angus became the go-ahead for a full-scale hyperbaric facility.

Supported by the John A. Hartford Foundation, the doctors of Lutheran General went back to Borg-Warner. Could the engineers of the

Research Center design three large hyperbaric chambers and the machinery to make them work? Could the engineers at Borg-Warner's York Division build the new facility?

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The new facility is now in operation at Lutheran General, helping doctors learn the extent to which high pressure oxygen may help patients suffering from gas gangrene, carbon monoxide poisoning and certain kinds of shock.

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Report on France

of his regime: the immense amount of money which France has been shelling out, with precious little to show for it in return, to satisfy the whims of a coterie of African elites who are being bribed with sentimental, cultural, linguistic, and pecuniary arguments into a continued and submissive adulation of France and its inspired leader.

At the very moment Cartier made his embarrassing revelations, the news was seeping back to Paris that tens of thousands of French flags were arriving in Mexico and that 200,000 flags had been unloaded in Martinique to make sure that the General's impending trip to the Caribbean would be another triumph of mass spontaneity.

A few days later, three Mexican flags that French troops supporting the ill-starred Emperor Maximilian captured in 1854 were solemnly handed over to the Mexican government by a delegation of three French officers. This generous gesture, it turned out, was not altogether disinterested. The Mexican government had originally requested the return of the flags prior to President López Mateos' visit to France last year.

The request was politely declined at the time, with the explanation that these precious trophies of victory were part of France's glorious military patrimony and that it would require an act of parliament to have them expatriated. When General de Gaulle finally decided that the proper hour had struck, the flags were whisked out of the country without the French parliament knowing anything about it.

Nor was the National Assembly asked for its opinion when Red China was recognized. For, not the least extraordinary thing about the events of the past few months is that this far-reaching diplomatic gambit, so fraught with momentous possibilities for the future, received no parliamentary approval whatsoever. The Assembly was not in session, and not a deputy raised his voice to contest this anomaly. Nothing could better attest the degradation of political life in a country which is still nominally a republic.



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IN BETWEEN attempts on his life, President Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana has established himself as a dictator by tampering with the democratic constitution that existed at Independence in 1957. The fifty-four-year-old so-called Osagyefo, or "Redeemer," has been putting the finishing touches to this task in the past few months.

Subversion is the only way that opposition to Nkrumah can be expressed. There have been three attempts on his life in the last two years, and the President rarely appears in public nowadays. When he has a message for his nation, he broadcasts from Accra's Christiansborg Castle, where he lives surrounded by hundreds of security men.

The latest attempt on his life was on January 2, when a policeman fired five shots at close range as he was leaving his office. Nkrumah was not injured, but one of his security officers was killed. This attempt came just a few days after he had declared null and void the judgment of the Special Court which had acquitted three of the five men charged with a bomb attempt on his life in August, 1962. Nkrumah dismissed Chief Justice Sir Arku Korsah and two other judges who made up the Special Court, alleging that their failure to take him into their confidence before announcing their verdict was "meant to create discontent and terror throughout the country." He rushed a bill through Parliament empowering him to quash any decisions of Special Courts.

The people vote Yes

A referendum was held at the end of January seeking approval for constitutional amendments making Ghana a one-party state and giving Nkrumah the right to dismiss judges. The manner in which the referendum was conducted showed clearly that the President's idea of democracy has much in common with that of other dictators. The result in itself is an echo of voting elsewhere: there were 2,773,920 Yes votes and only 2452 Noes. These figures reveal the extent not of the government's popularity but of the fear of persecution Ghanaians now live in. Before the referendum, no voter had been left in any doubt as to what his fate

would be if he voted against Nkrumah's proposals. The government Convention People's Party had warned: "Those who think they can hide under the so-called 'secrecy' of the polling-booth to fool us must know that the days when we could be fooled are gone." Opposition to the President can result in detention for an indefinite period.

In many areas there was no chance of defying the regime even at this price; in the northern region many of the No boxes were removed before the first voters arrived, and in other places the voting slots of the No boxes were sealed. There were reports of other irregularities which made a mockery of the voting. The results for some areas where transport is primitive were announced long before all the boxes could possibly have been brought in.

On the strength of this farcical referendum Nkrumah has made Ghana a one-party state. The only party now permitted is the left-wing Convention People's Party. Within this party there is a group known as the Vanguard Militants, who monopolize press and radio and are taking over many of the posts in the civil service. They form the spearhead of Nkrumah's revolution, although they have influence rather than power. It is these extremists, so valuable to Nkrumah in combating what he considers uncooperative bourgeois elements, that he has to satisfy by displays of ruthlessness both at home and abroad.

To symbolize his recognition of the party's role, the nation's flag has been changed from red, gold, and green to red, white, and green — the colors of the CPP. The United Party, formerly the opposition but long truncated by the arrest and exile of its leaders, is banned. Of the 114 members of the rubber-stamp Parliament, only seven were members of the UP, and they had been obliged to restrict themselves to harmless criticism of the merest details of government policy. The significance of the referendum is that there is no longer the least possibility of the constitution's getting in the dictator's way. Both Parliament and the judiciary are securely in his grip.

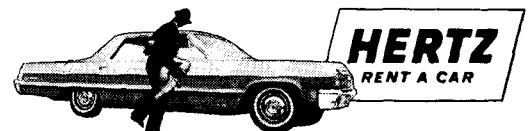
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Report on Ghana

It is not only these two bodies that Nkrumah is purging. Realizing that within the government service had opponents who were working against him in silence, he decided on a cleanup. Senior civil servants are among those recently dismissed for alleged irregularities. Six members of the academic staff of the University of Ghana—including four United States citizens—were deported in February. They were accused of subversive activities.

Extreme elements in the CPP have been criticizing the university for some time as pro-Western, and this axing of the expatriate staff was meant as a sop to them. A mob broke into the university grounds and demonstrated against “saboteur intellectuals.” The vice-chancellor of the university, Dr. Conor Cruise O’Brien, formerly UN Representative in Katanga, is a personal friend of Nkrumah’s and has so far prevented the situation from deteriorating further.

Ghana now has rigid censorship of the press; the local government papers carry nothing but propaganda, often of a very naïve kind. There is also a perversion of vocabulary that is typical of dictatorships: Nkrumah has ordered that in future all workers be paid “salaries” rather than “wages”; he has published a collection of his speeches under the title *I Speak of Freedom*.

Ghanaian students abroad have been warned that they are not beyond the reach of the dictatorship; any antigovernment activity on their part would result in their immediate recall. There is reason to doubt figures published by government departments. The new Institute of Public Education, for example, boasts that it gives part-time degree courses for workers in several towns, but in practice only a handful of students attend one course in the entire country. Much of the revenue of this institute is spent on courses in a new subject — “Nkrumahism.”

Economic assets and liabilities

That Ghana is advancing economically is beyond dispute. A Seven-Year Development Plan has

Parents who teach their children sensible eating habits help the young avoid costly food faddism

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED that Americans spend from 500 million to one billion dollars each year needlessly on food fads, vitamin pills that are not necessary, and so-called "health foods" which may be perfectly good foods but which do not live up to some of the elaborate health claims made for them and which may not be worth the premium prices charged. Parents really interested in getting their children off to a good start in life should be alert to food faddism and health quackery and should prepare their children to avoid being victimized by the faddists and quacks who prey on the young, as well as the aged, because they know of the concerns the young have for health and strength and body development.

Although scientific research has demonstrated that drinking milk on the day of an athletic event apparently has no adverse effects on the athletes' performance, there are still athletic coaches in high schools and colleges who instruct their teams to avoid milk at certain periods or meals. Some physical education teachers, who influence the attitudes of young people they are instructing, are not well informed about sound nutrition principles.

Parents concerned about the good health of their children should be aware of what the children are being taught, if anything, about what they should eat and why. Generally, schools use nutrition teaching materials prepared under careful supervision of nutritionists who know their business, but there are some cases in which nutrition teachings are not based on well-established nutrition principles.

PARENTS CAN TEACH THROUGH GOOD EXAMPLES

In most families, it is likely that the examples set by adult members in their own eating habits will be a very strong influence on the children's eating habits. If adults shun certain foods, then the children, especially the teen-agers, may assume they, too, can avoid these foods. Parents should understand at least the fundamental principles of good nutrition so that they can guide their children toward sensible eating habits and toward an understanding of the role which food plays in health and development.

Parents need not be walking textbooks on nutrition. Nutritionists have made life much easier for us by developing the Daily Food Guide. Family meals may be planned for both taste appeal and good nutrition by selecting from four major food groupings: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Breads and Cereals. The groupings are based largely on the kinds of nutrients provided by each group. The Guide recommendations provide only a foundation for a well-balanced diet. Depending upon total calories required, other foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the daily diet.

The Daily Food Guide is excellent because it fits the

needs of the entire family. Food selection varies only in terms of individual nutrient needs. In other words, an adult whose life is quite sedentary does not require the same quantities of food as a very active teen-age boy or a growing child. (See below for instructions on how to receive your copy of the Daily Food Guide for your family.)

THE DAILY FOOD GUIDE IS EASY TO USE

The Daily Food Guide is designed to make food selection for the family as easy as possible. Here is an example of how the Guide suggests that selections be made:

Milk and Other Dairy Foods: The Guide suggests 3-4 glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers and 2 glasses daily for adults (or the equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). These quantities of milk are recommended because milk provides important nutrients for all age groups.

Milk is a leading source of calcium, essential for the development of bones and teeth and required for proper functioning of muscles and nerves and for normal clotting of blood. Milk is also an important contributor of riboflavin—which is vital in the body's metabolism—and high quality protein that provides the amino acids needed for body tissue growth and repair. Milk also supplies other vitamins and minerals.

For a moderately active adult man, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide about 10-15% of his recommended daily calorie allowance; about 25% of his protein; about 70% of his calcium; about 45% of his riboflavin; about 15% of his vitamin A; and over 10% of his thiamine.

For an adult woman percentages of these nutrients provided by 2 glasses of milk would be slightly higher because of the generally lower nutrient recommendations for women, but the calories in 2 glasses of milk still provide only 14-20% of the recommended daily allowance for a moderately active adult woman.

Selecting foods from the other food groups in proper quantities provides the additional nutrients recommended. If the entire family follows this very simple Daily Food Guide, and if reasonable effort is made to develop understanding among the young why it is wise to select foods in this pattern to provide a balanced diet, then it is likely that the young will be less susceptible to the siren songs of faddists and quacks who promise them a "quick and easy" path to super bodies and brains via their pills and "health foods."

For complete information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606.



a message from dairy farmer members of

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IN LATE 1961 when Ralph Schuyler Williams, the celebrated "Mr. Havana Cigar", created the first Shakespeare *Habana*, he little thought that in hardly more than two years it would be firmly positioned as *America's great prestige cigar*.

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Available in fourteen distinctive shapes and in a full selection of wrappers, from the mellow, mild light-green "claro" to the rich dark-brown "maduro." At important tobacconists, clubs and hotels and at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

Or write: Gradiatz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.



Report on Ghana

been launched: \$1.33 billion is to be spent, with \$305 million going to mining and industry, fields in which Ghana's backwardness is most noticeable. Agriculture and fisheries will get \$180 million, and education \$179 million. The Volta River project, costing nearly \$200 million, which has been accurately described as the lifeblood of Ghana's future economy, is now half finished. This project will provide power for industries that will make Ghana less dependent on cocoa. It will make electricity available for a large part of the country.

Despite the much vaunted plans, there is widespread discontent with the economic situation. The rapidly rising cost of living and the low wages are a frequent topic of conversation. In last October's budget there was a considerable increase in income tax, which hit the middle classes severely. In a country where there is extreme poverty such a fiscal policy would appear justifiable, but Ghana still needs expatriate personnel to develop its economy. Already prevented by currency restrictions from remitting home sums that would make their stay in the country financially worthwhile, they found that the budget reduced their real incomes. Ghana is therefore having difficulty in retaining expatriates.

Western businessmen, on whom Ghana is heavily dependent, are showing increasing reluctance to invest in a country where the President is so frequently shot at and where outbursts of anti-Western hysteria are common. They suspect that the government is overspending in an attempt to impress outsiders.

The unhappy situation that exists between Ghana and the United States has prejudiced the position of an expatriate element that costs the country nothing — the Peace Corps teachers. Ghana's education minister, Mr. A. J. Dowuona-Hammond has said that they will probably not be allowed to continue teaching under Peace Corps auspices at the end of their present contracts.

Relations with the West

In his relations with the West, particularly with the United States,

Nkrumah has proved unstable. He would like to be free of the West entirely, but with Ghana at its present stage of development, this would mean economic disaster. He thinks, on the other hand, that occasional demonstrations of arrogance toward the rich nations will boost his flagging popularity at home. All dictatorships need a scapegoat, and Nkrumah has imperialism. He refers to any opposition within his country as "neo-colonialism."

In February, relations between Ghana and the United States reached a low point. Rumors were current in Accra that Nkrumah was involved in the deaths of two Ghanaian soldiers, and to end these rumors, the government's propaganda machine stated that they originated with American agents. The desired effect was achieved, and there was a demonstration outside the United States Embassy. The State Department declared that the government of Ghana had "instigated, inspired, or countenanced" the demonstration and lodged a strong protest.

Nkrumah's dislike of the West (which is not unconnected with his experiences during twelve years as a Negro student in the United States and Britain) may yet lead him into the Communist bloc. He claims originality for the means he is employing to transform Ghanaian society; but no observer can fail to detect a similarity between the activities of his CPP cadres and the way Communism was built in other countries. With a foothold in Zanzibar on the eastern side of the continent, and another on the western coast in Ghana, a beginning could be made to an effective Communist penetration of the continent. The Communism would be of an African brand, but it is unlikely to be self-sufficient — at least in its early stages — and it may accept the backing of Peiping rather than Moscow. It was not for a holiday that Chou En-lai visited Africa earlier this year.

Ghana with its dictatorship and Marxist leanings is still a member of the British Commonwealth. How long it will choose or be allowed to remain a member is a moot point. The Commonwealth is a loose association of nations, and the conditions



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June ATLANTIC

Andrew Wyeth

*An Atlantic Portrait
by E. P. Richardson*

*including, in color, new
paintings never before
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What's Ahead
for Business?

*by John R. Bunting
Vice President, Federal Reserve
Bank of Philadelphia*

★ ★ ★

The Permanent Poor

*The Lesson of
Eastern Kentucky
by Harry Caudill*

★ ★ ★

To Rob a Museum

by Sidney Peterson

★ ★ ★

Ernest Hemingway
As His Own Fable

by Alfred Kazin

Report on Ghana

of membership are not defined. Four years ago Nkrumah gave his own description of the Commonwealth: "that remarkable institution, composed as it is of old and new countries, but all of them dedicated to the same principles of human dignity and political freedom." It is now only Nkrumah and his henchmen who believe that the Ghana government is dedicated to those principles.

A lesson for Africa

Nkrumah is exploiting the fact that Western democracy is unworkable in a backward country. He has not experimented to discover in what way the system bequeathed by the British should be amended to suit local conditions. Instead, he has grabbed all power for himself. Backward countries need strong men to lead them. While being a strong man in many respects, Nkrumah has the weaknesses of a power-hungry egoist. Office has not mellowed him. Each year he has become more ruthless.

There is the danger that he will tarnish the image of postcolonial Africa. If his despotic rule comes to be considered characteristic of African nationalism, Africa will not have the standing in the world which it was hoped independence would bring. He may be setting a pattern for power seekers throughout the continent who will eagerly exploit division and unrest in their own countries to cast aside individual liberty. And the case against the South African government is not strengthened by Ghana's totalitarianism.

Nkrumah sees himself as leader not only of Ghana but of a united Africa. Lately he has had little success as a Pan-Africanist. Far from helping to unite the continent, he has had the frontier with neighboring Togo closed. At the conference of African leaders at Addis Ababa last year his ideas for African unity were largely disregarded. He does not command the respect he did when he led Ghana to independence in 1957. Moreover, most African countries are too occupied with their own internal differences and frontier disputes to give serious thought to uniting the continent.

Don't Promise What You Can't Deliver

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



"I love a rooster," Josh Billings used to say, "for two things: the crow what's *in* him, and the spur what's *on* him to back up the crow."

For the past ten years these little columns have contained some fairly persistent crowing about the uniquely satisfying flavor of our old-fashioned sour-mash bourbon.

But only if you have critically savored our famous OLD FITZGERALD can you really know if the "spur" in its flavor backs up my crow.

One of our customers writes, —"When I have a social glass I don't want a 'panty waist' whiskey, I enjoy the robust flavor of OLD FITZGERALD."

And it is true that, starting with our secret family recipe to the far-distant day of final aging, our bourbon is made solely for our friend and others like him who want to *taste* their whiskey.

But there are those who don't! If you are one who seeks the "meek and mild," our OLD FITZGERALD may be a bit too vigorous for your taste.

Yet this you'll never know until you try. To you I recommend the open-mindedness of the old vaudevillian who, asked if he played the violin, invariably replied: "Don't know, *I've never tried!*"

It may well be that after your first bottle of OLD FITZGERALD the blandness of your present whiskey may be so pale on your palate that you will join an inner circle of Bourbon Elite who have made Old Fitz the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you will make this honest test, then write and tell me if my "crow" has been too loud, or —if you find it so, not loud enough,—I will return the favor by sending you our patented "Proof-Selector" jigger which measures out the desired amount of flavor from your bottle of OLD FITZGERALD.

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Mellow 100 Proof*

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



An apology

In an article on PAX, a pseudo-Catholic, Communist movement operating in Poland, which appeared in the *ATLANTIC* for December, 1963, allusion was made to ritual murder as the result of a Jewish vendetta. The charge has given offense in many quarters. On inquiry, the author, who is of necessity anonymous, was unable to document this reference, and accordingly we feel obligated to apologize for having passed it to print.

— THE EDITOR

Unemployment insurance

SIR:

It is shocking that a journal with the reputation for integrity that the *Atlantic Monthly* has enjoyed should have published such a misleading and irresponsible article as "The Scandal in Unemployment Insurance" (February *Atlantic*). The anonymous author, purportedly an Employment Service local office manager, compounds basic lack of knowledge of the fundamentals of the unemployment insurance program with numerous and inexcusable misstatements of fact.

In order to illustrate the extent and kind of misstatement, I have summarized below a few examples of the most significant inaccuracies.

Benefits would no longer be paid in two of the three cases cited because of state legislation enacted three to four years ago.

The labor dispute provision in the Rhode Island and New York laws which the writer attributes to recent labor influence has been in those statutes for about twenty-five years.

Women make up more than one third rather than one fifth of the

labor force, as stated, and they constitute about the same percentage of claimants as they do of workers.

In each instance, the article grossly understates the number of state unemployment insurance laws having special disqualification provisions covering pregnancy, marital and domestic obligations, and retirement pay.

The broad generalization that all a claimant needs to do is report to the Employment Service office each week and state that he or she is seeking work ignores the actual requirements of state laws and the practices followed by state employment security agencies in administering them.

It simply is not true that any appreciable number of state employment security administrators, let alone a majority, would endorse the sentiments attributed to them by the author.

The unemployment insurance program is the country's first defense against an economic downturn. During the last twenty-five years it has been a big factor in avoiding deep economic depressions. Last year six million people, without resorting to welfare or charity, were helped by the program to meet such basic living costs as rent and food while they were looking for work.

To besmirch one of the nation's most important economic programs by the use of completely erroneous facts and misleading interpretations insults the intelligence of your readers and dishonors the millions of unemployed workers whom the employment security program has aided and will continue to aid in their search for work.

There are weaknesses in our unemployment insurance program — and there are towering strengths — but the author has missed the target completely. A number of students of the program — both in and out of government — would, I am sure, be glad to provide a much more searching and objective analysis that would really help in improving the program. I hope the *Atlantic Monthly* will open its pages to them.

ROBERT C. GOODWIN

Administrator, Bureau of Employment Security
U.S. Department of Labor
Washington, D.C.

The author of "The Scandal in Unemployment Insurance" replies:

Mr. Goodwin has ignored the real philosophy of my article. I wrote my article early in 1963 and used the publication "Comparisons of State U.I. Laws" (BES-UI41 by the Bureau of Employment Security). At that time it was the latest book available, and I can imagine that a few changes have been made by some states since then. As to his other points:

I do not *purport* to be in the Employment Service, I *am* in the Employment Service; quite successfully I might add.

The article mentioned nothing about how long the statutes regarding unemployment insurance payments to strikers have been in effect, but twenty-five years is twenty-five years too long. Mr. Goodwin ignores the moral question of taxing an employer to pay benefits to those on strike against him.

According to the latest figures from the Census, women make up about one fifth of the labor force.

There was certainly not enough space to illustrate every provision of every state law; that would take several books.



You look as if you lost your
commutation ticket. I've got the world on my
shoulders.



You can talk to me. I have a nice house, a new
car, a wonderful wife, three
great kids and a parakeet
that calls me "cool cat."



That's a problem? I also have a big mortgage,
a car loan, four mouths to
feed—not counting me and
the bird—the kids to
educate—and so on. I feel
like a walking obligation.



Listen, a lot of guys are in
the same boat. Besides, you're
young and you have a good
job with a future. You'll get
out from under. But what if something
happens to me? You know,
man is not immortal.



You look pretty rugged
to me. You can't tell about those
things. I have an idea I'm prone
to poison ivy. I have to think
about protecting my family.



That's no problem. You can
give them all the protection
they need with Living Insurance
from Equitable. If you die,
Living Insurance can pay off
the mortgage, give your wife
a monthly income, see the kids
through school. On the other
hand, you're the kind who'll
probably live to 100, so you'll
really appreciate the cash values
that Living Insurance builds
for a comfortable retirement. Cash and comfort
are two of the things
I appreciate most.



Look ahead with Living Insurance

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See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

The point is that we ask only a signed statement that an individual is seeking employment. No actual proof is required. Words rather than actions rule the eligibility of a claimant.

I have become firmly convinced after years of Employment Service work that our present system is hurting society by evolving a breed of people who expect the government to protect them from all the pitfalls of modern living.

If Mr. Goodwin could get away from Washington and see what is really going on at the local level, I am sure he would see the problems I am attempting to reveal. Mr. Goodwin is trying to speak for us all, but he is wrong if he feels that the local-office people support his contentions.

SIR:

I am a senior at the University of Southern California, and I have worked at odd jobs ever since I was sixteen and have never received any unemployment benefits. But I'm not playing the game of survival very well, a friend tells me. She flunked out of school, works part-time, and collects unemployment insurance the rest of the time. She drives a new, very expensive sports car and completely supports herself in a very comfortable manner. Even though I value my education very highly, I must admit that I get a little upset when I see her financially rewarded for doing nothing, while I, as a future teacher, can expect little reward but intellectual satisfaction for a life of work. Where else but in the United States can the loafers get something for nothing while the workers pick up the bill? I'm beginning to think that either I'm stupid or the whole American society is playing me for a sucker.

JULIE LANDSTAD
Fullerton, Calif.

SIR:

Many thanks and commendations for publishing "The Scandal in Unemployment Insurance," an article I have long wished to see in print. The anonymous author describes a very real and generally ignored blight in America today.

As a former employment interviewer for the Employment Security Commission of a "progressive" Southern state, may I offer verification for all the abuses your author mentions and add some comments here.

Pregnant women, vacationers, freeloaders, honeymooners, lazy literates, and illiterates — we had our fill! Perhaps one of the most flagrant

loopholes in Employment Security law, which your author fails to mention, involves schoolteachers employed by the U.S. government to teach at the base schools maintained for military dependents. These teachers are hired at salaries from \$1000 to \$1500 per year above the local teaching wages, and are further enticed to accept their positions by the availability of unemployment compensation benefits each summer under the Unemployment Compensation for Federal Employees program maintained by the federal government for all civil servants. Local teachers are also furloughed during the summer, but state and county employees are generally exempt from unemployment insurance coverage. The day following the release from school, the entire body of federal teachers appears at the local employment office to "seek work" and to file claims for maximum benefits of \$35 per week, tax-free. When asked what other types of work they might perform during the summer, they reply, "I'm a teacher; I have never done any other kind of work." Unfortunately, all we could have offered them was sales work, waitress work, common labor, and the like, at \$1 per hour, if even these jobs had been available.

One female claimant was an experienced stenographer, had tenure with the federal government at a GS-5 level, was well supported by her husband's military wages, but she drew \$55 per week for twenty-six weeks plus thirteen additional weeks under the extension program then in effect, for a grand total of \$2145, tax-free. She claimed there were "no openings at the base." In order to receive \$220 per month, the claimant merely appeared at the office weekly, stated that she had looked for work, and signed her claim form. I processed her claim weekly. The requirements for the position I held were a college degree, stenographic skills, a satisfactory grade on the state merit system examination, a willingness to work from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Friday, under considerable pressure, and a great deal of self-control and patience. My net monthly wage was \$252.92. I, too, had accompanied my husband to a new military-duty station where work was almost impossible to obtain, and had given up a stimulating and lucrative position in order to stay with him. I was

anxious to secure challenging employment, and I accepted this position with delight.

Each winter, illiterate construction laborers returned home from their \$5-per-hour jobs in Northern metropolitan areas to vacation with their families and draw their unemployment benefits. We had no legal means to make them accept laborers' jobs locally at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per hour, if and when available.

Our federal government is so concerned with the high rate of unemployment among Americans. I contend that rate would be reduced to 3 percent or less if the unemployment compensation laws were revised properly and promptly and if the federal government itself administered the program for all fifty states or, at least, required standardization of laws and benefit rates among the states. While I do not advocate extension of our already enormous federal government, it appears that federal control is the only solution to this great American ignominy.

DEBORA LOU CARLIN STONE
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Goodwin's letter, like others we have received from administrators of unemployment insurance, seems to rely more on the language of the statutes than on grass-roots evidence of how that language is often misapplied in individual cases. His statement "There are weaknesses in our unemployment insurance program — and there are towering strengths . . ." is in contrast to the view expressed to us by a highly placed executive in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare on unemployment insurance: "What was built to serve as a bomb shelter has been turned into a carnival hall." — THE EDITORS

Readers will wish to know that Garson Kanin's article, "Trips to Felix," is to be part of a forthcoming book, *FELIX FRANKFURTER: A TRIBUTE*, edited by W. Mendelson, just published by Reynal and Company.

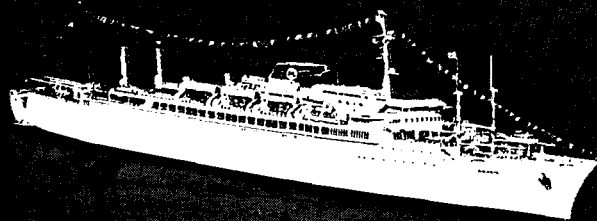
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Report from the ranch:

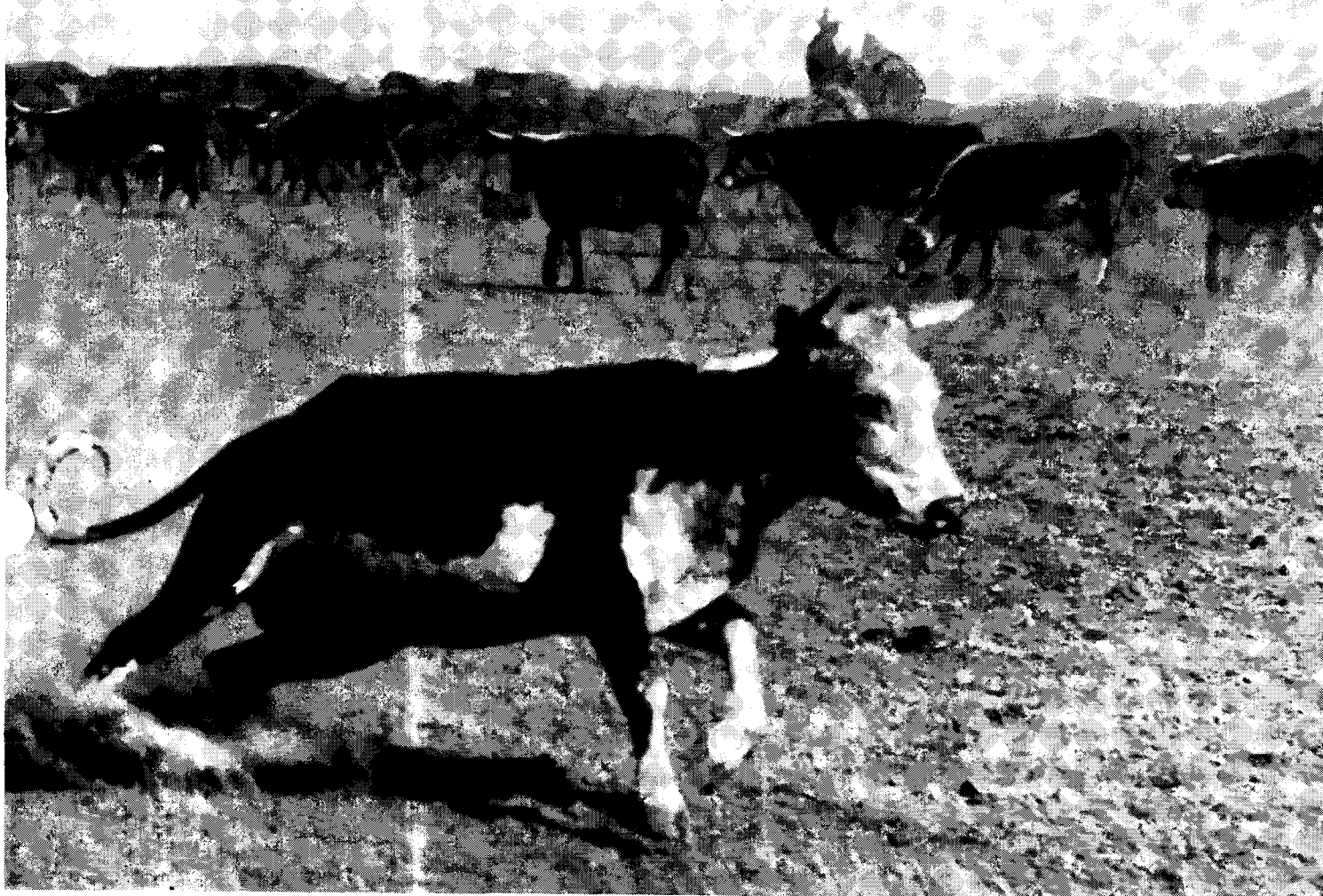
IBM computers help put better steak on steers

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It's juicier, tastier and more tender, because it was planned that way by the men who fed it on the hoof. This better steak is the product of new concepts in cattle raising, developed with the help of one of the rancher's newest tools—the IBM computer.

The hit-and-miss days of ranching are nearing an end. A modern rancher can handle a ledger as well as a lasso, and part of his time on the range may be spent gathering information for computers to analyze.

Which yearlings should be held*for



Data gathered at roundup time goes to IBM computers to help ranchers raise better beef.

breeding, which held for market. Which pastures should be opened now, and which held for future grazing? Which steers carry the optimum amount of beef, and which need more feeding?

IBM computers are answering questions like these at agricultural college and experiment stations. They are also coming into use at large ranches, and in the meat-processing industry.

IBM computers analyze thousands of bits of information obtained at roundup time, and compare them with facts gathered over the years by animal husbandry experts. Then they type out, in

minutes, the best stock-raising programs for individual cattlemen.

Forage, family trees and finance— via IBM computer

IBM computers are used to learn what special foods should be added to forage diets.

Computers analyze bovine family trees, pick the right sires for tomorrow's taste in meat.

Computers help the rancher keep his books, make out his paychecks, decide when to buy and sell livestock and equipment most advantageously.

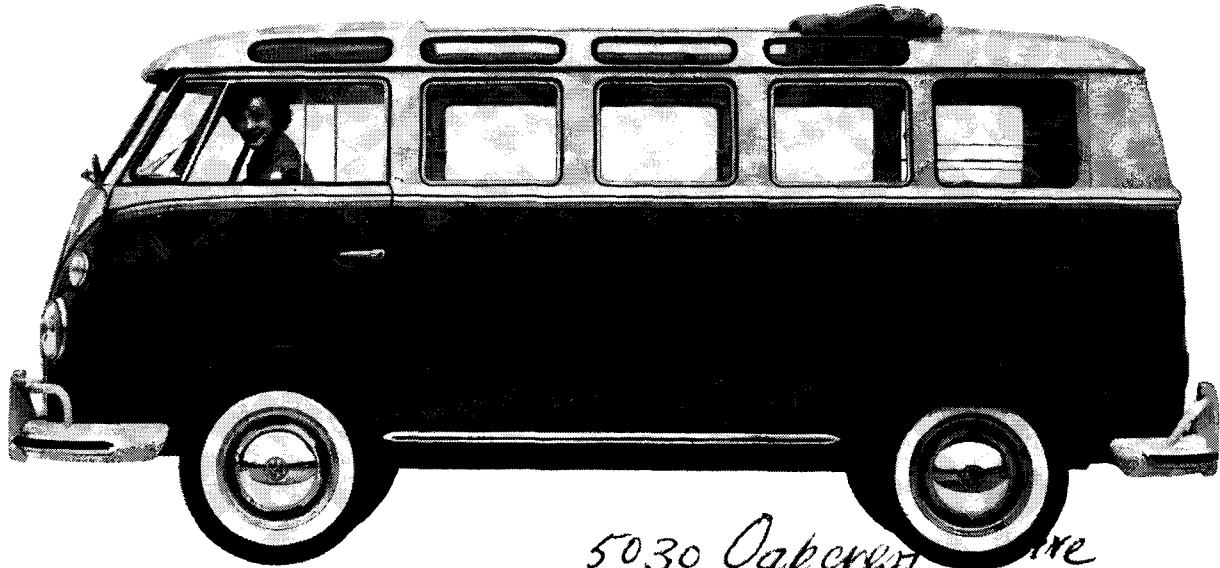
Computers don't think. They simply

compare and analyze facts much more swiftly and economically than was ever possible before. Their tireless speed helps make constant improvements in the beef you buy—improvements at the ranch, the feeding pen, and in the meat-processing plant.

Computers are part of the new technological revolution in agriculture that helps today's American family eat better on *less* of its income than any other people in the world.

IBM®

It's a monster!



5030 Oakcrest Ave
Oxon Hill, Maryland

Gentlemen,

I agree with your ads. Most wives look at the Volkswagen Station Wagon and say, "Absolutely not - it's too silly looking."

But I agreed to go to the local VW showroom and take a spin. "It's a monster," was my first reaction. "I'll never be able to drive it," was my second. But I did drive it - all 105 pounds of me - with no trouble at all! I can see out in all directions and I don't have a right fender to worry about.

We bought it and I must confess it's even less trouble than our dear, reliable VW Sedan.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Allen L. Boyd



LIEBLING, LIBEL, AND THE PRESS

BY LOUIS M. LYONS

A veteran newspaperman and curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University for the past twenty-five years, LOUIS M. LYONS has worked at home and abroad with the foremost journalists of our time. He is widely known also for his news analysis, which is carried on many educational television stations.

THE all too early death of A. J. Liebling cost us the most prickly and entertaining criticism to which the American newspaper has been exposed in this generation. Liebling's lampoons were in direct line from the attacks on the integrity of the press launched by Upton Sinclair more than forty years ago in *The Brass Check* which was an initiation to cynicism for the young reporter of that time. The tone had changed. In place of the humorless fulminations of Sinclair, Liebling gave a more sophisticated audience lighthearted lampooning and diverting caricatures.

A great reporter and a literary artist, Liebling, when he was moved to, wrote penetrating pieces on the American newspaper. The death of the old Brooklyn *Eagle*, and again of the New York *Sun*, so moved him. He buried them both in memorable articles. But over all, Liebling's writing on the press was spoofing. He refused to take the press seriously. He dipped into it on its bad days, as he turned for other diversion to the prize ring, to dredge up material for bantering essays, which he had brought to an art form somewhere between that of Edward Lear and of Ring Lardner.

His readers savored with Liebling his enjoyment of such errant absurdities of press performance as Liebling's casual researches exploited with puckish perversity. But for all his ebullient chuckles, Liebling was doing the same job as Sinclair. He did it with grace and humor, which Sinclair

lacked. He did it with professional precision, too, which Sinclair lacked. He did it without the ideological wrath of Sinclair, but with the beady eye of one who knew where the bodies were buried. There was never any question in Liebling's writing that the publishers were the bad guys — all of them — and that anyone was silly to consume their product without large doses of catsup.

A fresh line, which holds that the performance of the press is too important not to be taken seriously, appears in *The Press and Foreign Policy* (Princeton University Press) by Bernard S. Cohen, a political scientist who turned from studies of public opinion to explore the performance of the press in his own field. His findings apply almost equally to any area of important news.

It is not surprising that, as a specialist, Professor Cohen finds the general newspaper an insufficient source. Every specialist, in any field, has the same complaint and the obvious necessity to supplement the general newspaper with his professional sources. But Cohen's exploration of the performance of the press corps in Washington, which is our best, has broader application.

As a professional, he expects other professionals to have approximately equal qualifications in their fields and to take their work seriously. He was disappointed on both counts. He complains that few of the political correspondents have special training. It is still usual for a newspaper to believe that a

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sharp reporter on the police beat can tackle anything. The scholarly columnists and distinguished bureau chiefs are exceptional among the crowd of correspondents who run in packs from one press conference to another and report only in the well-worn grooves of what is accepted as the traditional pattern of "news."

Cohen rebels at the clichés and conventions of what makes news and how to present it. He says there are too few who strike out on their own to discover news in a fresh area. He is distressed at the vast energies the two big wire services pour into competition to get first to the wire or to contrive a more exciting opening sentence than the rival service. He finds too little competition in the more meaningful analysis of the news. Instead, he is convinced that the straining to popularize by oversimplifying complex issues serves more to distort than to inform the nonspecialist reader, and tends to ignore entirely the need of the serious reader for more detail and depth in his reports. He claims that the press deals too thinly with foreign policy; he could have said the same for almost any area of important news.

The exceptions serve to illuminate the national situation. Congressmen from the hinterland often make their first contact with serious reporting of foreign policy in the *New York Times* and the Washington newspapers. Indeed, Cohen is convinced that the most significant role of the serious newspapers is inadvertently as intercommunicator between the branches and departments of government. He finds this, most notably in the *Times*, indispensable to officials. But he is unimpressed with the newspaper performance in its primary role to inform the public about its public business. The congressman, he says, soon discovers that he cannot count on his hometown paper for news about the issues of government. Where does that leave all the people back home who write letters to their congressmen against "giveaway" programs that only Presidents consider essential to foreign policy?

Newspapers devote on the average no more than 8 percent of their news space to foreign policy news, and their surveys show that only about 8 percent of their readers care about this news. Professor Cohen proposes a corrective: stop writing down to the readers who have no interest in foreign policy, and devote a special section to it for the specialist, as with sports and financial news. Put all the effort into more effective reporting for those especially qualified to involve themselves in the issues of foreign policy. I see no conflict between enhancing the utility of the press to the specialist reader and improving its general performance: to inform, as best it can, as wide a public as possible about its public business. We might hope to involve more than 8 percent.

The preparation of reporters for special areas of news is improving, and so is the selection of men for the important assignments to Washington. The more serious newspapers agree with Professor Cohen about the need for going beyond the surface facts to report in more depth. But obviously not enough papers deal seriously with the important issues of public affairs, whether foreign or domestic. James Reston, chief correspondent of the *New York Times*, which Professor Cohen exempts from most of his strictures, says the problem of the journalist is the pace of our own history. All important news has become more complicated as politics becomes enmeshed in economics and science and our universe expands in all dimensions. But the press has also an internal problem of dynamics to keep up the pace. The press has not kept up with the rising curve of education in America and the resultant capacity of its readers to take more serious reports that more adequately reflect the shape of the world they live in.

MOST arresting is Professor Cohen's complaint of the traditional notions that restrict the whole pattern of reporting, the entire concept of what makes news. The Washington reporter feels that he is confined in certain grooves which are understood to be "news," and he cannot disengage himself to look, as a researcher would, at what is really going on and what it means. "He feels himself more in the grip of the news than in command of it."

One can claim that Professor Cohen expects too much of the press, which is not, after all, writing history but the bits and pieces of the events of each day; and that the reader has a responsibility to add these up and keep his own score. Something can be said for this view, and the 8 percent of readers for whom Professor Cohen is concerned are, by and large, best equipped to analyze the news for themselves. But for most, I think, Walter Lippmann is nearer right in saying the Washington press corps has a new responsibility in our ever more complicated world to do the homework the reader doesn't do for himself, to add up the score for him and show him the meaning of events. We are getting more of this kind of evaluation, but never enough. The number of Lippmanns available to the press does not increase in proportion to the number of talents widening the frontiers of other fields. The newspapers for a long time have failed to attract their share of such talents. The best of our reporters are the best we have ever had, but there are not enough to go around.

The deficiency is evidently not going to be made up by the national circulation of even our greatest

and strongest newspapers. The failure of the New York *Times* Western edition tends to confirm the barrier that our continental area maintains against a national newspaper. This leaves to syndication the best chance of enriching our newspaper fare.

Indeed, the most creative development of the press since Sam McClure has been the expansion of the syndication he pioneered. The independent columnist is unique to American journalism. A Lippmann column adds a dimension to hundreds of newspapers. Beyond that, the syndication of important Washington news is reaching larger numbers of papers. One of the most significant developments on the news scene last year was the launching of the Washington *Post*-Los Angeles *Times* syndicate, with a strong new Washington bureau; and almost immediately fifty newspapers subscribed, thereby adding substance to their Washington report. There are also a considerable number of papers that supplement the wire services with the New York *Times*, Chicago *Daily News*, and one or two other informed news services. But the question often is, What do they do with these resources after they get them? The bottlenecks are in the home office, on the news desks, and in the limitations of executives whose own experience is often restricted to packaging the news that flows over their desks. This isn't enough. It is to the management of the press that we must look for a larger understanding of its responsibility and opportunity; publisher and editors must realize that they run the most strategic institution in the community, which is extremely dependent on the capacity of its newspaper to keep it informed. This responsibility increases enormously as an ever larger number of cities are reduced to one-newspaper management.

Last summer, the New York *Times* signaled a breakthrough which is highly suggestive of the broader reach open to journalism. At a time when Catholics were actively discussing new approaches to birth control that might not conflict with Catholic theology, the *Times* started on the front page two long articles describing the discussion. It had no "news peg" except that people were talking about the subject. The articles did not advocate birth control but reported the whole crisscross of views within the Church on the new possibilities that research appeared to have opened up. One may say the *Times* is unique in having space and an exceptional readership. But I read the *Times* articles in full in the Denver *Post* and Salt Lake *Tribune*, both of which take the *Times* service and found the articles of sufficient interest to give them several columns. Why isn't anything else that interests people similarly appropriate to explore? Horace Greeley and Charles Dana thought so more than one hundred years ago when the dimensions

of news more nearly approximated the range of reader interests.

The problem for all of us is to get things in perspective, to realize the relationships of events and conditions—in short, to discover meaning in what is happening. A fair test of journalism is whether it conveys meaning with its communications.

Every day we all can have, and in fact can hardly avoid, the same information over television and radio and in our newspapers, no matter where we live and what we are doing. The same wire service carries the latest news to every newspaper and to every news broadcast. Indeed, we select a particular news broadcast not for its content, but for the individuality of the broadcaster. The front pages of our newspapers, from one end of the country to the other, with few exceptions, all carry the same main stories.

One would welcome some diversity, some regional differences. It is this instant universal communication system that is so largely responsible for eliminating most of our distinctive provincial differences, for making us practically indistinguishable units of a uniform pattern. We are often said to be the best-informed people in the world. We are undoubtedly the *most* informed; one may without cynicism say *over*-informed. For, the velocity of the information projected at us means that most of it bounces off. There is a saturation point.

James Reston, who works as hard as anyone in this field, once told the Nieman Fellows that the first problem of a correspondent is to hold the attention of the reader long enough to tell him anything. The journalist competes with many demands on his reader's attention. The result is, Reston said, that the correspondent must be prepared to put across the full significance of the event in the first flush of its front-page display. Tonight he might be able to research it. Tomorrow he might get at an authority on it. But tomorrow is too late. That story has been pushed inside by later events, and he has lost the pristine chance at the reader's attention.

I have said that this describes an impossible job, as it does. The job is squeezed into the deadlines on the clock and the space limits of the paper, which vary unpredictably day to day as a result of the pressure of other events.

IT is easy to catalogue the inadequacies of the press in meeting the insuperable task of collecting and assimilating even the most essential information on the ever expanding and ever more complicated fields of public concern. But it is also easy for the proprietors of the press to brush off any

criticism with a facile claim to the volume and variety of what they print. The press is too strategic to all of us to be left unchallenged to those who control what we read. Every new merger, reducing the choices of the reader, further constricting the channels of public opinion as well as information, increases the need for ceaseless public appraisal of this essential resource. A monopoly newspaper is an unregulated public utility.

The press is the least criticized institution in our society, though critic of all the rest. No other institution more requires constant and searching criticism, regardless of the hypersensitivity to criticism so often evidenced by too many of its proprietors. Only television has the capacity to provide this scrutiny, and it does not choose to do so, dominated as it is by advertisers who are not eager to sponsor criticism of the other chief medium for advertising.

The lack of any serious sustained criticism of so essential an institution as the press is a serious lapse in responsible relationships in a rational society. This is one of the yet unanswered problems of a democratic society.

But, I repeat, it is too easy to castigate the institution of the press for such deficiencies or delinquencies as are visible in its daily product. It is the only institution whose sins of omission or commission are visible to anyone every day. This makes it vulnerable. Doctors, we say, bury their mistakes. The newspapers publish theirs. The *New York Times* is a daily miracle, and not the only one. The AP wire report is another, and it is not to be judged by its fragmentation in most papers.

Further, the press is a reflection of the whole society. Ours is a very conservative society made up of generally comfortable people, fairly complacent, hard to arouse even in those rare cases where crusading is still an accepted role of the newspaper.

The reader has a responsibility for what he puts in his head. Communication is a two-way street. The intelligent reader needs to exercise discrimination in the source of his news: the paper he reads, the broadcasts he selects. And, of course, he needs to supplement these immediate sources with serious periodicals that, free of daily deadlines, have more time to explore below the surface of events, and with the topical books that now tumble from the presses almost as quickly as the Sunday paper and that are available in inexpensive paperbacks.

The reader who wants to try to keep up with public affairs on his own can discipline himself to be selective, to follow the few main lines of developments that matter to him, without letting himself be bogged down in the miscellany and trivia of every edition. For we have distinguished journalists and outstanding newspapers that do make an indis-

pensable contribution to our understanding of the shape of the world we have to live in.

A VITAL, characteristic aspect of our society that our press reflects is its openness. It is very hard to bottle anything up for very long if it is important enough. Our correspondents' exposure of the Vietnam crisis last year illustrates this. In his recent book on the CIA, Allen Dulles complains of the difficulty of keeping secrets out of the press; he speaks wistfully of the greater influence the British government has on its newspapers. Some of our correspondents may complain that the government manages news. Any government doubtless tries to make the best showing it can. But murder will out. That is my theory of the American press. If the Democrats don't talk, the Republicans will. If the newspapers don't get it, television or the news magazines will. There may be a time lag, but it comes out.

It is this openness of the American society that was threatened by the incredible Alabama judgments against the *New York Times* for its reporting and advertising on the racism that has afflicted that state. The press of America revealed a scandalous lack of interest in its own institution in evincing so little concern over the \$3 million libel damages assessed against the *Times* by an Alabama jury on suits brought by the commissioners of Montgomery. This was on account of an advertisement for the defense of Martin Luther King which described his ordeal in Alabama. The commissioners complained that it was a personal libel, though they were not named in the ad. It contained minor errors. Dr. King had not been arrested seven times, but four. Police did not "ring" the campus of Alabama State College, but they were deployed near it in large numbers on three occasions. The dining hall was not "padlocked" against students who protested expulsion of demonstrators, but barred only to those who in protest had refused to re-register. But the thrust of the ad was substantially true, and the purpose of the suit was clearly intimidation, an intent emphasized by making parties to the suit four local Negro ministers who had joined fifty other people in signing the ad.

Happily, the United States Supreme Court agreed with the *Times* counsel that the Alabama judgment "poses hazards for the freedom of the press not encountered since the early days of the Republic." A penalty of this sort, said the *Times* counsel, "is a death sentence for any newspaper if multiplied."

The Court itself went further. Reversing the libel judgments, the Court said: "Whether or not

a newspaper can survive a succession of such judgments, the pall of fear and timidity imposed upon those who would give voice to public criticism is an atmosphere in which the First Amendment freedoms cannot survive."

This was a historic decision on March 9, which opened: "We are required for the first time in this case to determine" the constitutional limits to libel awards to public officials.

Unanimously the Court held that "a good faith" critic is entitled to protection. "The constitutional guarantees require, we think, a Federal rule that prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with 'actual malice' — that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not."

Emphasizing its decision, the Court said: "We consider this case against the background of a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open, and that it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials."

Three of the justices went beyond this to hold that even malice should not be penalized, feeling so strongly, as Justice Goldberg put it, that the Constitution "affords to the citizen and to the press an absolute, unconditional privilege to criticize official conduct."

Thus the justices said to public officials what Harry Truman put more succinctly: If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

The protection of this decision is most timely.

Indeed, a death sentence was served last fall on a small weekly newspaper in Arkansas, the *Morilton Democrat*, which had a \$200,000 judgment against it by a local jury on a charge that the newspaper's crusade against a county ring had libeled them to that extent. Editor Gene Winges lost his newspaper. A Mississippi grand jury found that the only persons responsible for the two deaths in the Oxford riot over the admission of James Meredith to the state university were the United States marshals, and it refused to indict anyone else. That finding gave a green light to General Walker to file suits for multiple millions against any newspapers that had reported his role on the Oxford scene. The hazard of such suits is that they go before the same kind of jury as the one that found \$3 million against the *Times* for minor errors in an ad.

The *Times* decision held it immaterial that the libel charged was in an advertisement; also that the critic cannot be required to guarantee the truth of every statement. This protects with even greater force the Harrison Salisbury articles in the *Times* on the race climate in Birmingham, against which

\$2 million more in libel judgments have been levied.

Such a crisis as Birmingham's can be most revealing under unfettered reporting. Last fall the unresolved issue in Birmingham led two widely syndicated columnists to explore the power structure of this outpost of Northern industrial capital. James Reston of the *New York Times* and Mary McGrory of the *Washington Star* were both writing, the weekend of September 22, that the economic control in Birmingham lay in the North, in great corporations, notably U.S. Steel; that not one of these used its decisive influence to reconcile the racial strife; that they contributed to support the racist politicians; and that, as Reston put it in the *New York Times*, September 22:

The Birmingham power structure wants the racial problem to go away. It wants a States Rights President in the White House and segregationist Democrats running the congressional committees. It wants law and order, but not Federal law and order.

The Reston and McGrory reporting, of course, was not news to those who have studied the social-economic structure of the South. Sensitive Southerners have long described as colonialism this Northern industrial control. It is always potentially an explosive political issue. But it seldom explodes, for it is smothered by the racism with which political demagogues inflame electoral emotions.

Perhaps the most serious complaint to be made of modern journalism, in our finance-corporation society, is that it has seldom proved sharp-edged in revealing such basic conditions. A Birmingham crisis brings exceptional opportunity for exposing them.

In journalism, crises provide us the best chance for seeing into a situation. The journalist has allies in uncovering the strategic facts in a crisis. For one thing, public attention focuses on it. People are keen to discover what they can. The public officials or others involved are on the spot. Any attempt to cover up is highly visible; any defiance of a legitimate public interest becomes dangerous. The heat is on, and it melts away the wrappings of concealment or camouflage. The press assigns its top men, skilled in probing and experienced in getting down to realities. They come in from outside and bring a fresh approach and an objectivity from being independent of local pressures. This has been of immense importance in Alabama and Mississippi, or in Latin America and Katanga, and, most recently, in Vietnam — wherever controlling local interests have enjoyed either a cozy relation with the local media or exercised intimidating pressures on them.

If the crisis lasts or recurs, as in Birmingham, you soon have a corps of able reporters who have developed independent sources of information and have penetrated below the surface of events.

But there is a time lag in our press, and has long been, in keeping abreast of a changing society. It was generations before the press reported labor news beyond a police report of violence in a strike. Only in the 1930s, first with Louis Stark in the *New York Times*, did the specialist labor reporter take his place with the conventional specialists in politics and finance. Not until the atomic bomb, and for the most part, after Sputnik, did science reporting take its recognized place; and reporting of education, the most universal enterprise in America, is only now beginning to be recognized as one of the fixtures of staff organization.

This obvious lag is an unfortunate characteristic of our press, and quite irreconcilable with its traditional claims to high enterprise. It brings the traditional organization and practice of the newspaper under serious question. Few of our institutions have made so little adjustment to the convulsive changes in our world.

An anachronism of the newspapers in these days of specialization is to cling to their old rule that everybody starts as a cub reporter for basic training in the news room. This training is useful, but not for long — just long enough to learn the ropes in the paper and to become acquainted with the structure of the community. But a bright college graduate can do this very fast. The developed nose for news is not the only element in journalism. It is more important to know something beyond what can be picked up in the haphazard education of the newspaper job.

After a lugubrious experience, Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "I never dare to write As funny as I can." Something similarly inhibiting soon gets into the consciousness of the newspaperman. The reporter who feels he has a significant article to write, arising from his own newspaper work, almost invariably turns to a magazine with it. His instinct tells him his own paper won't want a piece that goes outside its conventional pattern of news. So the most productive harvest of his thinking in his own field goes to market in another medium.

Why should the metropolitan newspaper not look to the graduate schools and the university faculties for its diplomatic correspondents, its specialists in economics, science, labor, Russia, Africa, architecture, or race relations? Why should a student in foreign affairs not consider journalism as an alternative to diplomacy or teaching? Why should he not move with equal professional zest from one to another of these? Such cases are rare and occur in magazine journalism rather than in the newspaper. John Kenneth Galbraith was a *Fortune* editor before he was a university professor, and then an ambassador, and then again a professor. Archibald MacLeish has had an equally versatile experience. Princeton has reached into jour-

nalism for professors of government — Irving Dilliard, and earlier, Douglass Cater. But this does not happen in reverse. The traditional newspaper editor says the scientist or other specialist can't write; he doesn't know news. Enough of them can write. Read Bernard Cohen, Galbraith, Schlesinger, Handlin, Morison, Eric Goldman, Jerome Wiesner. The *Scientific American* has shown that collaboration between journalist and scientist produces both authoritative and readable articles. What is the matter with this for the newspaper?

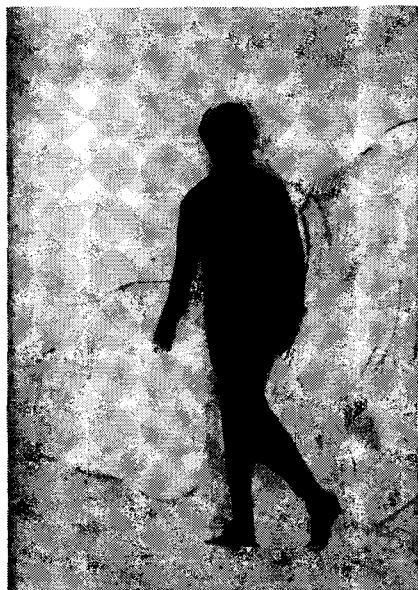
Esquire magazine every month explores areas of the American scene untouched in most newspapers. The *Reporter* magazine develops issues neglected by the press on the Washington scene. The *New Yorker* opens up fresh opportunities for journalistic exploration freed of the newspaper's restrictive definition of news.

The newspaper has got to put more money and energy into its news product and expand its productive resources. Instead, its wire services boast of new mechanics to cut split seconds off transmission. Why is this so important, particularly in cities where the newspaper has no competition except television, which is bound to be hours ahead with the first news bulletin?

The heyday of the big-city newspaper, the era of the great forces of journalistic legend, from Greeley and Dana to Pulitzer and Hearst, came with the rise of the city, with its rapid growth, its teeming new populations pouring in from the farms and from Ellis Island. This city life, with its millions of newcomers, furnished the newspapers with themes: the romance, the excitement, the public figures and private scandals, the invention of the 400 in society, the discovery of corruption, of city machines, and of transit deals, the movements of reform. All these made the menu of the newspaper exciting and fastened its readers to the newspaper habit. In more recent times readers have been held by the continuity of comic strips and syndicated columns and features, now packaged and processed much like the attractions of a chain store.

But the suburban trend has moved masses of readers out of the city, and the pressures of world events have enlarged their horizons. The old concepts are outgrown. The old conventions of what is news and how to treat it are dated. The new media and allied fields — television, advertising, public relations, Hollywood, magazines — have stolen much of the glamour of journalism, and they tempt the journalistic neophyte and the veteran not only with higher pay but with more excitement, often with greater challenge for creative talent. These conditions are giving newspapers a hard time, and they raise the question whether the press, by and large, commands the energy and enterprise to hold its place in a more demanding age.

THE MAD STRANGLER OF BOSTON



by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Eleven women have been murdered by strangulation in metropolitan Boston since the summer of 1962, and none of these cases has been solved as this issue goes to press. ERLE STANLEY GARDNER is a distinguished criminologist, lawyer, and authority on police work, in addition to being the creator of one of the most widely read fictional characters in the English language, Perry Mason. The ATLANTIC invited Mr. Gardner to come to Boston and set down his own impressions of this extraordinary series of crimes.

THE summons to come to Boston and investigate the series of murders committed by the Mad Strangler reached me when I was camped east of Phoenix, Arizona, on the Quarter Circle U Ranch.

I had gone into the Superstition Mountains to get material for an article on the famous Lost Dutchman Mine. We had quite an expedition, using helicopters and a battery of cameras to make an aerial survey of the country, then following up with horseback explorations on the ground. But, such is the pace of modern times that in a matter of hours the clear blue sky, the weird saguaros, the towering cliffs of the Superstition Mountains with their legend of lost mines had faded astern, and we were in the city of Boston, with its historical background and, more recently, its history of unsolved murders.

Yet this very hectic pace of life is one of the underlying causes of so many of our crimes. There are people who simply cannot adjust themselves to the new freedoms and the new stresses. They become misfits. Some of them are inept misfits; some are pathetic; some are dangerous misfits. Today we have the Mad Strangler of Boston. Yesterday we had the Mad Bomber in New York. Tomorrow we may have a Mad Murderer in your town or in mine.

"L'homme," by Odilon Redon.

From June, 1962, to January, 1964, Boston and its suburbs had eleven somewhat similar stranglings. Police are not at all certain those stranglings were the work of one man; but until they catch the culprit and, if possible, obtain a confession, they cannot be positive.

The unknown always holds a certain element of terror, and because so much about the Strangler is completely unknown, and because what is known is so bizarre, he has had a far-reaching effect on the city.

We reached Logan Airport late at night, and on the way to the hotel the taxi driver talked about the Strangler, beginning with what many people hold to be a key clue in the case. All of the victims, the driver asserted, had had some connection with hospitals, and, as we learned from subsequent investigation, this is true in a majority of the cases. However, this so-called clue may well be coincidental. Many mature working people have had some connection with a hospital, either as a patient, a nurse, or in the culinary department. It is impossible to reveal everything that the police know, but the bare facts are terrifying.

1. The Strangler's victims are all women.
2. The Strangler does not pick locks; he does not

break windows: *apparently* he is let in by the victims themselves. This in itself is utterly incongruous.

One can easily accept the idea that a man may claim to be a salesman, repairman, or delivery boy. But after the first two or three deaths had been publicized, why would any woman let a stranger into her apartment, no matter what the excuse?

Yet the Strangler continues his mysterious and sinister visits. Despite the warnings, despite all of the publicity in the press, despite the fact that many of the women who are living alone in Boston are now armed with tear-gas guns, safety devices on the doors, and have a firm determination not to open the door to any stranger, the Strangler enters, perpetrates his crime, and vanishes.

3. The crimes, for the most part, seem to occur in broad daylight. Thus, either the victim in good faith lets the Strangler into the apartment she is occupying, or he has entered the apartment before she gets home and has concealed himself, awaiting her return. The bulk of the evidence would seem to indicate that the woman voluntarily admits the man to her apartment.

4. There is never any sign of a struggle.

Hours, or perhaps days, later the police have found the woman's body, her legs spread at a wide

angle, parts of the clothing ripped off, a ligature around the neck. The ligature is usually made from a nylon stocking belonging to the woman or one of her roommates, and sometimes there is a second ligature, consisting of one of the woman's garments, knotted over the first ligature. The second garment may be loose, although the knots are neat, workmanlike knots pulled so tightly that they indicate either great strength or a perfect frenzy of emotion. Yet in no case has anyone heard the sound of screams; there is no evidence that the woman has fought with her assailant.

How can this be?

A woman would hardly admit a stranger to her apartment, then turn her back while he looked through her bureau drawers, searching for a stocking. She would certainly scream when she saw the man approaching her with evidently homicidal intentions. She would try to keep a table or a chair between her and her assailant. She would fight and claw. She would bite and kick. But the victims have done none of these things. They have submitted to murder as meekly as though they had been hypnotized and told that the fatal stocking which was being placed around their necks was actually a pearl necklace.

These murders by strangulation may be summarized as follows:

<i>Date</i>	<i>Victim</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Weapon</i>
6/14/62	Mrs. Anna E. Slesers 77 Gainsborough St. Boston - Age 55	Seamstress and divorcée, living alone	Cord from own housecoat
6/30/62	Mrs. Nina G. Nichols 1940 Commonwealth Ave. Brighton - Age 68	Semiretired physiotherapist, living alone	Nylon stocking
6/30/62	Miss Helen E. Blake 73 Newhall St. Lynn - Age 65	Registered nurse, living alone	Nylon stocking and bra
7/11/62	Mrs. Margaret Davis 139 Blue Hill Ave. Roxbury - Age 60	Widow, living alone	Forceful strangu- lation without ligature
8/19/62	Mrs. Ida Irga 7 Grove St. Boston - Age 75	Widow, living alone	Pillowcase
8/20/62	Miss Jane Sullivan 435 Columbia Rd. Dorchester - Age 67	Practical nurse, living alone	Nylon stockings
12/5/62	Miss Sophie Clark 315 Huntington Ave. Boston - Age 21	Student, living with two other students	Nylon stocking and petticoat

12/31/62	Miss Patricia Bissette 515 Park Dr. Boston - Age 24	Secretary, living alone	Nylon stockings and blouse
9/8/63	Mrs. Evelyn Corbin 224 Lafayette St. Salem - Age 50	Divorcée, living alone	Two nylon stockings
11/24/63	Miss Joan Graff Essex St. Lawrence - Age 23	Designer, living alone	Nylon stocking
1/4/64	Miss Mary Sullivan 44 Charles St. Boston - Age 20	Secretary, living with two girl friends	Nylon stocking and two scarves

Massachusetts maintains a system of medical examiners, a system which has sent many murderers to the chair who would have escaped scot-free if it had not been for these shrewd, well-trained officials. And some innocent persons could well have been sentenced to death if investigations by the medical examiner had not shown that death was either suicidal or brought about by natural causes. Under the system as it is practiced in Boston, the medical examiner is immediately called to the scene of the murder; nothing is touched by anyone until he has completed his investigation and has signified that the body may be removed.

Dr. Richard Ford is one of the examiners who had jurisdiction over some of the Strangler's crimes. Dr. Michael Luongo has had jurisdiction over the others. Both are longtime friends of mine. I first met them some years ago when I was enrolled as a pupil in a seminar on homicide investigation sponsored by the late Mrs. Francis G. Lee, who was an honorary captain in the New Hampshire state police force. She endowed the chair of forensic medicine at the Harvard Medical School. (I am probably the one person not officially connected with some police department who was ever permitted to take the course.) Doctors Ford and Luongo were among the instructors. My acquaintance with Dr. Ford in particular has ripened into a close friendship. He and his wife have visited my ranch in California; I have frequently visited with them at their home in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

A highly trained expert, specializing in legal medicine and forensic pathology, enjoying an international reputation, Dr. Ford has not only a background of extensive experience but also a natural talent for his work, a talent amounting to genius. Many times he has made statements at the scene of a crime which have been questioned by others, yet almost invariably, in the light of subsequent events, his conclusions have been proved correct.

Dr. Ford is, moreover, an expert photographer, and when he moves in on a case, the first thing he

does is to set up a battery of lights, and then he makes colorslides from several positions so that each detail can be perpetuated on film. In the course of years, this collection of colorslides, a veritable pictorial encyclopedia of different forms of violent death, has attracted international attention.

The murder of Sophie Clark (victim number 7) occurred in Dr. Ford's jurisdiction. He covered the case, and I was privileged to spend an evening with him at his home, during which time we carefully reviewed the evidence. That murder took place in broad daylight, between two thirty and four thirty in the afternoon. Three girls were living in the apartment. There was a hallway connecting two bedrooms, and a living room which Miss Clark had converted into her own room. Miss Clark had entered the apartment and apparently had taken off her outer garments and put on her robe. She had evidently been there for some time before the murder.

When the police found her body, she was lying with her legs stretched out and spread wide apart; her legs were encased in nylon stockings held in place by a garter belt; her bra had been torn off, apparently by the use of considerable force, and her undergarments had been removed, but she was still wearing the robe, which had slipped from one shoulder and partially from the other. The body was lying on its back. She had been strangled with a nylon stocking which had been tied around her neck. Over this nylon stocking, knotted tightly but with enough slack so that it could hardly have been used as a ligature, was her petticoat. Apparently the nylon stocking had been taken from a drawer in a bedroom occupied by one of the other girls. Some of the things about the body were in disarray, but there was no sign of a struggle.

By itself, the murder of Sophie Clark is a baffling case. As a part of a series of similar murders, it presents problems which stagger the imagination. In the first place, while dressed only in a robe and undergarments, would Miss Clark have admitted

a stranger to the apartment? She had been the first of the occupants of the apartment to return home that afternoon. A more likely possibility is, of course, that the Strangler was already in the apartment and was engaged in looking through the rooms of one of the other young women when he heard Miss Clark coming in. Under those circumstances he would have kept quiet until an opportunity for attack presented itself.

But if this had been the case, the Strangler must have entered the apartment shortly before the arrival of Miss Clark, because there was no sign of any articles having been disturbed in the other rooms — only the one drawer containing nylon stockings which was left open.

Since Miss Clark had evidently been in her room long enough to change her clothes before she was attacked, then the Strangler could conceivably have been in another room for some time before the attack *if* he had preceded Miss Clark into the apartment.

But during that time the Strangler had apparently disturbed only one thing in those rooms: the drawer containing the stockings. He would hardly have made his search of the apartment looking for the stocking, the murder weapon, *after* Miss Clark had entered the apartment. Unless she was unconscious, she would have heard him moving around and opening drawers. She *might* have fancied the noise was being made by one of the young women who lived in the other rooms, but considering the early hour in the afternoon, this is unlikely. These things are interesting fields of speculation because that open drawer may be one of the best clues we have.

Does the Strangler select his victim in advance, then keep her or her apartment under surveillance until the opportunity for murder? Or does he choose his victim when he finds himself confronted with just the right chance for murder?

If he chooses his victim in advance — perhaps because of some connection with a hidden pattern, perhaps because of some real or fancied grudge, perhaps because of some other reason — and goes to her apartment for the sole purpose of committing murder, he may or may not carry the murder weapon with him. Doing so would expedite his actions, but the presence of a nylon stocking in a man's pocket would be difficult to explain should he be picked up by the police for questioning while he was studying the lay of the land. The indications are that rather than run the risk of being apprehended with incriminating evidence on him, the Strangler prefers to "play it by ear," so to speak, choosing his victims as opportunity presents itself.

But in that case, how would the Strangler go about getting his weapon? Quite obviously, the

best way would be to strip off one of the victim's own stockings, but apparently this has not been done. It was certainly not done in the Sophie Clark case. In fact, the way the legs were arranged, it would almost seem as if the murderer derived some sensual satisfaction from regarding the legs neatly encased in stockings.

It is a well-known fact that criminals establish certain habits in connection with their methods of committing crimes. In investigating a series of crimes, the police always endeavor right at the start to identify recurring patterns. These are carefully tabulated in a file known as M.O. (*modus operandi*). So, here, in the Sophie Clark case, we have a very valuable clue as to the *modus operandi*.

We pick up another in the second case — that of Mrs. Nina G. Nichols. That murder took place at approximately four o'clock in the afternoon, and because of fortuitous circumstances which could hardly have been anticipated by the Strangler, police were able to get almost the exact time of the murder and a clue as to the method by which the Strangler gains admission to the apartments of his victims.

A few minutes before her death, Mrs. Nichols had been talking on the telephone with her sister. In the midst of the telephone call, she said, in effect, "Excuse me a moment, my doorbell is ringing. I'll call you back in just a few minutes."

Mrs. Nichols did not call back within a few minutes as promised. The sister became alarmed, asked the superintendent of the building to check, and he found Mrs. Nichols' body at seven thirty.

Now, this is a *most* valuable clue as to the *modus operandi* of the Strangler. He is on occasion a person who rings doorbells and, with some plausible story, is admitted to the apartment. But after the first few cases, with the widespread notoriety which was attached to them, he must have become more guarded. Women with whom we talked after we came to Boston were emphatic in their statements that they would not open their doors to anyone, no matter what his story might be, and this seemed to be a quite general feeling.

Has the Strangler tried repeatedly to gain entrance to apartments, only to be rebuffed? For if so, it would seem that women would report such suspicious circumstances to the police.

LET us take a look at what the Boston police have been called upon to do in connection with the Mad Strangler. Their first assignment was to find out everything they could about the victims: personal habits, background, list of acquaintances. They had to explore telephone numbers which had been called or written in notebooks. They had to look

for diaries; they had to study the personal effects, in order to learn what they could about the habits and temperaments of the victims. Then they had to talk with acquaintances of the victims, to discover who composed the complete circle of friends and acquaintances. This in itself is a considerable task.

Then the police had to take many fingerprints, all latents which were found at the scene of the crime: and they had to compare those fingerprints with latent prints found at the scenes of other crimes. Furthermore, they had to correlate the names of all acquaintances of the victim with the names of acquaintances of other victims. In addition, they had to start running down all persons who had recently been released from institutions who had a history of sex crimes and who were living in the vicinity of the crimes.

In the course of these routines the police investigated *six thousand persons*. Each one had to be "checked." Checking an individual is a tedious process. He has to be interviewed unless he can be eliminated as a suspect because of some definite factor: then it is necessary to find out where he was at the dates of the crimes and analyze his alibis carefully.

All this time, the police telephones are ringing: calls are coming in from those who have theories, from those who have noticed someone looking at a window as though sizing up an apartment, from those made suspicious about any one of a hundred things that arouse the suspicions of the passerby. More assertive are the theorists, persons who call up and say, "I can't tell you how I know, but I am certain that this murder was committed by someone disguised as a policeman" or "someone disguised as a priest." Occasionally these things have an element of humor. For instance, the police had several leads to a mysterious individual whom we shall call Mr. X. Mr. X seemingly made a habit of calling up attractive young women, addressing them by name, and beginning a conversation which ran something like this: "You probably don't remember me offhand, but I met you at such and such a party and you made a tremendous impression on me. I keep thinking about you. I made it a point to find out your address, and I'm telephoning to tell you that I'd like very much to see you again."

Mr. X might be a little vague about just where they had met, but very positive about the impression the girl had made upon him. He appeared to be a man of considerable means and social position: he had a cultivated, agreeable voice, and, as it turned out, quite frequently young women would be persuaded to let him call. Mr. X proved to have an attractive personality and an insinuating manner, and it is not surprising that his visits

ripened into friendships and some of those friendships ripened into intimacies.

In retrospect some of the young women realized that they had fallen for a very clever line and that actually they had never met Mr. X on the occasion he had mentioned. In view of the strangling cases reported in the press, the more conscientious of the young women sacrificed their privacy and reported to the police what had happened. The police, of course, take every precaution to keep their names from becoming known.

So the police started out looking for Mr. X, and that was one whale of a job. For a time he seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. The girls who knew him, knew him as Mr. X, which, as it turned out, was a false name, as were his credentials. But eventually the police caught up with him. As one might suspect, he was simply a man with considerable ability as a salesman, a good deal of nerve and ingenuity — and a desire for female society. The police were astounded by the number of names and addresses in his "little black book."

THESE are all part of the routine chores which the police have to perform in their search for the Strangler. In each case the police interrogate neighbors of the slain woman to determine whether any stranger has been seen in the vicinity, or whether anyone has been loitering around taking an undue interest in the apartment, and if so, they try to run down the identity of that man. The skill developed by the police in screening and fitting together such clues is impressive. A great many man-hours are devoted to such details.

It was natural that in the course of our interviews we ran across those who questioned the efficiency of the police department and backed up their criticism with specific instances. As one executive put it, "If you go to bed smoking a cigarette, fall asleep, and the bedclothes catch fire, you'll have a million dollars' worth of fire equipment parked in front of the building before you can snap your fingers. But if you see a prowler and telephone the police, it may be quite a while before they get there."

In fact, we found several people who had reported prowlers or Peeping Toms, only to have the police delay responding to the call until the culprit had made good his escape. One man reported seeing a potential car thief smashing the glass in the window of a locked automobile. The man knew he had been observed and ran away. The observer who told us about this insisted that it was nearly fifteen minutes before the police arrived. However, it must be remembered that under such circumstances, unless a person consults a watch, every

minute seems like ten. It should also be realized that the police receive nearly one thousand calls a day! Boston police received more than 353,000 in 1963, with cars being dispatched in response.

We went to communications headquarters and asked to see statistics on the time it took to answer calls. On the whole we were favorably impressed. When we inspected the records to find out how telephone calls were handled, we discovered that apparently the service was excellent. The defect, as far as the records are concerned, is that the cards show when the call was received and the car sent out, and they give the time when the case was "cleared." The records do not show when the car arrived at the scene, although when a case is cleared quickly there has obviously been no delay.

Boston, it should be remembered, has peculiar problems of its own. Many of the old streets are crooked and narrow; and in certain sections a Peeping Tom could lose himself almost within a matter of seconds. Boston is a very old metropolis surrounded by many self-contained communities, each with its separate local government and police. Each is jealous of its own prerogatives, and this can lead to confusion and delay. It is perhaps this environment which has enabled Boston's Mad Strangler to go so long without being detected.

In defense of the police, it must be acknowledged that other cities have been similarly victimized by deranged, sadistic, but clever perverts.

In the 1940s the "Dark Strangler," Earle Nelson, killed more than twenty-two women before he was finally apprehended. In many ways, those stranglings have much in common with the Boston murders, and the cases should be compared by the police. Nelson started out strangling and raping women who were in their sixties. Later on in his career, he included some younger women — notably one fourteen-year-old girl. In some instances, the details of the murders were so horrible that they were not publicized. Nelson operated in San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Santa Barbara; Portland, Oregon; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Kansas City; Buffalo; and Chicago; and then, finally, he crossed into Canada, which was where he made his major mistake. For, eventually, he was apprehended by the Canadian authorities, tried, convicted, and executed.

Nelson was a miserable specimen of humanity. At an early age he had been seriously injured in an accident which rendered him unconscious for nearly a week. He had been committed to various asylums and had escaped. It was a pity that he was not confined for life.

Peter Kürten of Düsseldorf is more interesting because psychologists had a chance to study his mentality, thanks to his willing cooperation after his arrest. Much of the delay in apprehending

Kürten was due to the fact that during the period of his greatest activities, Kürten was married to a woman who adored him, and to all appearances he adored her. However, as it turned out, Kürten could only have normal relations with his wife while visualizing scenes of the greatest sadistic cruelty. Afterward he would go out and commit murder.

It is significant that Kürten committed his first sexual murder on May 25, 1913, but was not apprehended for sixteen years, until the latter part of May of 1929. During this time Kürten committed many murders, and for a period of two years he had the city of Düsseldorf in a state of complete terror. In a period of fifteen months, during the latter part of Kürten's reign of terror, thirteen thousand letters were sent to the Düsseldorf police and nine thousand people were interviewed.

It is also interesting to note that the story of one girl who had been assaulted and then thrown into the river, but who had subsequently recovered consciousness and worked her way ashore, was so bizarre that not only was her story discredited by the police, but a fine was levied against her for making a false report to the authorities.

One particularly significant thing about the Kürten case is the fact that not only did he derive satisfaction from sadism, but he derived further satisfaction from mingling with the horror-stricken spectators when his crimes were discovered and listening to the reactions of bystanders. The killer wherever possible made it a part of his plan of operation to be on hand immediately after the discovery of the body of his outraged victim.

So courteous and soft-spoken was Kürten that even after his arrest and confession, people simply refused to believe it possible that he could be the "Monster" who had been terrorizing the city.

On one occasion when a man had accosted a woman in public, rather rudely insisting on forcing his attentions upon her, Kürten had come to the rescue, and the woman so trusted this courteous stranger that she actually accompanied him to his home, where he gave her a glass of milk and refreshments, acting the part of a perfect gentleman. Later he took her into a secluded woodland area and suddenly started to choke her. Before he had quite killed her, he asked her if she remembered where he lived. Upon being assured that she did not, he spared her life.

This woman told her story to a friend, who in turn reported it to the police. Authorities helped the woman locate the house; Kürten was apprehended and confessed, first to his incredulous wife, later to the police, that he was indeed the "Monster." Before his execution Kürten's cooperation and the interest which he himself seemed to have in the psychological aspects of his case told more about

the motivations of this type of pervert than we have had from any other source.

EDWARD W. BROOKE, the Attorney General of Massachusetts, entered the Boston cases purely, as he expressed it, for the purpose of coordinating police activities. It was about this time that we arrived on the scene, and there seemed to be a question in the minds of the Boston police as to just what was meant by "coordination" — at least, if one might judge from the newspaper headlines.

Attorney General Brooke is a highly articulate individual, and there certainly can be no doubt of his sincerity. As he expressed it to us, he does not care in the least who gets the credit for capturing the Mad Strangler of Boston, just so long as the Strangler is apprehended.

Peter Hurkos was called in to assist the authorities by the use of extrasensory perception, at the request of private citizens who volunteered to pay the expenses. It is doubtful that Hurkos would have been permitted to work on the cases unless he had the tacit approval of the Attorney General, who presumably felt that the Commonwealth had much to gain and nothing to lose. Hurkos did some remarkable things. He told a police officer about his ailing mother and described her illness in detail. He told one officer that something was wrong with his child's throat and that he should telephone home immediately. The officer did so, only to learn that his small daughter had just swallowed a safety pin. And he swept through a series of demonstrations in telepathy, extrasensory perception, clairvoyance, or whatever one cares to call it, a force which he admits he does not fully understand.

Then he turned his attention to the murders. He was shown photographs, the physical evidence, and taken to the scene of at least one of the crimes. He had little hesitancy in declaring that all eleven of the murders were the work of one strangler.

There are those in police circles who doubt that this is the case. They feel almost certain that one of the murders at least, a typical sordid hotel sex slaying, is removed from the pattern of the other murders and was perpetrated by someone other than the Mad Strangler. Many veteran officers feel there is one other case, or perhaps two, in which the Mad Strangler is not the murderer.

Eventually Hurkos gave the police information which apparently led to taking one suspect into custody. The newspapers stated that this man, described as a woman hater, had been under surveillance for some time. He is quite evidently mentally deranged; it was reported that he would be unable to stand trial for his crimes and would have to be committed to an institution.

The Attorney General uses carefully chosen words to describe the talents of Peter Hurkos. In a prepared statement released by the Attorney General, his gift was called "psychometry." Some red-faced police officer may well find himself on the witness stand and called upon to answer some such question as "Oh, so you first took my client into custody and now want to send him to the electric chair on the strength of a vision by some twentieth-century witch doctor, Is that right?"

Courts are generally ultraconservative. They have, for the most part, refused to allow evidence of the polygraph, or lie detector, on the ground that it is not infallible and is, so far, only an aid to investigation. What will happen when they are confronted with psychometry?

It is, of course, a temptation under times of stress to resort to anything which will clarify the situation, but it must also be remembered that the very methods which may result in finding a suspect *may* tend to present an obstacle to his conviction.

Not all sadistic killers are mentally deranged; perhaps it would be better to say that not all show evidence of mental derangement that can easily be detected.

Take the case of John Christie, for instance, who shared a London residence in 1953 with one Timothy Evans, Mrs. Beryl Evans, and a young daughter. The bodies of Mrs. Evans and her daughter were found on the premises, and suspicion was directed to Evans, who was placed on trial. Christie appeared as a witness for the prosecution, and despite the fact that Evans' counsel tried to blame the murders on Christie, Evans was convicted and hanged. To all appearances Christie was a public-minded citizen reluctantly doing his duty.

Some time after Evans had been executed, Christie left the premises, and a new tenant, wishing to put in a shelf to support a radio, started sounding the walls to find out where the studs were. He came on what was apparently a vacant space which had been simply covered over with wallpaper. He broke open the wallpaper, looked inside, and saw the body of a woman. He notified the authorities.

The woman's body was almost perfectly preserved, and was in a small passage where the circulation of air was such that there had been virtually no odor. She was only partially clothed, but her legs were encased neatly in stockings held in place by a garter belt.

The removal of Body Number 1 by the authorities exposed a tall object wrapped in a blanket, which proved to be the legs of Body Number 2, propped up against the wall. Removal of Body Number 2 disclosed Body Number 3. Then, Body Number 4 was discovered under the floorboards in the front room, and portions of the skeletons of at least two more persons were found in the backyard.

Christie was tried, convicted, and executed.

British authorities profess to believe that Evans was actually guilty of the murder of his daughter, although Christie confessed the murder of Evans' wife prior to his execution. Naturally, the British do not like to think that they have executed an innocent person, and yet, there is a general feeling that if there had been any proof as to Christie's multiple murders at the time Evans was tried, Evans would never have been convicted.

THE outsider has little realization of the strain such multiple-murder cases put upon a police department. In a city the size of Boston, there is inevitably a certain amount of crime, and the Boston police force usually has its hands full working to discharge its regular duties and to furnish a reasonable amount of protection for the citizens. A whole series of new crimes, such as those of the Strangler, make their work load almost unmanageable.

And what about the strain on the citizens themselves, particularly young women? This is something that must be seen to be appreciated. We talked with several young women who are well-educated executives or highly paid secretaries in responsible positions, young women who know their way around and are not likely to be stampeded. They tell us that some of their friends simply could not take it and have moved out of the city. Others are living under such severe strain that it is gradually undermining their health. In every instance these young women enter their apartments upon returning from work apprehensive of what may well happen, and despite their emotional control, they are afraid. There has been a run on hardware stores for locks, bolts, and other safeguards.

"What do you do about the door when you enter?" one of them said. "You look in the closets, under the bed, and in the bathroom. If a man is in there you want to be able to run out, screaming for help. Therefore, you should leave the door open. But if you leave the door open while you are making a search, what is to prevent the Strangler from following you in and standing between you and your means of escape when you first see him? Do you enter the apartment, lock the door, and then start searching; or do you leave the door unlocked, or open, and make a hurried search?"

It seems incredible that under these circumstances anyone would let the Strangler into her apartment, or that once he does get into the apartment, his victim does not struggle or scream.

Lieutenant John Donovan of the homicide squad

tells me that, despite the warnings that have been broadcast, despite the fear which is prevalent, he has on many occasions been admitted to apartments simply on his unsupported statement that he is a police officer, and without showing any credentials. It is, of course, quite possible that a man with a certain amount of ingenuity would have little trouble, particularly if he paved his way with a plausible telephone call. A young woman alone in her apartment with the doors and windows locked would, of course, answer the telephone.

An assured voice purporting to come from one of the utility companies says, in effect, "This is the serviceman. We wanted to be sure you were home; we'll have a repairman there in about ten or fifteen minutes to make an inspection."

Ten minutes later there is a knock at the door. The young woman asks, "Who's there?" and is reassured when the voice says casually, "The repairman, ma'am."

"Oh," she will say with relief, "they telephoned about you."

She will open the door, and while he goes to the kitchen she will busy herself elsewhere in the apartment. Then, perhaps, the light of a window will be cut off, as a shadow falls over her shoulder, or she may hear the sound of a stealthy tread behind her.

She whirls and opens her mouth to scream.

It is too late.

Checking with some of these young women in regard to what might be called suspicious characters who have perhaps tried to make contact with them or with some of their friends, I was shocked to find that so many of them had received numerous telephone calls from men who had made a few preliminary remarks and then launched into obscenities. Apparently this is becoming an occupational hazard in the lives of young women who live by themselves. In one instance, a young woman, sharing an apartment with another young woman and wishing to secure a congenial roommate, had placed an ad in the newspaper, giving the telephone number of the apartment. She was literally deluged with obscene telephone calls.

Of course, as soon as the nature of the call becomes apparent, most of these girls hang up; but one young woman told me that she listened to the whole tirade, and when the man had finished, she said to him, "Aren't you *ashamed* of yourself?" The man at the other end of the line, in a very subdued voice, whimpered, "Yes, I am," and hung up.

As I said at the outset, our civilization, with its constantly accelerating pace, is developing a group of misfits. Some of them are pathetic, and some of them are highly dangerous.

A Rough Map of Greece:

The Night Boat

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

A member of the ATLANTIC's editorial staff, with a love for antiquity, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS conducted a one-woman exploration of the Greek Islands and the mainland in the spring of the year. We published four of her papers in 1963, and this is the second of a new series.



THE best hotel concierge in Rhodes, sure kinsman of Figaro, has a right to speak his mind. "Why do you want the night boat to Crete? You can fly there in an hour. This boat is slow and hot and old-fashioned, and the schedule — ha! You must be crazy to want this boat."

Crazy or not, I held out for the boat, muttering of deck cabins. Figaro's eye lit with reluctant interest. He hesitated, torn between airborne common sense and the Greek instinct for maneuver. Instinct won. "You mean way up top?" The higher the better. "I'll see what I can do," said Figaro, "but it won't be the next boat."

Since I didn't want the next boat, this was satisfactory.

The ticket that finally appeared was an odd document: I wondered if I might perhaps be sailing under letters of marque. But the price was reasonable enough. It was officially claimed that the boat would come in at midnight and sail in half an hour. At midnight, therefore, I had myself taxied to the pier, although both the concierge and the taxi driver protested that there was no need to move until the vessel was actually at the dock. They were right, of course.

The new harbor, a long pier backed by freight

and customs sheds, was blazing with light and dithering with activity, but there was no sign of the ship. Her approach would be signaled by the lighthouse at the end of the breakwater dividing the new harbor from the old. So far, the lighthouse had indicated nothing. A number of tourists scurried about, asking questions of anybody who looked even vaguely official, but the islanders sat gossiping calmly on top of their luggage.

The taxi driver found me a baggage handler — the usual boy, unconcernedly heaving suitcases as tall as he was — and I sat down to wait in the dock café. It was full of Rhodians, talking sleepily over small cups of coffee. Unshaded lights glared on scarred tables and ironhard chairs, and the whole place had the penitential look of a restaurant where nobody ever comes by choice.

At half past one, the blue balloon rose invisibly into the black sky, followed by a feeble but more practical rocket. There was a hoot of triumph from the waiting multitude, answered by a screech from the packet's whistle. She came around the breakwater blazing like a chandelier. Everybody leaped up and clutched luggage and then, observing that the ship's progress involved more light than speed, sat down again.

Action nevertheless began. Truck engines sputtered into life. Loaded handcarts were trundled down the dock by old men with heavy sweaters, rolled-up pant legs, and bare feet. The customs

Drawing by Phoebe-Lou Adams.

shed opened. The night shivered with noise — whistles, bells, the clatter and creak of cranes, the bellows of the packet officers, the café jukebox, cries of welcome or farewell, and conversations between passengers already aboard and their friends outside the dock gate.

The deck cabin Figaro had acquired for me was on top of the world, a neat white box behind the wheelhouse, reached by its own small catwalk. It had a window looking aft into the energetic tangle of cranes, and a door giving, via the catwalk, straight on the sea. I thought then, and suspect still, that one of the ship's company had been dislodged from it.

These splendid quarters had one eccentricity. The key locked the door from the outside only, and when unlocked, the door refused to stay latched. I found a bell, and the steward appeared with remarkable speed, considering the surrounding confusion. He solved my problem by removing the key. I pointed out that the door now wouldn't shut at all. The steward shrugged. "No matter. Nobody comes up here."

This seemed likely enough. I found a piece of string to anchor the door against swinging and went to bed in the dark.

Loading continued, noisily, until some time after three, when two final squeals on the whistle announced that we were under way. It was a warm night, overcast and starless. The afterdeck, with the cranes out of action and the hatches closed, was taken over by deck passengers, who clustered in heaps against anything that would prop a spine. Once we passed the lighthouse, most of our lights were turned off, and the ship, suddenly quiet and shadowy, moved evenly across an almost motionless sea. The engines purred. Water rustle and wood mutter filled the cabin, and next door on the bridge, voices exchanged mathematical conversation, "saranda" in the bass echoed by a dutiful tenor "saranda" and the slap of a hand on the wheel. We seemed to be on forty all night.

MY CABIN proved, by daylight, an almost scandalous luxury. I could lounge on the bunk and watch the fire-blue water beyond the open door, or sunbathe on the catwalk, or read in the shade of the deckhouse eaves. Forward down a few steps lay the first-class deck, small and exclusive. Some unauthorized juveniles with an accordion were driven from it by the captain. But this deck was not as versatile as my catwalk, being dead in the eye of the sun as we ambled west across the placid sea.

The ship docked at an island composed of brown, treeless crags and a port where all the larger buildings were empty shells. The unglassed windows

in their facades gave straight on the barren rocks behind. There was much business in this odd place, however; goods were hustled off, and crates and passengers were hustled aboard. The island passengers included an old woman and a girl in costumes of subdued but decisive chic. Their heads were intricately wrapped in scarves. They wore long, dark, coatlike overdresses with heavy embroidery inside the bottom of the sleeves and slit side seams which revealed more embroidery lining the skirts. The girl had turned back her cuffs and fastened the front corners of her coat at the back of her waist, the better to display this glory. Below their cream-white underskirts, small brown boots appeared, the seams up the heel emphasized with colored stitching and a large blunt arrowhead. Gray aprons edged with some supernatural form of featherstitching were tied over the whole rig.

I was entranced by these clothes and sat on the catwalk steps surreptitiously sketching them. The women were by the forward rail, gazing out to sea, but they presently became aware of my occupation. The older one came up, rubbing her fingers together and transferring them significantly to her apron pocket. Since I had neither asked her to pose nor caused her any inconvenience, I said no. She launched on what sounded like a phillipic. I offered her a cigarette. Thunderstruck, silent with amazement at such stupidity, she backed off and sat down in her deck chair.

A Greek who had watched the whole thing sidled up and asked, "Why did you offer the old woman tobacco?" Well — nothing else handy, and money for not posing is blackmail. He took this amiably and asked to see the sketchbook. It was handed around, with undeserved complimentary murmurs, and reached my sulky model. I wouldn't have blamed her for tossing it overboard, but she looked, chuckled, and turned to grin at me, all complaint apparently forgotten.

Her clothes, my Greek acquaintance now explained, belonged exclusively to one hill town in Karpáthos, the island we had just left. He couldn't tell me what goes on in this town, but the construction of their wardrobes must occupy a good deal of the inhabitants' time. The boots alone were masterpieces.

The ladies left us at the next stop, another bald, hilly island, where we anchored while beer, crates, and people were lightered off and onto the rocky shore. There were sudden loud shouts of woe. The ship was drifting, for the anchor had gone down and separated itself from the chain. The drift could be controlled by the engines, but where was the anchor?

Buckets with glass bottoms were produced, and all the lighters, plus one ship's boat, anchor-hunted furiously among the rocks. One man rowed while

another, seemingly hanging by his toes like a squirrel upside down on a tree, leaned over the gunwale to peer through the glass into the blur of limestone and weed.

Time passed. The schedule was long forgotten. The little boats crisscrossed around us like bird dogs checking a field, and at intervals the captain hauled on the line that blew the whistle. The first-class passengers, most of us dour Northerners, wondered silently what good he thought the noise would do. After a particularly loud blast, he developed English; leaning over the bridge rail, he told us, "No help, but it shows we're still interested."

Luck or the whistle finally worked. The anchor was located and repossessed after vast splashings, with a grapple, and we sailed on into the afternoon sun. There now began agitation about the time. The packet was due in Hagios Nikolaos before six, to meet a bus for Iraklion. Would we make it? Merry laughter from the captain. We might make it by eight. Would there be another bus? Certainly not. But Hagios Nikolaos isn't a bad place. You can just as well drive up to Iraklion in the morning.

That ended that, except that he was wrong on several points. Hagios Nikolaos was a dim-lit rock pile manned by ghosts; we made it after nine; and the bus had waited.

THE travelers for Iraklion joyously dragged luggage up the long, narrow dock and hurled themselves and bags into the tin-can vehicle. We were six, all aliens — an Englishwoman, an American couple, two young men from the United States air base outside Iraklion, and me. We were the only passengers.

The driver got aboard and counted the house. He got sadly off again, and a hissing argument began under the bus windows. The Air Force men, veteran island travelers through a passion for skin diving, eavesdropped and reported trouble imminent. Six passengers were an unprofitable number; the bus company was not about to butcher its elephant for one cutlet. "No sweat," they told us. The Air Force would cope. We began dragging out bags.

A taxi was acquired. The driver, a gray blur in the dark, named a price. "Po, po, po," cried the Air Force, indicating incredulity and disapproval of highway robbery. "That is too much," said the bus driver sternly. The taximan accused him, I believe, of treason and xenophilia, but the price came down to 300 drachmas for the party. This worked out to less than two dollars a head for some thirty miles.

Driver, six passengers, untold bags, and two fish spears were sardined into the old coupé, which

sagged and sighed pitifully. The driver produced and swallowed two pills, and then, with cheers from the bus driver, the shipping agent, and the half dozen loafers who had assisted the entire transaction with their presence, we lurched uphill into darkness.

Hagios Nikolaos is a small harbor on the northeast corner of Crete. It lies wedged between the sea and the range of hills that follows the northern coast, and the only way out of it is up. We continued to go up. We passed three churches, at each of which the driver crossed himself. When we reached something resembling a level the taxi stopped. The driver got out, crossed himself, examined the radiator and encouraged it, and took two more pills.

The headlights revealed him as a sad, dumpy little man with droopy trousers and a pug-dog face. Why this specimen was out earning a living, I do not know, for he should have been protected in a museum; I never saw anybody else remotely like him in Crete. The Air Force diagnosed his misery as dyspepsia and added a general warning. "They have a quaint local habit here. When they meet another car, they turn off the lights." Why? The boys shrugged. "Must have learned it from the Germans during the war." The tone implied that this was the standard explanation of any Cretan vagary. (Turning off the headlights on meeting another car is not a uniquely Cretan whimsy, however. The habit flourishes all over the Peloponnese, and drivers lacking nerves of steel get off the roads soon after sundown.)

The road continued wildly up and suddenly down with nothing to be seen on either side but velvety blackness. Once a cluster of small lights appeared, evidently very far below to the right. Fishing village, said the Air Force. How far down there? "Far enough. This is a beautiful drive in daylight, but after dark it's better not to think about it."

We all fell silent and thought about it until the lights of the air base showed up flat as a rug. The boys extracted their gear and vanished. We lumbered on into Iraklion, which seemed to be a dreary, empty, half-lighted, half-paved outpost of nowhere. The dingy hotel had never heard of my reservation but located an empty room in which I went grumpily and unwashed to sleep.

Iraklion in the morning was another town entirely. The streets shone with water as each establishment washed down its sidewalk. Bicycle bells rang, a flag snapped in the breeze, and the hotel had activated its hot-water system. My balcony proved to be on the south side, with a view over neighboring roofs clear to Mount Ida, silver with snow against the sun-bleached sky.

Iraklion is a disorderly little city. It was founded

by Arab pirates in the fourth century, and what stands today is the battered survivor of Venetian defense against the Turks, Turkish defense against the persistent and bloody rebellions of the Cretans, and German assault upon everybody. The place is not handsome (one guidebook goes so far as to claim that the Morosini fountain is the only object worth looking at outside of the museum), but it is interesting and friendly. The Cretans rather cultivate a reputation for ferocity, but they are as ready as any other Greeks to help a bewildered traveler; and bewilderment is easy in Iraklion, for the place is a maze. Crooked streets lead suddenly into unexpected parks and plazas, or into the market district, where fruits and vegetables are displayed like jewels below a frieze of lamb carcasses and dead rabbits, or into the brass-workers' quarter, where dark sheds spout cascades of sparks and a continuous light tingle of beaten metal. An alley off the fountain square is lined on both sides with restaurants serving good Cretan food. Antique and local craft shops cannily follow a route leading from the hotel district past the tourist police to the post office. On quiet afternoons, a postal clerk teaches lady tourists to count in Greek, on their fingers.

Although Crete is a great tourist attraction, thanks to the Minoan remains unearthed by Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos and by subsequent archaeologists working all around the island, the Cretans do not treat their visitors with the cotton-wool courtesy of Rhodes (one of the oldest tourist traps in Europe) or the scholarly earnestness of the mainland. The tourist in Crete seems to be catalogued as an indolently unemployed archaeologist — a person who can shift for himself and, given time and elbowroom, will. The tourist police keep under the desk a pile of pamphlets describing bus trips to the Dictean Cave (not running — people kept spraining their ankles); Phaestos (you'll have to find some friends to make up a load — they won't go with less than five); Knossos and Malia (they're on the city bus line).

Encouraged by this indifference to business on the part of the law, I became a criminal. Around a corner in the curio-shop section was a window given to coins and icons. Icons are beyond my comprehension, but the coins looked so aggressively unattractive that they couldn't be serious merchandise. Still, there they were. They must be bait. I would attempt to acquire an illegal antiquity.

The shop housed a genial old fellow and three girls, who were, like many of the girls in Iraklion, long-legged, sloe-eyed replicas of the ladies in Minoan frescoes. The shop owner made a fierce attempt to sell me an icon. He pointed out that Cretan icons have, in addition to the virtues of age and beauty, a distinguished if tenuous con-

nection with the work of El Greco. He exhorted me to go and see the work of El Greco's teacher in a nearby church. He dove into the cellar to bring up a particularly fine specimen of icon — to my eye, an old board impenetrably varnished with layers of rich umber. When I finally got a word in, I repudiated all interest in icons. There was a long silence.

"Weaving?" suggested one of the girls. "Silver?" suggested another.

Coins were the idea. We looked at them for ten minutes, but all were uninteresting lumps. "Of course," sighed the merchant, "the government forbids export of the fine ones." What a pity. Heart set on a really lovely bit of silver. Pause, while we all turned over mildewed pennies. "I do have a few more in back," he murmured.

We retired to the rear of the shop, behind a curtain. One girl lounged in the front door, looking down the street. One leaned on the counter, looking up the street. The third stood at my shoulder with her eye to the crack in the curtain. The boss sat down at his desk and with a bit of puffing opened a drawer concealed in the neighborhood of his left foot.

The coins he brought out were quite different from the stock on display. Satiny old silver or slippery electrum, they were ornamented with delicately modeled heads of goddesses, heroes, long-dead kings, and they carried, worn but still legible with a little goodwill, the names and arms of once powerful cities. It took a long time to choose, but I finally left with one in my pocket, having repulsed a last resurgence of the icon campaign.

The whole thing was too neat and easy; I was positive that I had bought a fake. Possibly I had, but it was some reassurance to find similar coins openly on sale in Athens for the same price. I prefer to believe that I got a free theatrical performance.

THE bus for Knossos rattled out the east end of town through suburbs that widened imperceptibly into farm country and dumped me off at the end of the line. Knossos was, precisely, a wide place in the road, which continued into the southeast hills, where an aqueduct soared over the valley on elegantly high, narrow arches. I was told, on unreliable authority, that it is the only aqueduct ever built by Greeks.

On the west side of the road, three or four small inns crouched in the lee of a low ridge. They were overhung by trees and surrounded by vine-covered trellises, and looked cool and comfortably shady. The east side of the road spread into a parking lot, a curio shop, a ticket gate, and some rising ground topped by a grove of black pine trees. In the dis-

tance, across what was evidently a wide, shallow valley, rose pale-brown hills striped with the dull green of olive trees, and now and then a black tick indicating a surviving cypress. Although the hills of Crete are barren and stony above the cultivated land, the Cretans claim that their island was heavily forested until the Turks lost a fleet and rebuilt it with Cretan timber.

Behind the grove, at the end of a tree-shaded walk up the slope, lie the ruins of Knossos. There is a plinth in honor of Evans and beyond it, across a wide stretch of paved ground, the west facade of the palace rises like a low, yellow, irregular fence. Raised paths, little causeways really, lead southeast and northwest, for there is no entrance in the body of this west front. To the south, remains of roofless walls tumble away down the slope; at the north, a row of trees marks the route of the sunken road leading up to the northern gate.

This is my first and last attempt to orient the reader on the layout of Knossos, for all the traditional connotations of the word labyrinth are inadequate to express the confusions of Daedalian architecture. The various maps provided by guidebooks look reasonable but prove unsatisfactory because they can account for only one level; in fact, what with restorations and the slope on which the palace was built, there are at least five levels, although they never occur simultaneously. I believe that by patrolling the place eight hours a day for a week, one might get all these staircases, light wells, halls, rooms, cellars, ramps, and courts firmly fixed in one's mind, plus a file on what is old stone and what is Evans' ingenious steel and cement fakery. Without such thoroughness it is possible to say only that the surviving palace consists of innumerable small rooms oozing out from the edges of a rectangular central court, the long axis of which runs north and south, and that the whole complex stands on a slope dropping sharply from west to east. Even in its best days, when the upper stories stood intact and the outer walls glittered with slabs of pale-gray crystalline gypsum and the rooms of state were bright with frescoes, the house of the double ax cannot have been an easy place to navigate.

I found the ruins full of surprises. A corridor that ought, by all rules of reason, to have led into the main court, landed me among the magazines, where long, narrow storage chambers ran off at right angles from the corridor. The side chambers were dark and full of surly echoes that mumbled among the ranks of huge storage jars. These jars were higher than my head and elaborately decorated with patterns incised in the red clay, although they were purely functional objects and must rarely have seen the light of day. Evidently the makers of seven-foot-tall jars were proud of their work,

whether anybody else saw it or not. A shallow trench ran the length of each magazine and ended in a well, I suppose to catch the contents of broken or leaking jars. Wine could have been siphoned out of these monstrous containers easily enough, but they must have been terrible work to fill. I have since read, with relief, that a stool for climbing has been found in the storage rooms of another Minoan structure.

THERE has been much acid and learned discussion of the propriety of Evans' restorations, on which he lavished thought, his personal fortune, and the services of a good architect. From the point of view of an ordinary visitor, there can, I think, be no question at all; the place would be a meaningless jumble of rubble without Sir Arthur's reconstructions. They do not extend over the whole site, and where they do exist, they are based on careful study of the fallen stone and fragments of decayed or burned timber found by the excavators. Except for the roof, clapped over a considerable area around the central court with the intention of preventing winter rains from starting the process of ruin all over again, most of the place remains pretty much the same as when the diggers found it.

The restored sections — where cement walls have been raised and painted to resemble plaster, and steel beams and cement columns have been camouflaged as wood — are open and honest fakes. Only an idiot could be deceived by them, and they provide an understanding of the building's original structure that no one but an expert archaeologist could derive from a mere lattice of stone walls; and those mostly the walls of cellars and workshops. Even in the restored sections, the stonework — paved floors, lower wall panels, benches, and thresholds — is frequently genuine, and one is continually walking on soft, shimmering gypsum, which suffers badly from modern shoes.

There has been some restoration of frescoes as well as walls, and here a certain reservation of enthusiasm is possible. It is helpful to know that the inner walls of the palace were painted, larger than life, with charging bulls, handsome youths, and waves, fish, and flowers, and that these ornaments were outlined in black and brilliantly colored in blue, red, white, and yellow. There is, oddly, very little green. But the style in which the reproductions have been done is that of architectural drawing — every line hard and clean, unambiguous as a straight razor. The Minoan frescoes, surviving in fragments in the museum of archaeology, were drawn with a blurring line, which must have produced a softer effect and was certainly capable of

subtle suggestions of modeling that Evans' copyist never achieved.

Leaving the restored prince with the feather headdress, I wandered down a staircase into the central court and shortly found myself in the room with griffins on the wall. One side opens, through a pillared anteroom, onto the court, broiling hot in the sun. The room itself is cool, like a cave. There is a flight of steps to the left, leading down into a pit; columns above a stone bench give a view down into this area. Opposite, against the right wall, stands a stone chair, so shaped that its origin in a wooden model is obvious. The wall straight ahead is lined by another stone bench and broken by a single door.

Evans thought the room had a religious purpose (it is only fair to mention that he thought almost any room at Knossos had a religious purpose), and no one has seriously disagreed with him. Certainly there is something a little eerie about the place. Light from the upper stories falls into the dry well and reflects dimly into the room, blurring the restored frescoes to a convincing Minoan subtlety of drawing. The great pale griffins sit in improbable flowery fields, heads arrogantly raised, peering down at the trespasser who dares to sit on "the oldest throne in Europe."

That was what the guide called it, leading in a party of tourists. By this time, I was sitting on the floor with my sketchbook, cursing Evans' beams, which seemed to defy the laws of perspective. The guide was a tall, thin young man with a pipe and a cavalry mustache. He also had the startling violet-blue eyes that occur now and again in bronzed Cretan faces, and an actor's voice, effortlessly musical and resonant.

The tourists, invited to try the throne, shied off in dismay and settled on the benches like starlings on a telephone wire. Unsurprised, the guide enthroned himself and launched into the tale of Theseus, gesturing now and then with the empty pipe. The story had obviously been composed with care, although not actually memorized, and he told it well, dwelling on the distress of Athens, the excitement of Theseus' voyage to Crete, the dark terrors of the labyrinth with its monstrous occupant, the beauty and generosity of the princess Ariadne. There was nothing exaggerated in the performance — it was good storytelling by a man who respected a great legend and gave time and thought to telling it well.

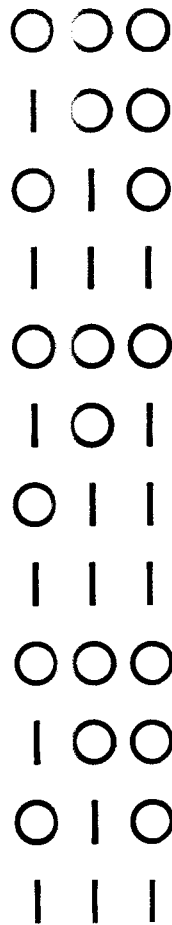
There was a sad irony in the situation. The guide, by the look of him a Minoan of the old thin-waisted, long-limbed stock, perched on the throne of Minos, surrounded by the ruins of a great civilization. In the second millennium before Christ, this civilization produced goldwork unbettered in its day (and seldom since); sophisticated pottery; carved stone

vessels alive with active, beautifully composed scenes; bronze weapons inlaid with hunters, warriors, animals in gold and silver. It built great palaces, traded all around the eastern Mediterranean, and taught manners to the newcomer northern states on the Greek mainland. And the guide was telling the story of an Athenian hero, a story which, if it has any bearing on reality at all, must represent the defeat of the native Cretan dynasty by the piratical mainlanders. There is no other story to tell. Not a word of identifiable Cretan myth has survived.

Evans began digging in Crete with the intention of deciphering the signs on old Cretan seals as soon as he found enough examples to work on. He found instead a palace and a forgotten civilization, and in working on this trove, never got further with the writing than the identification of two types, called, for convenience, Linear A and Linear B. He was hardly dead when younger scholars pounced on the dried-clay tablets carrying this writing. Linear B was quickly cracked by the British code specialist Michael Ventris, and it proved to be antique Greek, the same language that was found on similar clay tablets at Mycenae and Pylos on the mainland.

There went Evans' claim that the Cretans were a unique and mysterious race. At least for the last two centuries of its glory, Crete was ruled by well-greaved Achaeans from the mainland. They may have dressed and worshiped and married in Cretan style, as the Ptolemies later learned the manners of Egypt, but they kept their books decently, in Greek. And bookkeeping is all that the Linear B tablets have yielded so far or are ever likely to yield. Who would write poetry on a clay block if papyrus were available? And why wouldn't it be available in a state that traded regularly with Egypt? Papyrus burns. Knossos, like the other Cretan palaces excavated so far, was burned. Linear A, the older language of the two, has not been officially deciphered, but there is no reason to think that it will cover anything but olive oil and horse furniture when it becomes readable. There is no story to tell at Knossos but the legend of the men who conquered it.

Ariadne was deserted at Naxos; Aegeus leaped into the sea. The guide wound up his tale with a fine balance of tragedy and triumph, while the tourists wiggled their toes, baked from hours of tramping over hot stone, and made no response at all. But the story hooked me. When the son of Homer had gathered up his audience and led it off to view the theatral area (so called because it is a very ambiguous sort of theater at the north gate), I looked at my sketch and found a shadowy Minotaur standing in the black inner doorway. I had no recollection of drawing him.



THE COMPUTERS OF TOMORROW

BY
MARTIN GREENBERGER

In the past two decades, thousands of computers have been applied successfully in various industries. How much more widespread will their use become? MARTIN GREENBERGER, who is associate professor at the School of Industrial Management of M.I.T., has been working with computers for fourteen years.

NINETEEN years ago, in the July, 1945, issue of the *Atlantic*, Vannevar Bush predicted that the "advanced arithmetical machines of the future" would be (a) electrical in nature, (b) far more versatile than accounting machines (c) readily adapted for a wide variety of operations, (d) controlled by instructions, (e) exceedingly fast in complex computation, and (f) capable of recording results in reusable form.

Tens of thousands of computers have been perfected and successfully applied in the past two decades, and each one attests to the remarkable clarity of Dr. Bush's vision. Few of his readers in 1945 could have imagined the major strides that were about to be made in computer technology. Dr. Bush himself was only extrapolating from the technology of the time in these particular predictions. He did not assume the concept of internally stored programming, described by John von Neumann the following year; nor did he bank on the perfection of electronic logic, magnetic cores, and transistors. Yet, in a functional sense, his predictions scored a virtual bull's-eye.

Only a decade ago, in 1954, a UNIVAC was delivered to the General Electric Company in Louisville for business use. Up to that point, computers had been applied almost exclusively to scientific calculation. Quickly, payroll inventory, and customer accounting became fair game. Today there are probably more than twenty thousand com-

puters in use within the United States, and correspondingly large numbers are installed in many other countries around the world. Computers run at speeds of up to millions of operations per second, and do so with negligible rates of error. Their linguistic abilities have been broadened impressively through development of elaborate programming systems, and their memories can be virtually unlimited in size over a range of times of recall.

By achieving reliability along with capability, computers have won broad commercial acceptance. But what of the future? What can we expect as computers enter their third decade? Some conservatives have been predicting a deceleration of computer growth for at least five years now. Is there a plateau just over the horizon?

Not if a recent turn in computer research is as significant as many of us believe it to be. General economic and political conditions permitting, this work will nourish a new wave of computer expansion. Computing services and establishments will begin to spread throughout every sector of American life, reaching into homes, offices, classrooms, laboratories, factories, and businesses of all kinds.

ANALOGY WITH ELECTRICITY

The computing machine is fundamentally an extremely useful device. The service it provides has a kind of universality and generality not unlike that

afforded by electric power. Electricity can be harnessed for any of a wide variety of jobs: running machinery, exercising control, transmitting information, producing sound, heat, and light. Symbolic computation can be applied to an equally broad range of tasks: routine numerical calculations, manipulation of textual data, automatic control of instrumentation, simulation of dynamic processes, statistical analyses, problem solving, game playing, information storage, retrieval, and display.

Within reasonable limits the user is assured that electrical energy will always be available to the extent required. Power failures and overloading are relatively infrequent. Ten years ago an analogous statement for computation would have been a misrepresentation. Error rates in the computer were precariously high, and service was uncertain by any standards. Today, however, improved components have all but eliminated reliability as a consideration in the use of computers. Overloading is still a problem, but this is mostly a consequence of burgeoning demand.

Where, then, does the analogy with electrical energy break down? Why has automatic computation not pervaded industry as electricity has done? Is it simply a matter of time, or do the differences between the two, by their nature, enforce a permanent disparity?

The first difference that comes to mind is cost. Three pennies keep a large electric light bulb burning all night, and they buy about thirty thousand additions or subtractions or other elementary computations at current large-computer rates (omitting overhead, communication, and programming expense). This is enough computation to balance a large number of monthly bank statements, and at face value seems to compare very favorably with the equivalent amount of electricity. Furthermore, the cost of computation has been decreasing steadily, whereas electric rates have been stable for over twenty years now.

But a complication arises when we try to distribute small chunks of computation widely on a regular basis. The electric utility finds it easy to accommodate numerous customers consuming as little as 1 kilowatt-hour or 1 watt-hour at a time. It does not even have to charge a premium for the privilege of using small chunks if the total monthly consumption of a customer is large enough.

Not so for computation, as indicated by present experiments with computer systems that share their time among a number of concurrent demands. These experiments, while demonstrating the feasibility of making a conventional computer accessible to many small remote users simultaneously, also demonstrate the sizable hidden cost of such service. Overhead in supervising user programs, as well as in shuffling them around memory, can increase

actual costs to several times the figure implied by a naïve analysis based on more conventional computer techniques. But today's computers were not built to be time-shared. With a new generation of computers, overhead of the kind mentioned may shrink to relative insignificance.

Electrical power is immediately available as soon as it is requested, no matter how much power (up to predefined limits) is being drawn. In the time-sharing experiments, on the other hand, some of the longer requests for computation are delayed excessively during periods of heavy demand. Certain classes of use can tolerate delay more than others, so it is not mandatory to eliminate it completely. Since the delay is caused largely by the heavy (free) loading on present time-shared systems, it is reasonable to expect alleviation of the problem, at least in the business world, not only from better computer systems but also from the institution of price schedules based on amount and type of use.

The analogy of automatic computation with electrical power is subject to three major qualifications. First, to get electricity, we simply reach over and flip on a switch or insert a plug into an outlet; computers, by contrast, seem complex, forbidding, and at a distance from most potential users, both in space and time. This condition has been improving, but much work remains to be done.

Second, a wide variety of appliances, bulbs, machinery, and miscellaneous electrical equipment has been invented and perfected to harness electrical power for its various uses; each piece of equipment has its function built right into it, and each couples to its power supply in more or less the same way. But the general-purpose computer performs almost its entire repertoire all by itself, once it has been programmed appropriately, and employs its terminal equipment primarily for the entrance, exit, or temporary storage of information, and for little else. The difference will diminish as more special-purpose terminals are designed for use in conjunction with large memories and fast processors. Whether it will ever disappear entirely is doubtful, but it is worth noting that the development of most electrical appliances came well after the realization of electrical distribution equipment.

Third, electricity is a relatively homogeneous product, produced centrally and transmitted without interruption and without intelligent guidance by the consumer. Computation, on the other hand, is dynamic in form, and its course is typically guided by action of the user. The two-way dialogue and information feedback characteristic of on-line computation is totally absent from the electrical side of the analogy.

These three qualifications by no means kill the dream of large utilities built around the service of

computing systems, but they do raise interesting uncertainty about how this dream will materialize.

THE INFORMATION UTILITY

The concept of an information-processing utility poses many questions. Will the role of information utilities be sufficiently extensive and cohesive to create a whole new industry? If so, will this industry consist of a single integrated utility, like American Telephone and Telegraph, or will there be numerous individual utilities, like Consolidated Edison and the Boston Gas Company? Will the design and manufacture of computing components, terminal equipment, and programming systems be accomplished by subsidiaries of the information utility, as in the telephone industry, or will there be a separate industry of independent private manufacturers, like General Electric and Westinghouse in today's electrical equipment industry?

Perhaps the most important question of all concerns the legal matter of government regulation. Will the information utility be a public utility, or will it be privately owned and operated? Will some large companies have their own information utilities, just as some companies today have their own generating plants?

Central to all these questions is the matter of cost. Computation, like electricity and unlike oil, is not stored. Since its production is concurrent with its consumption, production capacity must provide for peak loads, and the cost of equipment per dollar of revenue can soar.

The high cost of capital equipment is a major reason why producers of electricity are public utilities instead of unregulated companies. A second reason is the extensive distribution network they require to make their product generally available. This network, once established, is geographically fixed and immovable. Wasteful duplication and proliferation of lines could easily result if there were no public regulation.

Given the advanced state of development of present communications lines, it is unlikely that information utilities will wish to invest in their own communication networks. This may be taken as an argument against the necessity for stifling free competition and placing information utilities under public regulation; yet, there is another massive investment that the information utilities will not be able to sidestep as easily, if at all — namely, investment in the large programming systems required to supervise the operation of the information utility and provide its services. The information utility should be able to shift part of this burden to the shoulders of its customers, but it will have to bear responsibility itself for the design, maintenance, and modification of the core of the programming sys-

tem. The vast potential magnitude of this system, plus the fact that its usefulness may not extend beyond the physical machinery for which it was constructed, plus the possibility of programming waste from having too many entries in the field, may tip the balance in favor of a regulated monopoly.

In summary, a very substantial amount of capital is needed in the development of information utilities, capital to furnish both equipment and programming. Thus, even if no new communication lines of a proprietary nature are required, the public-utility format may still prove to be the best answer. On the other hand, one very persuasive reason for the private-company format is the stimulating effect of free enterprise and competition on imagination and hard work — vital prerequisites for realization of the information utility.

Whichever way the balance tips, it is clear that information utilities will be enterprises of considerable size. If they form an industry of private companies, then the industry probably will be dominated by one or two firms of giant proportions. Logical candidates among existing companies include not only the large communication and computer enterprises, but also the big computer users.

BETTER THAN MONEY

The organizational impact of the information utility will extend well beyond the one or two industries directly concerned. User industries, such as banking and retailing, may also be greatly affected. Suppose, for example, that businesses of all sizes have simple terminals linking them electronically to a central information exchange. Then each business can make instantaneous credit checks and offer its customers the convenience of universal credit cards. These cards, referred to by some as "money keys," together with the simple terminals and information exchange, can all but eliminate the need for currency, checks, cash registers, sales slips, and making change. When the card is inserted in the terminal and the amount of the purchase keyed in, a record of the transaction is produced centrally and the customer's balance is updated. A signal is transmitted to the terminal from the central exchange if the customer's balance is not adequate for the sale. Positive credits to the customer's account, such as payroll payments, benefits, dividends, and gifts are entered in a similar way. Periodic account statements are figured automatically and delivered to customers, perhaps directly to a private terminal for some, or by postal service for others.

Any number of variations on this theme are conceivable, up to and including the virtual disappearance of our traditional media for commerce. The savings resulting from eliminating the physical

handling and flow of money, as well as the clearing and transfer of checks, would justify a considerable expenditure for electronic equipment.

Secondary benefits might include the semiautomatic preparation of income tax returns and the automation of most bill collection. Incidentally, we can look forward in the process to displacing another class of manual labor: miscellaneous thieves who prey on money. The increased possibilities for embezzlement through fraudulent accounting may attract some of the resulting unemployed, but there are ways that the computer can be deputized to police its own operation, quietly and without danger of corruption.

PERSONALIZED INSURANCE

Insurance is another staid industry whose way of doing business could change more than some may realize. Insurance policies are sold by agents at present from a relatively fixed, relatively small number of plans formulated by the actuarial department of the insurance company. Suppose all the actuarial figures on which these plans are based, together with other relevant statistics, are brought together in the store of a central computing system, and on-line terminals are placed at the company's field offices. Then there is no reason why policies cannot be custom-tailored to each prospect's needs and characteristics as a regular service. Personalized insurance would have considerable marketing appeal, and offers several subtle advantages. At least one of the very large insurance companies is already taking steps in this direction. Equitable Life is reputed to be planning a telephone link of 114 typewriter terminals, located at field offices and operating departments, with a central computing system at the home office. The magnitude of the project is estimated at \$12 million and 5 years' duration.

With personalized insurance, the rates of premiums can be made to vary with the company's changing inventory of policies and insureds. Thus, a continual control over aggregate risk can be maintained. Since premiums are based on a much more complete description of a prospect than at present, there is less need for grouping of essentially different risk categories into the same premium class. Approximately 50 percent of the insureds (the less risky half) would receive better rates from personalized insurance than from insurance offered by competing companies that operate with fixed plans. As a result, there would be a gradual drift of more profitable (less risky) customers over to personalized insurance. Thus, the rates could be made still more favorable, and the competitive margin would grow.

A final advantage of personalized insurance is

the ease with which a customer can trade up or down. As the customer's family expands, as his children approach college age, as they become self-supporting, as he approaches retirement, and so on, his insurance requirements change. At any time he can go to the nearest personalized terminal and key in information on his current insurance portfolio and on the adjustments he wishes to make. Within minutes he receives an indication of the differential premium due or saved, and this permits him to decide whether to trade. An agent can act as intermediary if self-service turned out to be unprofitable; or the computer may be able to sell its own insurance policies via persuasive discourse with the customer.

COMPUTER-MANAGED MARKETS

Certain people who are intimately familiar with the workings of the New York Stock Exchange see no reason why its entire operation cannot be automated. Their thoughts go well beyond the mechanization of quotations and reporting procedures that is currently in progress. These persons find no real need for the floor specialists, for example. They believe that the computer could be programmed to maintain at least as stable and fluid a market as the specialists maintain, and serve at least as well in the public interest. Readers of the recent SEC staff study on the security markets will appreciate immediately some of the potential benefits of eliminating specialists, over and above the tangible savings in commissions and paper flow.

Every investor has a "seat" on the computerized exchange, and even brokers become dispensable (although they, like insurance agents, may remain as the most deep-rooted of present institutions). Transactions are handled by an information utility which feeds customer orders directly to the computer system, keeps book, makes a market, and collects commissions on each transaction. Similar arrangements are possible for the other security and commodity markets, regardless of size, as well as for bond trading, mutual-fund sales, and so on.

A St. Louis broker has suggested the formation of a National Trading Corporation to automate the quoting and trading of securities in the over-the-counter market. His proposal could provide a first step. Operation of the computerized security exchange ties in naturally with operation of the central credit exchange. Transactions on the security exchange can be preceded by checks on the appropriate accounts of the credit exchange and result in adjustments to these accounts. Margin allowances made as part of the normal operation of the credit exchange permit a tighter watch over excessive borrowing and other violations than is now possible.

Computer-managed markets working together with computer-regulated credit may sound more than a bit Orwellian, but the potential for good from this merger is enormous. Unregulated credit in the purchase of securities was one of the chief factors that contributed to the severe decline in stock prices of May, 1962, just as heavy margin positions in the twenties sealed the lid on the 1929 debacle. With the information utility keeping a vastly expanded and mechanized Federal Reserve type of scrutiny and control over the flow of credit and the operation of markets, the United States could be within an arm's length of stabilizing the behavior of its economy, an elusive goal that is almost as old as the economy itself.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

The range of application of the information utility extends well beyond the few possibilities that have been sketched. It includes medical-information systems for hospitals and clinics, centralized traffic control for cities and highways, catalogue shopping from a convenience terminal at home, automatic libraries linked to home and office, integrated management-control systems for companies and factories, teaching consoles in the classroom, research consoles in the laboratory, design consoles in the engineering firm, editing consoles in the publishing office, computerized communities. Different subscribers to the same information utility will be able to use one another's programs and facilities through intersubscriber arrangements worked out with the utility on a fee basis.

As more and more of these services are perfected, an increasing percentage of the day-to-day functioning of man, the economy, and society will become documented and mechanically recorded in easily accessible form. It will no longer be necessary to conduct costly surveys and door-to-door interviews to acquire data on consumer tastes or investment behavior, at times only to find that the data are inappropriate or anachronistic for the needs of research. Research investigators will specify their precise data requirements and will requisition custom studies from the files of the information utility. The studies will be timely and current, and a great boon to analysts and simulators. As their use develops, these data studies will be invaluable for corporate decision-making and government planning, to the point where they may be woven into the very fabric of these processes. It is not a mere flight of fancy to anticipate the day when information automatically acquired during the operation of the information utility feeds directly into decision mechanisms that regulate the economy and the activity of companies.

The information service may be conducted by

the information utility itself, by a subsidiary, or by one or more of the subscribers. The information service represents a profitable and natural fulfillment of the utility's role and function. Revenue is created by the utility on both ends of the data line — for example, in the production of sales data, when the utility can charge for making a money transaction unnecessary; and again in the marketing of this same data, when the utility can charge for providing detailed information that would be costly and difficult to obtain any other way.

SIMULATION, PLEASE

Among the chief potential users of custom information are persons engaged in simulation studies and dynamic modeling. Simulation is about the most promising approach known for the general analysis of complex systems and stochastic processes. On the operating level, it affords the user a way of asking the question, what if. The use of simulation by staff specialists, systems analysts, decision makers, social scientists, and others will markedly expand as the information utility makes powerful computers and programming systems easily accessible.

Most users of simulation will not have the knowledge or desire to build their own models, especially as simulation starts being applied by line managers and operating personnel. Assistance in the formulation, adjustment, and validation of models will be provided by an on-line simulation center, joined by the information utility to both the users and the relevant information sources. Simulation service, like information, will be obtained by a procedure as simple as dialing a telephone number.

A simulation service could be of great value as a proving ground for development of an early form of information utility, and could provide a bootstrap for further refinement of the utility. Each contemplated service could be designed by successive approximations, simulated, and revised before it is instituted. This is especially important for a service such as the automated stock exchange, where design errors can cost millions of dollars and experiments on the real system are impractical. In addition, a working prototype of the exchange, displayed by the simulation service, could persuade the doubtful and the wary.

Barring unforeseen obstacles, an on-line interactive computer service, provided commercially by an information utility, may be as commonplace by 2000 A.D. as telephone service is today. By 2000 A.D. man should have a much better comprehension of himself and his system, not because he will be innately any smarter than he is today, but because he will have learned to use imaginatively the most powerful amplifier of intelligence yet devised.

A Story by W. S. Merwin

THE MUSEUM

Poet and translator, W. S. MERWIN was born in New York City in 1927, graduated from Princeton, and worked as a tutor in France, Portugal, and Majorca from 1949 to 1951. His first book of poems, A MASK FOR JANUS, was published in 1952; his most recent volume, THE MOVING TARGET, appeared last autumn.



I HAD had a wicker trunk made to hold all that I was keeping, because I did not expect to be coming back. When it was packed, a neighbor and I loaded it onto his cart, and we took it down to the valley to the station and shipped it to the frontier, where I intended to pick it up on my way out of the country. Then I went to the capital to make some final arrangements and say good-bye to friends there. A few days later, when these things had been done, I took the train to the frontier myself.

It is a full day's trip. I was traveling during a warm spell in late September. The completed summer was silent. One morning very soon it would suddenly be autumn, with the light appearing to come through shallow water, and overnight half of the gray dust would have disappeared from the tiny leaves of the mimosas. On the day I left, there was a fragrance like that of the mimosas in winter. In spite of the dust and heat, it hung in the air like a remembered chill, and it was there all the way from the capital, down on the plain, in the morning, to the frontier, on the high plateau, late in the afternoon. But there was no breeze except what was raised by the passage of the train, and I spent most of the day hanging out the windows of the nearly empty car, watching the flat country with its canals and meadows give way to farmed hills, vineyards, woods, and the first mountains, and the stations become smaller and closer to silence.

When I got to the frontier station, the trunk was

not there. There was a long pause scheduled in any case before the other train, the night train, was to pull out and continue into the other country: time for the passengers to descend, go through customs, board the night train with their baggage, and wait until they wondered whether something had gone wrong. And time for things to go wrong. And obviously the officials were used to losses and delays, and the matter was passed from hand to hand like a photograph of a stranger which somebody had found on a beach. It seemed to belong to nobody, including me. It evoked indifference, irrelevant suspicion, and discourses on complexity mumbled around stained ends of dead cigarettes and delivered in low, impersonal voices to the upper corners of one small crammed dusty office after another.

The rest of the passengers had already vanished onto the night train by the time the pertinent documents had produced an old official who had never been surprised by anything. He began telephoning the freight handlers at all the junctions between the frontier and the village from which the trunk had been sent, and he located it at last, but he informed me that it would be another day before the trunk could reach the frontier. The handlers had sworn that it would be on the next day's train, and nothing could be done to make it come any faster. The train on which I had come was about to start back, and the night train with which it con-

Lithograph by Maurice de Vlaminck. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

nected was ready to cross the frontier. If I wanted to see the trunk again I had no choice but to spend the night there and hope that it would arrive and that I could continue with it on the following evening. I could spend the night at the station itself, they told me. There were rooms upstairs, and they assured me that the food was very good.

I told them that I would stay, and immediately one of the uniformed officials turned into a guide and with an air of genuine pleasure and hospitality picked up my bag and led me down the hall and through the empty customs shed with its long trestles -- an actor leading me through his dark auditorium. We made our way through a store-room piled with crates and sealed tubs, some of which must have been there for months, and came to a door which led down into a great tiled kitchen. There he introduced me to a fat woman, who beamed up at me, drying her hands on her colorless apron, and announced that I would be so well taken care of that I would never want to go on. She turned and called to somebody, and my guide put the bag down, nudged me, told me I'd be fine, and left.

I heard bare feet on the tiles behind me. A girl or young woman had come in, red hands and feet, head in a kerchief. Chickens were running in and out the door behind her. She led me up a boxed-in flight of dusty stairs to a wide hall. A window at the end, hung with coarse lace, looked out onto the hills I had come through. There were four doors, two on each side. She showed me into a dark room where the shutters had not been opened for weeks, and she folded them back, revealing more of the same lace, and then the same bright, yellowish hills. I opened all the windows. It was a large room containing one immense bed covered with an ageless, darned spread of the same lace as the curtains, a washstand and a chair, and nothing else. The walls were whitewashed plaster, chipped here and there, and the board floors were bare and dusty. She told me that I had the whole floor to myself and might use the great round unpainted table that was the only piece of furniture out in the hall. I asked her why the rooms were so large and whether the building had originally been built for some other purpose and whether the huge bed had come from somewhere else, but she did not know. As she was turning back the bed I heard the train on which I had arrived pulling out of the station. I asked her when the night train would leave, and she said she thought it had already gone, probably while we were down in the kitchen.

I went downstairs and out onto the platform. It was as though the trains had never been there. I could hear the rust forming on the rails and the grass beginning to grow up among them. The light had begun to go out of the hills, but as the first

coolness returned to the day I was aware that the smell of mimosas was gone. I could see a long way into the hills in every direction. There were few trees, no villages in sight. Somewhere in the bony uplands to the east, where range after range of dry shadows were beginning to grow, was the frontier. A long way off, through an opening in the hills, I saw a squat castle: half of a thumb with its shadow bleeding out of it. Everything was the same bleached straw color; even the station, which was made of brick that had once been red, was now nearly indistinguishable from the dust.

It had become a different building. The officials had vanished, and there were no sounds except from the hens at the kitchen door. The cook fanning her charcoal stove told me that the meal would have been better if she had known I was going to be there. When I asked her about the castle she said it was a long way off. It would take most of a day to get there even with a donkey cart. She seemed not to know much more about it. She shrugged and bent down to peer under the pots, and then she asked whether I'd seen the museum. She said I should certainly see the museum while I was there. It was the most interesting thing around, she informed me, and I'd have plenty of time. It was no distance. She pointed through the narrow window at the empty road.

I FOLLOWED her suggestion the next afternoon. There was no one else on the dust road until I got to the first bend. Then a long, straight stretch appeared in front of me, and at the end of it, as though the road were leading straight up to it, stood a large symmetrical stone house surrounded by evergreens and eucalyptus trees and a high parched wall. Even from a considerable distance it was plain that the house was closed. The double stone steps led up one flight to blank shutters, and all the windows were sealed in the same way. In that part of the world shutters were normally of wood and were inside the windows. These were on the outside and appeared to be made of metal. They had been painted green and had faded to a grayish olive; they added to the foreign look of the place, as did the slate roof in a country where normally the roofs were tiled. There was an oxcart ahead of me, almost at the house, with an old man walking in front of it. When I had gone a few steps along the straight stretch it seemed as though the road were sealed off at both ends and there were nothing else. Heat, dust, silence, and the road at the bottom of all of them, and all motion an illusion. Then I came to a dead snake lying across the road. It had just been killed, and the cart had run over it. As I looked up, the old man and the cart turned a

corner that I could not yet see, and disappeared.

I knocked at the front gate, but nobody came. As I turned to follow the road along the wall the same old man emerged from a smaller gate and asked me whether I wanted something. His hearing was undependable, and it was a moment before I managed to convey to him that I would like to see the place. Then he began explaining to me that the owners were away. I supposed that an entrance fee was customary and offered him one which he took with a resigned air, barely interrupting his explanation. He led me in through the little gate and turned and said that obviously he would only be able to admit me to the grounds: he could not let me into the house in the owners' absence. By then, of course, I had to follow him as he led me around the quite ordinary, rather overgrown little park, among frayed topiary figures, with a long pause at the empty artificial spring while he explained to me how it worked and where the original, from which it had been copied, was to be found.

The owners, he told me, were in the capital. Whenever they came they brought at least a dozen house servants with them. At one time even when they were away there had been a staff to look after the house and the stables and the grounds. Now there was only he, and it had been a long time since they had been there. It was because of the daughter, he said, as though that explained everything. Eventually I understood that she was either dying or had just died, but he would say no more about her. And how long had it been, I asked, since the museum had actually been open. His face changed when he understood my question. This, he informed me, was not the museum. He led me back to the gate and pointed further along the road to a cluster of buildings.

"There," he said. "Ask the barber."

I WENT on to the group of whitewashed houses: a little hamlet built on an abrupt outcrop of reddish stone. The entrances, at the top of short dirt ramps, stood open and empty, as though there were no doors. The most prosperous building had a low brick wall around it. A tall man was standing in front of the doorway watching me approach. He was wearing the usual high leather boots and a long canvas coat that reached to his knees. He greeted me; we discussed the fact that it was Sunday. He said, with a laugh and some measure of irony, that it made no difference to him, but he did not explain. There was a pile of hair on the doorsill.

He was affable, but he was watching for an opening. He said it was a pity the station wasn't nearer because he'd have more customers. People came and went, he explained, and never even knew he

was there. He asked me whether I had any idea why the station had been built so far away, and when I declared that I knew nothing about the matter, he said he would tell me. Very deliberately he turned and pointed back toward the house where I had just been. It was their doing, he said. The owners. He had found out the details himself. They had not wanted the station to be built too near their house, and they had used their influence, and their money.

"They must be very old," I said. "The station seems to have been built some time ago."

"The family, the family," he said impatiently, evoking an image of a presence in which individuals and generations came and went without changing its essentially malign nature.

"You don't know them?" he asked, dropping the question from a certain height but at the same time anxious to make sure. Perhaps he had seen me emerging from the little gate in the company of the old caretaker. I told him how I had gone up to the house thinking it was the museum, and he smiled and nodded, savoring some familiar bitterness in the situation.

"But it's the museum you want to see," he repeated, and paused to make sure that the significance of his sentence had been taken in by some invisible audience.

"I can show you the museum," he said.

The first room he led me into was the barbershop. The paneless window by the doorway was reflected dimly in a tarnished oval mirror fixed to one of the walls, and on the gray board floor between the window and the mirror stood an old armchair with a straw seat and more hair drifting around its legs. There was a murky shelf of bottles with a dozen yellowish postcards nailed above it. On another wall, in a place of pride above a row of straight-backed chairs, was a rough rack containing two guns. I saw it all in a cloud, after the glare of the sun on the whitewashed walls outside, and before I could make out anything clearly he announced to someone that I had come to see the museum.

"Get out new candles," he said.

In the arch that led into the next room someone stirred. A woman in a dress as colorless as the walls turned from where she must have been watching us, and behind her I could make out another person, much older, in black, slumped in a chair against a wall. He led me through the arch and explained to me that the first woman was his sister and the older one was his mother. We were standing in the kitchen, which I imagined was the main room of the house. Half of the floor was covered with a platform of the same gray boards I had seen in the barbershop. Then there was a step down, and the rest of the floor was stone or beaten earth, on which the fire was built in the corner. Some pots stood in

the ashes. There was no chimney. The blackened walls and the sooty tiles in the roof showed where the smoke found its way out. The place smelled of beans burnt in oil and of grape mash. The barber was explaining to me that all the houses were built on the same rock and that the ancients had known what they were doing when they came there in the first place.

"Before history," he kept saying. "But they knew just the same."

It was the holes in the rock, he said. The cellars. The defenders above. The dead below, where it was hidden. They were wonderful cellars, he told me. Warm in the winter, cool in the summer. And no one would suspect they were there, he said. I wouldn't have suspected from outside, would I? I assured him that I would never have suspected anything, and it was with a gesture of great satisfaction that he took a new candle from his sister and lighted it with a cigarette lighter.

"Now," he said, and he turned and led me to a far corner of the room and lifted up a sloping cellar door. He leaned it back against the wall and raised the candle. I supposed that he was already lighting my way to what I had come to see, and I took a step forward, but as I did so he breathed deeply, half closed his eyes, and began to recite to me, in a monotonous tenor quite different from the voice he had been using. The text was evidently of his own composition, and it had to do with the Obliterated Ages.

Even in that unspeakably long-ago time, he explained, the inhabitants had understood the rock and what it was for, and in it they had buried their dead — not all of the dead, of course, but the bodies of those on whom they had wished to confer immortality. Their kings and their great ones; their hunters. Their religion was not the same as the one now, but it was their own affair, and no one nowadays had ever mastered it entirely. Their heads were different from ours, as could be seen from the remains. Then they had been forgotten, and wine had been set to age in the rock, and it was not known that they were there. He took one step down the stairs, then he turned and said:

"It remained for my father to find them."

When the bones had drifted down through the dirt between the wine casks, he said, other people had declared that they were pig bones. And, indeed, was it not true that you could find chicken bones, dog bones, sheep bones in most people's cellars if you dug? It was reasonable. But his father had not been deceived. He had not come from those parts, the barber explained, but had moved there when he had married. The house had belonged to his wife who was an only daughter. When he had found the bones, he had not listened to the people from around there. He had dug behind the casks

and uncovered the bodies at last. They had been lying with their heads all pointing the same way, and the wrappings around the bones in some places had turned to stone. Skins of stone with stone bones inside them. In other places you would be groping along a body and find that it had crumbled to nothing, bones and all. But once they had found the first bodies they had discovered others everywhere. They could not understand how they had been able to be unaware of the bodies all that time when they had been so near. They were in the rock on all sides and at all different levels. Some of them were scarcely covered, inside their tombs. The barber descended another step and held the candle to the face of the stone from which the irregular stairs had been hollowed. He showed me that it was full of holes, like an anthill, some much larger than others, and he explained that down below they were all much larger, though some of them were filled with earth. He struck the smooth stone with the palm of his hand, and a faint but long-drawn-out echo came back.

"You see?" he said.

Of course, he continued, as soon as the bodies had been discovered, there had been no lack of old people from those parts, in this village and others, who had declared that they had always known that the things were buried there but that they had had better ways to occupy their time than in attending to old bodies that belonged to nobody's family. The barber shrugged and climbed down another step and invited me to follow him.

THE stairs were steep and nowhere straight. He stood with his candle on the earth floor at the bottom, waiting for me beside a half dozen large wine barrels, several vats, piles of rags, beams, presses, pieces of wheels, broken tools, all covered with dust and cobwebs. Little points like eyes reflected the candle here and there in the darkness beyond.

"Here is where the first one was found," he said, leading me around a vat. The stone ceiling was too low for me to stand straight. Beyond him his candle had lit up a wide niche in the stone, extending to left and right into the shadows. In the middle of the niche, on a little table made of stone, a stuffed wolf stood staring through glass eyes over our shoulders into the darkness.

"Where is the body?" I said.

"That one I got myself," he said after a moment. "On the north side of the mountain we call the Roof. You know the Roof?"

"Did your father take out the body when he found it?" I asked.

He turned to me and laughed. "No," he said, "my father never moved it."

"What did he do when he found them?"

"Nothing."

He turned another corner and held his candle in front of the next niche. It was empty, as the first had been, except that it too was arranged like a chapel with a small stone platform on which a dead civet cat was standing in an unnatural posture.

"That one too I got," he said. "Near the frontier."

He led me from opening to opening in the natural catacombs. Some of them were high up in the wall, some at knee level; in many of them the darkness led on past the dimensions of a tomb and beyond the reach of the candlelight. In every tomb that he showed me, a stuffed animal was standing looking toward the entrance with eyes that must have been brought to it from some city and buttoned into its emptied sockets. In one of the graves an eagle, nearly black, waited with ill-folded wings.

"Some of them my sons got," the barber admitted as he started back toward the stairs. "I have two sons. One of them is a guard at the frontier." He laughed. "He gets things sometimes."

He paused and looked me over carefully. "My other son comes and goes. He's been everywhere. He gets things. All the time."

And from the way he said it I could imagine his other son as well as I could the border guard. A contrabandist, perpetually in overshoes and dirty gabardine, acquainted with the least fortunate quarters of a dozen towns along the frontier, and no doubt of a number of larger cities.

"But the bodies," I said again. "Where are they?"

He opened a rotting cupboard and brought out a candied-fruit box full of photographs. Most of them were very old and appeared to have been underexposed to start with, but with the aid of his fingernail I could make out the bodies lying in the holes, mummified and shrunken: narrow foreheads, large teeth. Even in the blackened snapshots they looked like stone. In some of the pictures, as he explained to me, he himself, rather younger, was standing pointing into the holes, smiling. One of these photographs had been made into a postcard. There was a bundle of these, and he told me the price and said they could be obtained nowhere else.

"And where are the bodies now? That's what you want to know, of course," he said. And a ring of anger, as long-practiced as his opening spiel about the ancients, came into his voice.

"A man like me," he said, "is not allowed to have rare things and things of value."

The bodies had come to no harm, he pointed out, for centuries and centuries in their places when nobody knew about them. They had come to no harm even after his father had found them. Nobody had paid much attention to them.

"It was I who brought their value to them," the barber announced, and he told how he had met a man at the station years before, a traveler, a man of learning from the capital, and how he had told this gentleman about the bones and ended by showing them to him. The man of learning had understood all about them and had explained about them to the barber. He had taken photographs and had even written about the bodies later, and his opinions were on record in a library. He was an exceptionally fine gentleman, and his goodwill was not to be doubted. But he had been very old and he had died.

The barber had realized that the bodies were of public interest, and he had had a sign printed and had had a photograph of himself pointing into a tomb put on the sign and had hung it in the station. His museum had become famous and had been put in the guidebooks, and people had come long distances simply to see the bodies. He had charged admission. He had sold postcards. But the living are full of envy.

Even, he said, when his wife turned out to be incurably sick, he had had enough money to buy medicine. He opened a drawer in the same cupboard and showed me the needle and the empty phials carefully lined up in rows.

"It was the owners," he said. "It was the owners who took the bodies away from me." He was referring to the owners of the empty house which I had seen on the way, but the phrase as he used it seemed to embrace a whole order of existence. The owners, he explained, wanted to have everything.

I could see that it had been some time since he had had a visitor and that his rancor against his powerful neighbors had not grown calmer as the golden days of his museum had receded from him, and it was plain that I would not have to prompt him in order to hear the story.

He told me that when the museum had been at its most successful, the owners had used their influence, and the government had requisitioned the bodies for the public good. They had been taken away to a museum in the capital, where, it had been claimed, they would be better cared for. Every bone had been removed; they had not missed one. What could he do to stop them? They had produced papers declaring that the earth more than so many meters below the surface was the property of the state, and other papers announcing over and over again in different ways that the state had the power to requisition objects of extreme antiquity or objects of unique historical importance, and finally they had produced papers showing that he was running, publicly proclaiming, and profiting from a museum without a license, and could be prosecuted. They had paid him nothing for the bodies because they had declared that the objects did not belong to him. They had paid him nothing for using his

house to pass through because they said they were acting on orders and in the public interest. At the end they had even warned him that if any more bodies were uncovered in his cellar they would automatically become the property of the state. Some time after everything had been taken, someone who had visited the museum in former days had sent him some postcards showing how everything was displayed now in the capital. And a pamphlet about the bones in which the "owners" were honored for "indicating" them to the authorities. They had been found, it said, near the "owners'" country estate, and it had named the village. He himself had not even been mentioned, nor his father either.

And his obscurity had returned, and his wife had died. But none of it had done the "owners" any good, the barber insisted. Some people said they had done it in order to prove their power to the people who lived around there. Some said they had done it to gain distinction and to be received by the nobility — for three generations they had been trying to obtain an invitation to the castle which could be seen over near the frontier, but they had never succeeded. Some said they did it out of simple jealousy or even simple malevolence. But they had

gained no respect in the country, the barber assured me, and no invitation had come from the castle. And nobody knew the name of the disease with which their daughter, an only child, had fallen sick, and of which she would surely die.

They had not managed to rob him of his distinction, either. The tombs themselves were still there, after all. And he had thought to honor them with new bones, as he told me. People could come and see them if they were interested. He did not need a license since he put up no sign and made no claims and charged no admission. He could stuff the dead animals himself. His second son, he explained, could always get him materials.

"Oh, yes," he said, passing the candle around for a last glance before he held it to light me up the stairs, "it will be a long time before this is forgotten."

At the top of the stairs he winked and opened a cupboard. The woman he had introduced as his sister set two glasses on the table as he drew out a bottle and set it down, and then he reached in his hand again and brought out a battered tin box, which he unfastened and held out smiling. It was full of glass eyes tied together with little bows.

THE SENSE OF CRISIS

BY MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Though the daily melodrama
Of toss-up choices and of chance events
Steels man to silence and the stern pretense
Of tragic spirit, happy woman
Thrives on such unhappy signs,
Will inevitably thrill you
With the choicest lines.

When the introspective suitor
Rehearses for his love a past affair,
She runs an easy hand through his poor hair
Until the broken speech has cued her
To compassionate reply:
"Was she very beautiful? Will you
Love her till you die?"

While the actor is invaded
By nightmare conflict of his waking wills
The starlet takes a dozen sleeping pills.
Hamlet, on the parapet, decided
Suicide would never do
When he recognized Ophelia
Might attempt it too.

GERMAN STUDENTS REPLY

TO MARTHA GELLHORN

BERNDT OSTENDORF, a tutor in the history department of Freiburg University, is conducting a course on the Third Reich in Anglo-American sources, and when he asked his students to appraise Martha Gellhorn's article, "Is There a New Germany?", in the February issue of the ATLANTIC, he was surprised by the chain reaction. The three comments which follow were written by undergraduates ranging in age from twenty to twenty-four, and have been translated by Mr. Ostendorf.

PERMIT me to thank you for your most inspiring travelogue about the New Germany. You have seen a lot that is wrong, you have presented these failings in our way of life to your readers without any compromise, and you have put your finger on the dangers inherent in these wrongs. It is, indeed, hard to escape the suggestive power of your opinions about what you think is the New Germany.

While reading your article I have been trying to find out why I constantly got the impression that you were speaking of our parents but not really of the young generation in Germany, which was, if not free of guilt, as you say, at least not participating in the wrongs of Hitler's regime. I would like you to take this letter as the personal statement of a young student who, as a woman, as a refugee, and as a German, feels that she is being portrayed correctly in some details, but mistakenly on the whole.

You say at the end of your essay that the young Germans are unable "to put themselves in the place of others" — that is, you demand of us the faculty and readiness to understand other people and other ways of life in order that we may stop and consider ourselves with critical eyes. It is odd to notice that all those young Germans whom you seem to have liked have spent some time in England or America or were obviously influenced by the American way of life and thinking. Do you really believe that among those Germans who did not have the chance to acquire the "positive" characteristic of being

American- or British-oriented, there are none who are normal and are able to think critically? What makes a girl who dislikes crowded cafés and greasy people a Hitler maiden? Is it an either-American-or-Nazi decision?

I can understand that you are proud to be an American, proud that America helped Europe to eradicate the traces of the war — and we love America for it. But to take the American way of life as the measuring rod and to apply it to a society which has evolved from an entirely different past and background is, in my thinking, a wrong approach. Only if you stop to compare the young generation in Germany with their contemporaries in America, and only if you look for those traits which make the young Germans different from their elders, only then will you find anything "New," and only then should you begin to pass judgment on the "New Germany." If you set out to find in a person only what he inherited from his parents, you will do him wrong. Judge the young Germans as personalities in their own right at first; then compare them with their parents. If you do it the other way around, you will end up writing a report on the parents. If you set out to find the old, you will find it in any nation. Don't forget there are still Confederates in the United States after a good one hundred years, but not all Americans meet in Ku Klux Klan fashion.

I would try your patience too much if I were to

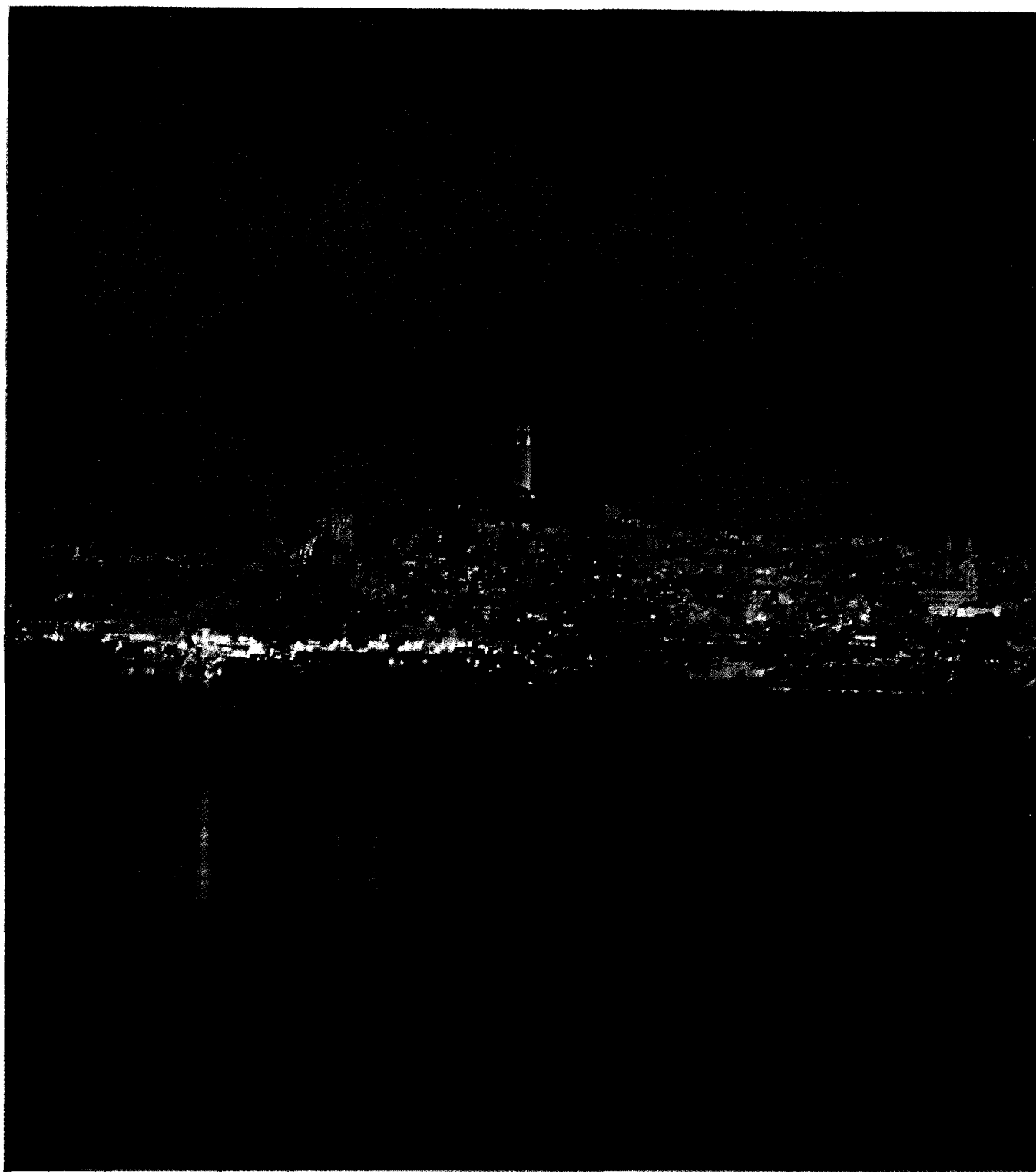


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enumerate all the misunderstandings and misrepresentations that I found in your essay which I think are the result of oversimplification, of painting everything in much black and little white, not using the middling gray of actual life. I would like to stick to a few points in my answer. The most amusing part of your report was the passage about the young German woman. Amusing, since I am convinced that you are wrong, and my amusement is not stained by that grain of truth that I find in some of your basically wrong statements. There are in Germany countless young women who want to or have to work outside the home. However, the German ideal of the woman as a housewife and mother — as you put it — is not only representative of Germany, but of Central and Southern Europe and France. Quite personally, I want to tell you that I believe it to be an interesting and satisfying task even for a woman with a university degree to devote her time first to her children and her family. This does not mean that her long period of studies was senselessly spent; for she would at least not resemble that caricature that you draw of our mothers who did nothing but “teach blind obedience, handing on this sin from generation to generation.” The young German woman graduate has learned to think for herself and is an equal partner of her husband. If she does not show quite the same intellectual drive and ambition toward emancipation as some of her Anglo-Saxon sisters, this is not to say that she is an “abject intellectual and a moral slave.” Thank you very much for the compliment, calling us the “Arab women of the West.” The Arab women of my age are lovely, thank you.

I was less amused but more alarmed at your remarks about the German refugees. Here some clarifying amendments would help. There are in the Federal Republic refugees from those areas which belong today to Russia or Poland. Your refugee friend whom you met in Munich seems to belong in that category. Then there are those refugees from the Soviet sector of Germany, which calls itself the “Deutsche Demokratische Republik.” You deny us (for I am one of them) the term refugee in its true meaning. You say that we were greeted with open arms by the citizens of the Federal Republic, and that we are better off. Permit me to add, however, what I know from my own experience, which is applicable to many a refugee student: I have been living all by myself in Freiburg since 1957 when I was seventeen years old. Last year I was allowed to visit my mother for the first time in six years. When I came to the Federal Republic with a small suitcase, I was shunted from one refugee camp to another (no open arms) for more than eight weeks. Families had to wait for years in such camps, sometimes two or more families in one room. During these weeks I had to undergo all

kinds of examinations, prying into my political views in search of red spots and into my clothes in search of lice. I know that these things were necessary, but I know also that they are the manifestation of the fact that I *emigrated* as a German to Germany, in the true and tragic sense of the meaning. I did not leave my mother and my home of my own free will. Do you understand that I never can go back?

I do feel as an equal among equals, but I would detest to be regarded as a favored daughter of the Federal Republic. And I expect anybody with any journalistic ethos to present my situation in its true light, not left-handedly, with either too little understanding or too much melodrama. I am convinced that most of the students from the Soviet sector think as I do. As for those who came from the areas now in Polish or Russian hands, I have not yet met any one of them who really would want to go back; in fact, those few Germans who are left in Wroclaw (Breslau) and environs are constantly submitting applications for emigration to the Federal Republic. Those who are still crying for a swap of East German territory for Russian territory are those few German students who belong to the ridiculously small refugee groups — on whom you seem to have centered your attention — or politicians who are catering to the votes of the older generation.

Another point: you criticize the Germans in that they identify their government with their country. I think that you do it more than we do when you constantly identify Hitlerism with the Germans of today. What else are you doing if you write: “these small slights were a trifling penalty for the history of their country”? In this sentence you postulate that we who were incapable of real guilt for the Nazi crimes should now be justly sentenced for the wrongs of the Hitler regime. You identify us and our parents with the Hitler regime, then turn around and say that the young Germans identify themselves with the present government. I think you do a bit too much equating here.

A grave mistake crept into your passage about the German national anthem. You write that the second and third verses were forbidden by the Allies as too aggressive, and reinstated right after Germany achieved its sovereignty. It was the first verse, not the second or third, which caused the irritation of the Allies. It has been and is being misunderstood, last but not least by German nationalists of all ages and hues, of whom there are still some around, as you pointed out. The anthem was written in 1841 by a man who was very much committed to the *Zeitgeist* of his time. At the time of the composition Germany was not a state, but a loosely connected federation of more than thirty states, dukedoms, monarchies, all jealous of one

another. "Deutschland" was a language unity transcending all political borders. The second verse is also a true child of romanticism. The third verse contains that which should move and concern every German who is thinking about Germany, and any person who is writing about it. In 1952, the late Professor Heuss (Bundespräsident at that time), whose political integrity is beyond any doubt, ordered this verse to be sung at all official functions, and it is still the only verse which is actually sung. Your statement of the case is, to use your own parlance, absolute rot. We welcome criticism, but we ask for some open-mindedness and understanding of our earlier history and national symbols even if they have at one time been misunderstood and misused.

GRETCHEN SCHMIDT

I have never been to the United States; I have only read about your country in the papers. But if I were asked to write an article in the vein of Martha Gellhorn, it would be quite easy. I should go over for a few days, have a chat with Lincoln Rockwell, interview a couple of Greenwich Village beats who are sick of America, who like Fidel Castro and curse the squares who don't dig dirt; then I'd have coffee with Barry Goldwater's computer and have a good fright from its vision of future politics, have luncheon with the John Birch Society, have it out with some members of the Ku Klux Klan, finally look at random into any university and attend a bad seminar (one lesson is enough to hate it) on Klopstock's "Wesen und Wandel," preferably conducted by an American instructor who — how typically German — prefers Löwenbräu to Budweiser; and then with a sigh I should sit down and write an article about the "New America." Oh, yes, I'd certainly slip in a few nice things about the hospitality, to give the report an objective look.

HANS BAUER

Just a few points where Martha Gellhorn seems to be misinformed. One cannot compare the American fraternities with the German ones, except maybe that in both there is a lot of drinking going on. They have different general objectives and histories. Then, her division of *Burschenschaften* and *Verbindungen* — and her supposition that the ones practice

dueling and the others don't — is absurd. There are still both fraternities and *Burschenschaften* which have kept this relic of the past, but only very few. Actually, dueling without protection of the face has been forbidden at most of the German universities; at the University of Freiburg *all* fraternities and *Burschenschaften* are forbidden to wear any badge, hat, or other distinguishing feature on university premises. This is how the university and most of the students feel about fraternities. It is an open secret that many of the members of these fraternities have joined them because of better connections in their future positions. Or they might just be wanting to have a gay time. Why do people in the United States join fraternities?

Martha Gellhorn's statement that 60 percent of the students in Munich voted for the reactionary Bavarian party threw me into convulsive giggles. I bet the Bayernpartei would have been glad to get one tenth of the student vote. Martha Gellhorn might, however, have been speaking of the CSU (the Bavarian part of the CDU, Erhard's party), but then I would as a journalist be more precise in my terms, and also I wouldn't be so rough on Erhard and call him a reactionary. (Must journalists always be nasty?) As to the political opposition, *Der Spiegel* has been in good company. Have you ever heard of *Die Zeit*? It does not rake up quite as much muck as *Der Spiegel*, but it is the organ for such "new voices" as Uwe Johnson, Günter Grass, Hans-Magnus Enzensberger — the "New Germany" which Martha Gellhorn didn't want to see. Most of the student papers are in opposition, if not to the current government, at least to the professors and the university authorities. I miss that typically German reverence for authority. The statement that the socialist student groups do not receive financial support because of their leftist tendencies is absolute nonsense. What happened was that the socialist student faction split up into so many splinter groups that even the Socialist Party (SPD, Willy Brandt's party) did not want to have anything to do with the caterwaulings of its young 'uns. A club or group has to be firmly established and acknowledged by the university before its members become eligible for financial support, and they get it regardless of religious or political creeds, excepting the Communists and Neo-Nationalists, which, I think, is a mistake. A democracy ought to be able to swallow a couple of cranks.

LUDWIG ZIMMER



BRITAIN BEFORE THE ELECTIONS

BY TERENCE PRITTIE *London-born and a graduate of Oxford, TERENCE PRITTIE was a prisoner of war in Germany from 1940 to 1945. Following his release, he joined the staff of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN and served as its correspondent in Germany for the past sixteen years. Now back in London, he takes a discerning look at the changes he finds in his native country.*

WHAT is an effective yardstick for measuring national insecurity of mind? One could search for a lifetime and not find a certain answer. Or one could select a yardstick almost at random, which is what I shall do, at the outset of analyzing the broader question of what is the matter with Britain today. For, clearly, a great deal is the matter.

During my sixteen years as a newspaperman in Germany, a tour of duty which I recently completed, I was told time after time that in order to know the Germans one should study their motoring manners. German arrogance, sense of insufficiency, desire to do the other man down and lose not a single minute of overvalued time combine, so I was told, to make the German the most dangerous and unpleasant motorist in Europe. A drive down any autobahn suggested there was much to support this view; the accident rate confirmed it.

British road manners used to be the best of any thickly populated country in Europe. This is no longer the case. Britain's cities have become maelstroms of desperate effort to get in, out, and, above all, on. London taxi drivers, hitherto as faultlessly mannered a breed as the Afghan hound, are today cranky, crotchety, and jealous on the road. To them there are only two important rules: keep moving fast, in order to earn as much as possible; and observe a minimum degree of politeness toward passengers, in order to secure a decent tip — largely untaxed, and therefore all the more profitable.

London bus drivers are impelled by a furious impatience over the sheer technical difficulties of maneuvering their heavy craft through crammed and narrow streets and by the need to make up time on the clock and give themselves longer breaks in which to drink their endless cups of tea. London truck drivers are genuinely distracted by the difficulties of unloading their vehicles. The automobile owner is at odds with the rest of society because he can never find room to park his car. He is penalized by lack of space and by the spirit of oafish bureaucracy which is taking an ever firmer grip on British life. What is true of the city is true of the country too. The villages of England, once havens of quiet, are often jammed with motor traffic on weekends. The bypasses which have been built around small towns have in many cases become obsolete. Fifteen-mile-long traffic jams build up on the Exeter bypass, for instance, during the summer months. Bumper-to-bumper progress has become the dominant feature of the life of the English motorist, and it is not surprising that his patience is wearing very thin.

Ill temper, frustration, and a growing sense of impotence have become features of the national mood. This is something which a great many Britons instinctively recognize, however annoyed they may have become when Dean Acheson coined his phrase about Britain's losing an empire and not yet finding a new role in the world. The phrase

caused additional irritation because it was used by a foreigner; an age-old British insularity was deeply offended.

IT MAY be presumptuous to try to analyze the reasons for this national mood of frustration and futility. One can point out some of its signs, but whether it is transient or part of a continuing process of deterioration is any man's guess. Among these signs has been the ambiguity of British foreign, or world, policies. This ambiguity prompted a young Englishman, John Mander, to write a book, *Great Britain — Little England*. The book, a big success in terms of the interest it aroused, painted the picture of a Britain no longer sure of itself on the world stage, no longer sure of its role, a Britain going nowhere.

In his book Mander recapped Britain's worst setback of 1963. In January, General de Gaulle closed the road to Europe against Britain, after the minority of thinking people in the country had come, by way of agonizing reappraisal, to the just conclusion that entry into the Common Market was logical and inevitable. What was the Tory government to do about this setback? Continue to stand, cap in hand, at the door which had been literally slammed in the face of the president of the Board of Trade, Edward Heath, by De Gaulle's yes-man Foreign Minister, Couve de Murville? Or should the Tory government have protested, raged, sulked?

In the event, it did nothing, accepting defeat with a good grace and a fair display of dignity. Incongruously, this retreat to passive good manners earned the Tory government as much sympathy inside the country as outside it, where Germans, Italians, Dutchmen, and Belgians all wanted Britain in the Common Market as a makeweight against De Gaulle's domineering ambition.

It would seem unfair to blame the British government for failure to enter the Common Market, until one recalls that Britain's efforts to do so began halfheartedly and late. There was a failure to face facts in time. The new role which Mr. Acheson, for instance, might have wanted for Britain could have been that of a firm and enduring bridge between the old world and the new. Britain would have given the Common Market Six increased stability and the benefit of Britain's own pragmatic and rational processes of thought. As a trading nation, Britain would have ensured close links with the United States, and with Britain in the Common Market there would not today be such a question mark attached to the Kennedy Round tariff talks. To all this, De Gaulle was unalterably opposed.

For Britain, entry into the Common Market would have opened up broader horizons which are now denied. There is some consolation to Britons in

whatever remains of the special relationship with the United States, built out of a common language, Anglo-Saxon heritage, and a common way of life. But the Commonwealth, in the past an immense outlet for British energy and initiative, continues to contract. Englishmen may go to the Asian fragments of their former empire to earn, advise, administer, but they go there on sufferance. Britain's former African domains are on the way to becoming black reserves. Its white partners in the Commonwealth — Canada, Australia, New Zealand — have ceased to be pioneering countries and ready absorbers of immigrants. They have built up increasingly cozy welfare states of their own, and their internal flow of population is all to the big cities, in search of comfort, security, and a high standard of living. What Canada and the rest want most from Britain is capital and top-grade technicians, which Britain can least afford to spare.

No wonder exclusion from the Common Market was a profound shock to most Britons who had given serious thought to these matters. And it was not surprising to find John Mander advocating, at the end of his book, Britain's wholehearted entry into Europe as the sole alternative to slow decay into "Little England." But Mr. Mander's proposal was — and remains, alas — naïve and unreal. For General de Gaulle continues to bar the way into Europe.

Exclusion from Europe, the contraction of the Commonwealth, the slight waning of the special relationship with the United States — these factors have combined to induce a mood of growing claustrophobia in the desperately overcrowded British Isles. This mood has had a twofold effect on British foreign policy. Britain has tended to become the soft partner in the Western alliance's confrontation of the Communist bloc, and its diplomacy has tended to become increasingly passive. Softness vis-à-vis the Communist bloc has been illustrated by lack of enthusiasm for the embargo on strategic exports to Communist countries, by a certain hesitancy over the crucial Berlin issue, and by a too credulous acceptance of a real thaw in the cold war.

It was typical of an influential section of the British press that it greeted the opening of the chink in the Berlin Wall, when West Berliners were allowed across into East Berlin during the Christmas season, as the sensational beginning of the end of the cold war. One leading British newspaper wrote that the road was now open for mutual recognition of one another by the two German states, for the inception of some sort of "Confederation" between them, and for a special "United Nations status" for West Berlin. These are precisely the objectives which the Soviet Union has set itself in Germany.

Some West Germans have begun to talk of the "English disease" in the field of foreign policy. Its

primary symptom, they say, is the alleged desire of the people of Britain — rather than their government — for a new kind of appeasement, aimed at a compromise over Germany with the Communist bloc which would rob the Berlin issue of its explosive character and so reduce the risk of World War III breaking out in Central Europe. The protagonists of this new appeasement, the new “men of Munich,” are the Beaverbrook Press and the left-wing Laborites, who raise on every possible occasion their stale war chant against the “militarists” and former Nazis in power in Bonn. These are the people who want to perpetuate the division of Germany, little realizing that its division commits the Soviet Union permanently to a policy of political and psychological pressure in Central Europe.

The new British Foreign Secretary, R. A. Butler, confidently announced before Christmas that he was prepared to carry on what had hitherto been the American task of probing Soviet intentions, and that he wanted to meet the Soviet Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, at the earliest possible moment. Was this a sign of a new readiness for action, a new incisiveness in British foreign policy? One must doubt it. Butler is an active and ambitious man. American preoccupation with its own domestic affairs in an election year could encourage him to act as front-runner for the Western alliance. But perhaps the most compelling reason for his announcement was that the Tory Party must somehow chalk up a major success before the stopgap government of Sir Alec Douglas-Home faces a general election and the immensely powerful challenge of a Labor Party which has been twelve years out of office.

It is most improbable that the challenge will fail this time. There could be good reasons for a change of government; the mood of national claustrophobia will ensure that it takes place. And a powerful contributory factor will be the uncertainties within the Tory ranks. Their schisms were highlighted by the frenzied debate which followed Harold Macmillan's announcement of his impending resignation. But they had existed long before that.

The internal Tory plot to remove Macmillan was hatched well before the Profumo scandal. The man who was to have succeeded Macmillan was, of course, Butler, although he was not the originator of the plot. Its moving spirits were men who sat beneath Lord Poole, the figurehead party chairman in the Tory central office. They wanted to put Butler into Macmillan's place because they believed that the Tories could win the coming election only if they were led by a “man of the center” — in fact, by a left-wing Tory who could gain the support of

a large section of the floating vote. Butler was such a man; Macmillan, who had withdrawn increasingly into a pseudo-aristocratic shell, was not.

Paradoxically, the plotters had to postpone their plans when the Profumo scandal broke. This was because they knew that all Tories had to pull together until the manifestly untrue charge of complicity in high places with Profumo had been rebutted. The man to rebut the charges was the Prime Minister. Macmillan was given a breather, in which he began to plan his own campaign to lead the Tories to victory in the 1964 election.

Once again paradoxically, Macmillan's illness and operation in October checkmated the plotters. They would have sent him a deputation whose members would have made it crystal clear that he ought to resign in favor of Butler. But Macmillan in the hospital and out of reach was a more formidable adversary than Macmillan in his office on Downing Street. For he became totally inaccessible to anyone whom he did not want to see, and once the stream of Cabinet and junior ministers began to flow to his sickbed, it was clear that the next Prime Minister would be the man of his choice. It could not be Butler, whom Macmillan has distrusted ever since the 1938 Munich Agreement, when Butler was an appeaser. It could have been Hailsham or Heath. It turned out to be Home.

The maneuverings of the last few days before Home was chosen have been described by Randolph Churchill in a book and by Ian Macleod in the *Spectator*. Their versions differ, but the truth would seem to have been as follows:

At the Conservative Party conference in Blackpool the Lord Chancellor, Lord Dilhorne, took a poll of Cabinet ministers at Macmillan's request in order to determine the best candidate for the post of Prime Minister. The poll, as a result of Lord Dilhorne's asking an additional, loaded question (roughly, “What is your opinion of Alec Home?”), showed a small majority for Home. At least two ministers, Macleod and Maudling, answered that Home was an excellent person who would be a good Prime Minister if he were not in the House of Lords. Dilhorne took this to mean their approval of Home as Prime Minister if he renounced his title. The two ministers maintain that they meant simply that his title ruled him out.

At Blackpool, too, Major John Morrison, a senior backbencher, conducted a survey of members of Parliament. This also showed a small majority for Home, whom many members preferred as “compromise candidate” to the controversial Hailsham or Butler. Back in London, the party whips organized a third poll in both houses of Parliament. Again Home just led the poll; once more this was because Tory minds were turning increasingly toward a compromise candidate and were influ-

enced by Macmillan's known aversion to Butler. Home was, indeed, chosen by a democratic process of a sort, but the controversy over his choice has left a rift in the party ranks and a weight of bitterness, which has found expression in Macleod's trenchant but biased article in the *Spectator* and the rejoinders of former party colleagues who disapproved of his action.

Home has been proving himself an excellent stopgap Prime Minister, but he has little hope of capturing the imagination of the British electorate before the elections. Forty years ago, when their popularity seemed to be waning, just as it is today, the Tories chose Stanley Baldwin as their leader. Mundane and prosaic, slow of thought and triumphantly British, Baldwin seemed to be the emblem of middle-class mediocrity. Butler is a man of greater talent and less personality. His appeal would have been considerable to the middle-of-the-road voter. One leading Tory told me that the choice of Home instead of Butler would "turn a small Tory majority at the next election into a Labor majority of twenty." He is an optimist; the Labor majority is likely to be nearer eighty.

People deserve the government which they elect. In a few months the British electorate will be returning a Labor government short of talent and experience, lamentably unclear about its policies, and inimical to foreign partners, who distrust its instinct for appeasement and its blatantly expressed insularity. Will this be the government that the people of Britain deserve? It is an invidious task, as an Englishman, to have to try to answer this question.

NATIONAL dissatisfaction is expressed not merely by the deterioration of road manners and the increase of deaths on the road. It is expressed in a score of other ways, some of them incidental. The Profumo and Vassall cases (Vassall, it may be recalled, was a government clerk who gave away secrets to the Russians) have created something of a national complex about sex and security. But these cases were exceptional, and on the whole the British public showed a commendable determination not to be hysterical about them. National dissatisfaction is perhaps more significant when it shows itself in ordinary, day-to-day life.

The big stores, for instance, are adopting a "take it or leave it" tone with their customers, and their accountancy departments are often miracles of inefficiency. Small firms of contractors fight a losing battle with their labor forces, which are capricious, undependable, and often slothful. If a firm undertakes, say, a one-month building job, it can safely be assumed that it will take twice that time to complete it. British workmen under contract have

made a fine art of spinning out their normal working hours with tea breaks and then offering their services at overtime pay rates. They see nothing dishonest about this; it has become habit.

Large industrial firms merely lengthen their delivery dates, and so deprive themselves of badly needed export markets. British shipbuilders have begun to order steel from abroad; British ship-owners send their ships to German and Dutch harbors for repairs. Public services, like the railways, run at a huge loss, or, like the telephone service, forfeit efficiency. The overloaded London telephone exchange, for instance, has become a laughingstock. Its automatic dialing system can produce crossed lines and wrong numbers without end. Its telephone directories are often out of date. Its operators are overworked. What used to be the best telephone network in Europe is becoming one of the most unpredictable.

National dissatisfaction seeks one outlet through the Trade Unions, which long ago developed into a state within the state — vast corporate organizations which admit responsibility to their members and none to the community. They have refused to accept the general principle that wages should be linked, approximately, with productivity, and by their unending demands for progressive wage claims they have induced inflation, which is joggling at the moment but which periodically breaks into a gallop. The principle which the unions have encouraged is that of higher pay for less work. In the second place, they have instituted the nefarious system of the closed shop, under which all workers in their different groups must join a union or accept discrimination and pressure. One particular union habitually terrorizes typists, office boys, and messengers into becoming members and paying their dues.

National dissatisfaction was expressed more forcibly than ever last year by the wave of sick satire which swept over Britain. Viciousness and vulgarity have become the weapons used to ridicule ordinary as well as leading members of society. A new Grub Street era has begun, and every public figure of the future can expect to be mercilessly lampooned and even defamed. Almost every week the law courts have to deal with cases of libel, and the damages paid out are handsomely covered by the profits made from the retailing of defamatory stories to a scandal-hungry public.

Defamation is one of the weapons of those angry young men who often do not know why they are angry but who are the victims of the apathy and aimlessness which afflict Britain as a whole. British youth, urged on by a handful of hoary pacifists and fellow travelers, produced the Committee of 100 which periodically marched to the nuclear-research station at Aldermaston or brought traffic to a stand-

still in Trafalgar Square. British youth, it must be admitted, has also organized the nationwide Oxfam movement for famine relief. But British youth generally, growing up in an age of fear, is unsure of itself, limited in its ideals and practical aims, and disillusioned with the older generation. It is alarmingly more exhibitionist than the youth of other European countries, affecting outlandish clothes and hairdos, easily provoked to violence, and indulging in mass displays of hysteria (present object of it, the pop-singing Beatles) which put all the past performances of bobby-soxers in the shade.

The effect of all this on the older generation can be curious. Thus a Cabinet minister, Sir Edward Boyle, recently refused to repudiate an official who said that it was "not necessarily unchaste" for a couple to indulge in premarital sexual intercourse. It is highly improbable that Sir Edward practiced anything of the kind himself. It was much more likely that he wanted to be "with it," a phrase and a way of thought which has helped to create much of the futility of present-day life.

The older generation in Britain remains as richly varied in character as ever. But it is suffering increasingly from the creation of too much spare time with too little to do in it. This difficulty has probably helped to boost liquor sales to record levels and raise tobacco consumption despite warnings from government, press, and radio about the relationship between smoking and lung cancer. It has certainly contributed to the craze for bingo, the continuing success of the football pools, and the flourishing success of the betting shops legalized by the Tory government's ill-conceived Betting Act.

These betting shops can be among the most depressing places in the world, often unheated, chill, airless, and stale with cigarette smoke, thronged with cheerless gamblers who wait in silence for the result of the next race. The "at home" occupation of those who play the football pools is well known. These people waste endless hours evolving mathematical combinations which owe nothing to knowledge or love of the game. In the summer months these millions of pools players are reduced to tipping the results of football matches played according to Australian rules — a game which they have never even seen played. More futile still were the "sham results" organized by the pools promoters in the early months of 1963 when no football was played during a long period of frost. A panel of experts judged what the results would have been had the matches been played. At the expense of all reason, the pools were kept going, and money continued to flow from a gullible public into the pockets of the promoters.

In Britain's public houses today you will find most people drinking too fast to enjoy it, and the talk will be largely of getting out of the congested mother-

land to Majorca for a holiday, to Paris for a weekend, to Brussels for a business trip, to anywhere. Britons in no way reject their country. But it has become as stale and airless as the betting shops.

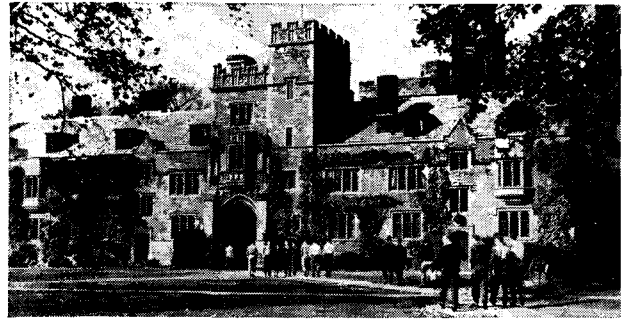
A few years after the war, the Beaverbrook Press, so often wrong in its predictions, foretold a new Elizabethan age, evidently for no better reason than that another Elizabeth had mounted the throne, and started on a series of personality sketches of the "new Elizabethans." One would have to hunt very hard for new Elizabethans today, and all that one might dig out would be pop singers, sellers of hire purchase and washing machines, and a few writers of blood-and-thunder fiction. The vision of a genuine new Elizabethan age has faded with the furtive haste of a dream.

One must leaf back through a great many pages of British history before one finds another age so apathetic and apologetic as the present. For well over two hundred years the red thread of imperial tradition — red was the color of everything British on the map — ran through Britain's history. Perhaps the nearest parallel to the present was the Britain of 1715 to 1745, when peace was precariously maintained, men were left free to line their pockets, and Britain first began to acquire the characteristics of a nation of shopkeepers. The long era of expanding empire which followed made Britain rich and forced it to build an unbeatable navy to protect its wealth. Let no man scoff unduly at this; it was because Britain was a trading and seafaring nation that it was able to help save Europe from the domination of Napoleon, the Kaiser, and Hitler.

Just over two hundred years ago, in 1759, Britain had a "year of victories" on land and sea. But 1963 was a year of overall drabness, although there were some compensations arising from instinctive moderation and common sense. Like a faded gentlewoman, Britain warded off the stigma of the Profumo scandal. It won more sympathy from its Common Market defeat than it had ever gained by trying to become one with the Europeans. It struggled through a difficult economic year with fair success. At the end of the year, its Foreign Minister was even talking of a foreign-policy revival.

The British have shown immense resilience in the past. But this has usually been because of overseas obligations, Britain's rank as a world power, and reserves of wealth and technical skills. Today's enemy of claustrophobia is more dangerous than any faced in the past, for to a once great nation there is no more oppressive feeling than having horizons close in. By June we may see Labor in power and an electorate passively waiting to be wet-nursed by the welfare state. Is Britain moving toward a new Dead Sea level of mediocrity? It looks uncommonly likely to be the case.

The SQUEEZE on the LIBERAL UNIVERSITY



by J. DOUGLAS BROWN

Can the liberal university survive in our current climate of bigness, diversity, and specialization? This question has been of increasing concern to educators, among them DEAN J. DOUGLAS BROWN of Princeton. Mr. Brown has been an economist on the faculty of Princeton University for forty years and dean of the faculty for the past eighteen years.

IN THE climate of bigness and diversity which pervades America today there is danger that we may lose sight of those values in our society which size and complexity do not automatically enhance. In fact, there is reason to believe that bigness and diversity make it ever more difficult to reinforce in the minds and purposes of the multiplying numbers of persons and groups in our society the values which should motivate the whole.

This danger of attenuation of a sense of values in an organization peculiarly responsible for enhancing such a sense is clearly evident in the evolution of the American university. A university bears a name which embodies its purpose of resolving diversity into a unity centered in enduring values. However, the name carries such a tradition of dignity and distinction that it has come to be applied to what are, in fact, complex state systems of higher education held together largely by the control of funds and the veto power which such control affords.

By assigning the name "university" to an aggregation of professors, students, administrative staff, and structures, the American people have come to believe that a marvelous combination of operations can result:

1) An almost limitless number of our youth can be developed into business and professional leaders in their communities.

2) The salaries of the great majority of these

young people can be raised by an imposing lifetime total.

3) Courses can be given on any subject on which a textbook is available or for which a class can be gathered, either voluntarily or by requirement.

4) Knowledge can be subdivided into smaller and smaller packages related to any special use, so that, for example, the offering of seventy-two courses in educational psychology is an evidence of progress in assuring effective teaching.

5) Ph.D.'s can be produced by the thousands by some magic of mass production to service the insatiable demands of education itself and of industry and government.

6) Knowledge or know-how of almost any kind can be obtained by "research" and supplied on order for a price.

7) A "livery stable" of specialists can be made available, on call, to government, industry, and community agencies with no impairment of the university's normal activities.

8) Thousands of people, ranging from eighteen years of age to eighty, can be provided adult education in all flavors and package-sizes, and at all hours and locations, to satisfy the citizen-taxpayer or, at least, those willing to pay a tuition fee.

That the American people believe all these results to be possible is not surprising. It is but a reflection of our national assumptions that bigness and diversity are goals in themselves and that

Photograph by David W. Corson from A. Devaney, New York.

division of labor and specialization will assure success in any difficult endeavor. It is incumbent upon those who question these assumptions in their application to the age-old concept of the university to speak out. Perhaps it is already too late!

TO RECOGNIZE a university of the kind which has made the term meaningful over the centuries, it may now be necessary to call such institutions "liberal" universities. The adjective is useful not only to distinguish such universities from their vast and diversified counterparts, but to reassert the true function of the traditional university in the reinforcement of a sense of values in society. For want of a better term, and for purposes of discussion, it may be appropriate to call the newer aggregations of educational, research, and service instrumentalities "multi-versities," as President Kerr of the University of California has done.

In addition to a climate of lagness and diversity, America has inherited a drive toward pluralism. This is a source of great strength. It would be a serious error of arrogance to assert that America should have but one kind of institution of higher education. It would likewise be fatalistic and most discouraging for many if it were held that the "multi-versity" is on the wave of the future and that the "liberal" university is an obsolete hang-over of the past. Each type of institution reflects the traditions and environment of the people and communities which give it support and leadership. But it is important to consider the differences in goals and assumptions of the two types of institution. To distinguish these goals and assumptions, the following comparisons are purposely stated in more positive terms than can be illustrated in particular institutions. While institutions at both ends of the spectrum exist, many others have attributes of both types.

To put the comparisons all too simply, the multi-versity appears to emphasize useful knowledge; the liberal university emphasizes humane values and the personal development of the individual student and scholar. The multi-versity assumes that values and dedication are a man's own business; the liberal university assumes that knowledge is but a means to attain wisdom and that the university should, through its way of life and example, enhance the values and dedication of those participating in that way of life. The multi-versity accepts an attenuated sense of personality largely limited to prestige and easy visibility; the liberal university strongly maintains its sense of personality in the continuity and relationships of its trustees, alumni, faculty, and student body. The multi-versity tends to consider its undergraduate colleges

as but one part of its general assignment and not necessarily the most important; the liberal university continues to place its undergraduate colleges at the center of its interest, as an integrating factor in institutional personality and purpose.

Perhaps it would be fairer to outline the case for the survival of the liberal university in a great democracy and to permit the exponents of the more recent development, the multi-versity, to make their own case. It is difficult to present fairly an approach to education for which one lacks the enthusiasm gained from personal experience. One's philosophy of education is likely to be autobiographical. Also, one's interpretation of social forces reflects one's environment. Henry George developed his concept of the single tax on land while living in San Francisco at a time of great land speculation.

To the exponent of the liberal university, the obligation of a university transcends the development and distribution of knowledge, no matter how useful. As a perpetual and self-perpetuating institution — a corporate personality — it must stand for those basic civilizing concepts and values which free men from ignorance, superstition, prejudice, arrogance, hatred, tyranny, greed, insensitivity, and cynicism, and which strengthen in men their sense of dedication to the dignity of their fellowmen and their self-fulfillment in all things good and beautiful before God. A liberal university is not neutral in these matters; nor does it believe, corporately, that knowledge is an end in itself. It is concerned with producing responsible leaders in all worthwhile activities in its society and time, and with preserving its capacity to provide these and other leaders with the bases in knowledge, values, and wisdom to advance our way of life and enhance the intellectual, moral, and spiritual qualities of our people.

In sum, the liberal university is *not* neutral. It is not merely an enterprise manufacturing and dispensing knowledge. Knowledge is neutral, and those who believe that obligation stops when it is distributed over the lecture desk or through the printed page should recall the impotence of the German universities in counteracting the obscenities of Hitler. The extremes of prejudice and hate in our own country and in our own time do not speak well of the influence of our universities.

It may be countered that this exposition of the nature and functions of the liberal university is old-fashioned and out-of-date. It may be argued that the inculcation of a sense of values is the job of the church or of the family, and that universities and university faculties should not tamper with such personal concerns. Students and faculties alike, it is said, appear self-conscious when personal values are discussed.

But this is a narrow, unreal, and peculiarly recent notion about higher education. The communication of values goes on, whether overt or not, in an institution in which young men and women spend years in intense intellectual and emotional activity. The university cannot take responsibility for providing the environment for four years or seven years of the most impressionable period of a man's life and claim it is neutral in influencing the value system of that man for life. The church and family may preach. The university communicates by assumptions. These are the most effective means of developing values. It has always been so. The influence of higher education in the dedication of leaders in a wide spectrum of American life, public and private, is all too evident. Our precious tradition of this basic purpose of the university goes back to Great Britain far more than to modern Germany.

It is not easy to maintain the traditional role of the liberal university in a century of exploding knowledge. The multi-versity allows itself to ride with the forces toward increasing differentiation which are ever present in specialized scholarship and research. The harder task of assuring a counterforce toward the integration of fundamental truth receives far less emphasis. But the liberal university, which faces the same forces, must, if it is to fulfill its proper function, strive vigorously to bring order and relationship to expanding knowledge as a means to human understanding and fulfillment. By so doing, the liberal university serves to orient both scholarship and the scholar in a time of widening tangents of interest and increasingly difficult intercommunication.

The integrating function of the liberal university is of great importance not only to society but to the advancement of knowledge itself. With increasing specialization there comes an easy assumption of arrogance and of intolerance among the competing areas of learning. There result not merely the two worlds of science and the humanities, but scores of little worlds, of more manageable size but even further apart. Not only do areas of specialization lose valuable contact, but they also lose reasonable proportion. The counting of this or that may become a discrete end in itself in any line of research. Knowing more and more about less and less is not an empty quip. It can become a way of life of a scholar who has removed himself from the integrating influence of relationship with scholars in other disciplines, or even in his own, in a university which does not encourage the mutual reinforcement of learning.

There is much reason to believe that true creativity in scholarship, as well as in the arts, does not flourish in a climate of overspecialization. The steady accumulation of detailed findings, significant

and insignificant, may be the result of isolated and unrelated efforts, but the powerful conceptions and hypotheses which underlie great advances in knowledge appear to arise in the minds of individuals who are stimulated by more than a microscopic view of their field of investigation. Creative ideas appear to result from some subtle process of association, deep in the mind of the scholar. The elements of thought which come together in creative combination may be derived from diverse experiences in time and area. They do not seem to be confined to a single discipline or even to a single major area of learning. In the creative mind, there may be the interaction of mathematics and music, of physics and philosophy, of biology and sociology, of psychology and literature. It should be the purpose of the university to enhance the climate which supports creativity even though the process of creative thinking remains a mystery.

There is need at this time for the liberal university in America to encourage integration as a counterforce to the pressure for differentiation in scholarship and research. An impressive proportion of the significant conceptual contributions in recent years has been contributed by scholars educated abroad. The supply of such scholars will soon run out unless we keep on tapping Europe, which needs them for its own progress. It seems unlikely that America will produce the creative scholars it so greatly needs if specialization is permitted to flourish at the expense of integration and the reinforcement of disciplines.

Large-scale methods of education play down the precious influence of teacher upon student, of various teachers upon the particular student, and of neighboring disciplines and general cultural environment on the individual striving to attain a degree. Most serious of all, highly differentiated programs of instruction emphasize the accumulation of knowledge to pass an examination set by specialists, rather than the total obligation of the student to become a learned and learning man. There is a subtle difference between the student who studies to acquire the bits and pieces of knowledge considered important by older specialists and the student who is challenged by the vast complexity and interdependence of knowledge and its function in human affairs. The one student may plod up the foothills with his eyes on the trail. The other may take occasional sights on the mountain peaks and thereby gain strength to proceed. It is the function of a liberal university to help men look upward and beyond their special tasks. By so doing, it will help provide creative and dedicated scholars who will retain humility while seeking mastery, and who will remember that knowledge is not an end in itself.

Whether the liberal university can survive in

America depends upon the support of several key elements in our society. In our climate of bigness, diversity, and specialization it is not likely that such universities will receive widespread popular support. Their goals appear too visionary for many to accept. For others, there are overtones of emphasizing an elite stream of students and scholars rather than a wide cross section of generally useful citizens. America as a democracy needs leadership in a vast range of activities, but the institution which dedicates itself to producing them must almost apologize for such a presumption. Who are the people who must support the concept of the liberal university?

First, in their immediate responsibility for the future of their institutions, are the administrations and trustees of liberal universities. To sustain the nature and personality of such universities requires great self-restraint. The pressure for differentiation and atomization of schools, departments, and programs must be carefully controlled, and the counterforces for integration must be constantly encouraged, by heavy expenditures for high talent and facilities if necessary.

Second, an even harder task falls upon the faculties of liberal universities. They face the pressures toward greater and greater specialization in their daily activities. Recognition, especially for younger faculty members, comes more readily if one publishes highly erudite books and articles in an area known only to a few. The teaching of undergraduate nonspecialists appears to be less rewarding than that in advanced courses in a narrow field. Participation in interdisciplinary programs may delay scholarship or cause more specialized colleagues to discount one's progress in the "inner mysteries" of one's discipline. To assure the mutual reinforcement of scholarship and instruction, the faculty members of a liberal university must acquire mutual tolerance and respect, and sustain a belief in the need for mutual interaction, despite an unfavorable external climate.

Third, the alumni and friends of a liberal university must recognize their special obligation to sustain a vital concept in American higher education. Governments, state and federal, by vast appropriations, will support the multi-versity in both the education of large numbers of students and the prosecution of specialized research. But it requires the understanding gained by personal involvement in liberal education and in liberal learning, for social rather than personal use alone, to encourage men to support a liberal university by their wealth, wisdom, and work. The appeal of the liberal university is to men of vision, those very leaders it seeks to produce. Without their sustained support, it will gradually become another multi-versity, big, useful, and impersonal.

HAWKS

by Richard Moore

Wind on the hilltop:
sky rushes up at it,
crowded with hawks as
leaves in the grasses
clinging, loosening,
tumble like sparrows and
newspapers crackle
pinned on the fences,
caught from the sky.

Ah, will the city too
— buildings there — loosen,
tumble like leaves,
all of its lights there
dotting in darkness
swirl up and out like
sparks from a chimney?
Airliners lumber where
hawks are at home,

swiveling over on
wind-gusts balancing —
flick then, off and
way down miles. . . .
O, they dance, they
pirouette like
water spiders
over the footloose
crumbling of air,

walking the wind like
jugglers — jugglers who
stand on their fingers
poised on the looping
puffs they are catching. . . .
Man, were he hawk, how
grimly, importantly
over this wild sky
he would walk!

THE BREACH

BY

MAURO SENESI

MAURO SENESI is a young writer who lives in Florence and contributes to various Italian newspapers and magazines. His first short story published in America appeared in the ATLANTIC in the autumn of 1961. He has since finished the English version of his novel, LONGSHADOW, and is working on a new book. The following story has been translated by Elaine MacLachlan.

THE cemetery road is narrow and downhill. They had covered it with asphalt recently, and the day of the Alderman's funeral it was raining and the road had become so glossy you could mirror yourself in it. That's what the girls of the Orphanage did — fast, furtive glances. I, too, saw them reflected and upside down against the background of the cloudy sky, with their braids tossing free in the reflection like kite tails.

Then the rain increased and the nun made them open their umbrellas.

They followed all the funerals — our town is small, but every day there's someone who dies — except for those of the poor people who hadn't been able to call themselves benefactors of the Orphanage. The girls formed a long, sinuous line, two by two, the littlest ones first with the bunches of calla lilies, and row by row they grew bigger. Those at the end were almost grown-up and under their black capes you could see the outline of breasts.

The chorus of their voices was monotonous and tired while they chanted the prayers, but above all it was their gaze that dismayed. You seemed on meeting it to see the sky at dawn, when it's really empty, without color, and you feel like you were falling into it. They certainly didn't have eyes like ours; the nuns must have removed them from the Etruscan statues that are in the museum and given them to the girls.

Death was within the gilt carriage and they followed it nearly every day, like an orderly flock that follows a grass path. At times they acted just like sheep when they try to rebel, plant themselves firm and start bleating. They locked their lips to the prayers or laughed suddenly by themselves, and who knows what reason they might have had, in a funeral, while the biggest stared at us boys with so much insistence we had to blush.

The day after the Alderman's funeral we realized it was spring. The blue sky and our town seemed all new, but on the top of the hill it was only an appearance and many walls were falling to pieces, decayed from the humidity and old age.

That's why the Mason came to call me; every year at springtime he took me on as his helper. I fixed the bricks and mortar for him; sometimes I'd help him put the walls up too: it was a job I liked, because then you'd continue to see the results for who knows how long.

As the first work of the season, there was the wall at the end of the Orphanage garden to be repaired — a wall high and hunchbacked, with glass splinters on the top. On the other side it was already open country, a flight of clayey earth with crooked olive trees. The wall was collapsing everywhere and the Mason told the Mother Superior that in order to make sure, it would have to be redone entirely, piece by piece.

The Mother Superior was a little, wizened nun,

who in her face seemed to have nothing but eyes, clear inside and circled with dark lines. She said, "We must be sure of the wall, I entreat you in the name of the Lord." She looked with dismay at the olive trees scattered down the side of the hill, as if they were ranks of enemies ready to invade the garden.

It was a lovely place to work. In the morning we could hear behind us a chorus of prayers, and before us were the olive trees swaying their branches under the light spring breeze. First we tore down a section of the wall, the Mason with his pickax, while I collected the stones, piling them inside the garden, which was scanty and dark, but when the breach was opened the spring breeze went in there, too.

Later, into the garden came the girls with three nuns to protect them, and they all made a circle around our breach, looking avidly outside. They were the same as at the Alderman's funeral, I recognized them one by one, and they all had the identical expression, almost as if they were daughters of a single mother, certainly gigantic and monstrous. Seeing them close to, we noticed they were bad little girls, with their features hardened as though they belonged to old people.

Not even the smallest ones started to play, although there were many round stones in the garden and here and there among the cabbages sprouted dainty yellow and blue flowers that they might have picked, now it was spring. But they were all wearing black, heavy dresses, tight at the throat, and perhaps that was why they didn't feel like playing.

The three nuns tried to make them line up for ring-around-the-rosy and they obeyed listlessly, rigidly. As they circled they kept their heads turned toward our breach, especially the bigger ones, so then the Mason said with an ugly smile, "I know what it is they could use some of."

The nuns soon tired of singing and the ring-around-the-rosy became mute and then died joylessly. The smallest ones didn't all fall down. Meanwhile I had begun to prepare the mortar, and two of the girls came to stick a finger in it. I told them it burned, but they kept their fingers inside and even sunk them in deeper, until a nun pulled them away by the shoulders.

It was already hot, and the Mason took off his shirt; his chest was still thin and white from the winter's inactivity. The nuns hastily led the girls to the far end of the garden, but their gazes reached us just the same, especially that of one of the grown-up girls, maybe the most grown-up of all, who had blonde pigtailed tied at the ends with black ribbons and a face full of fiery pimples.

Her name was Letitia. For no apparent reason, she herself told the Mason so, one of the following days, when the nuns had become used to our

presence and the girls once again could draw close to the breach, which, section by section, was closed and opened up along the wall. Three or four of the girls came at a time and stared at us fixedly, while the others would distract the nuns.

Only Letitia came more often, without waiting for her turn, and when she came the Mason, who had been compelled by the Mother Superior to wear his shirt all the time, unbuttoned it and the black hairs stood out from his chest, yet the girl didn't blush a bit.

There was also something inside that garden I couldn't understand, something heavy that was trying to get out or come in through our breach, and in fact the Mother Superior said she was counting on us to make sure that the breach was carefully closed every evening.

But the most absurd and mysterious moment occurred at a certain time in the afternoon when the Mother Superior would look into the garden, clapping her tiny white hands and making noise enough to send the birds in the nearest olive trees flying away. Then it seemed that a cloud covered the pale sun which from our breach beat on the girls' faces. Their eyes would turn gloomy and inert, would seem all at once empty, but if you looked at them close to, you could tell they were full of fear and of hate.

I would feel an urge to move away from in front of the breach, to let the girls roam free among the olives, on the stretch of clear, cracked earth. The Mason, too, must have felt the same urge, because he would remain still with the trowel in the middle of the air, staring hard at Letitia.

The Mother Superior would advance toward us, making the sign of the cross, and she always said the same words: "Come on, children, for the Lord has called to Himself one of our beloved benefactors and we must accompany him into His glory."

"I'm lame, Mother," one of the girls would say, and another would have a headache, but the Mother Superior knew they were lies and would look at them severely, with her white eyes inside the violet circle of the wrinkles. "One must be grateful to one's benefactors," she'd say, "the thankless will go to hell."

The garden would remain empty, and our breach useless. The Mason and I would hurriedly fill it up with stones, almost as if to prevent death from entering. But death entered all the same into the garden; the girls brought it engraved in their gazes when they came back. They stank of wax and rotten flowers while their skin was bright and tensed over their foreheads, which were all low and protruding as though they had had to bear on their heads, for a long time, a huge weight.

They would huddle around the breach and mut-

ter in an undertone when they had come back. The first days it was impossible to understand them, but then we could tell they were speaking ill of the dead. They'd say, "That one was left with his mouth distorted," and "That other didn't even know enough to shut his eyes." Their voices were strident and full of hatred. They'd say, "Did you notice that guy, how he already stank?"

We'd stay all day long with our ears alerted, and when the bell rang slowly the shivers came, because it meant there was another enemy to confront. Every dead man a new enemy.

The Orphanage girls shriveled more and more, and the little ones didn't grow, yet it was spring. Even the pimples on Letitia's cheeks were almost spent, but above all it was inside the girls that death sucked every day during the funerals, leaving them as if soulless.

Then I knew something had to be done. We had reached the end of the wall and soon we would have had to close forever our breach, the only road spring had to enter the sullen garden of the Orphanage.

I don't know whether the Mason had the same thoughts as I did, but one evening we both went away leaving the breach open. It was almost dusk, and the sun, low on the horizon, lower than our hill, sent its rays through the breach to flood the garden. Darkness, however, was not long in coming, and the Mother Superior didn't notice the wall left open to the merry threat of the olive trees.

I went behind one olive to wait, and behind another olive was the Mason with his shirt white and unbuttoned. We waited silently and throbbing in the perfumed evening, full of crickets and tender leaves. All of a sudden the bell began to toll its slow knell and the crickets grew quiet.

The Mason and I waited anxiously, and before the dismal bell had stopped something stirred in our breach.

Small shadows came hesitantly out of it, one behind the other, and once outside they began running down the hill, caught up by the olive branches.

They ran freely, the girls among the olive trees, like sheep at dawn when they come out of the fold, so happy they filled the whole countryside with shouts, and then from the breach came one, three, five sisters dressed in white, who pursued them waving their arms like ghosts.

It was a strange hunt in the night. The Mason took part in it too. The girls ran laughing from one olive tree to another, and the nuns behind them panting, but they were also happy to run over the perfumed earth.

In the end they caught all the girls except one. The Mason had taken care of her. The whole

night long they continued to call Letitia, voices modulated from the habit of prayer, quickly lost in the vibrant chorus of the crickets.

The hill throbbed under the steps of the white, light nuns who bent down to look in the ditches. And in our town, at the top of the country, so many lights were lit that night that they gave it an air of festival and of miracle.

But the next day I had to close by myself the breach in the wall of the Orphanage.

M. VAL. MARTIALIS :I:117

(Occurris quotiens Luperce nobis)

ANY AUTHOR TO ANY FRIEND

Translated by Dudley Fitts

Every time I run into you, Luke,
you ask me: 'Look,
'how about my sending that boy of mine
'over to your place
'for a copy of that book you just got out?
'I'll read it,' you tell me, 'and
'send it right back. Okay?'

— Just fine.

But on the other hand,
I live pretty far out, and there's no point
in going to all that trouble & making your boy
climb three flights up to my flat.

Look, Luke,

I've thought of a simpler way.
You know that paper store in the Square,
across from Widener? Books everywhere,
poems all over the place. Well,
you just walk in & say: 'Please,
'Felix,' — his name is Felix — 'will you sell
'me a copy of M. V. Martial's latest vol.?'
Will he? I should hope to tell
you he will! and all
spick & span and bound in deep cerise.
Price? Three ninety-nine.

— 'Three ninety-hell!

'You aren't worth that much.'

— There you hit it, pal.



PEOPLE ON FIRE: THE CONGO

BY CURTIS CATE

CURTIS CATE, who represents the ATLANTIC in Europe, has traveled extensively in northern Africa and the Middle East, and at our suggestion he undertook this survey of the Congo to see for himself how things were being run after the colonial administrators had pulled out. In certain instances, Mr. Cate has used fictitious names in order to protect his sources.



FROM the moment I arrived in Elisabethville I realized that there was something special about Katanga. At the airport I was handed two large yellow forms to fill out, both of which bore the proud heading “*État du Katanga*.” Months had passed since Moïse Tshombe and his ministers had tossed in the sponge and Katanga had been formally re-integrated into the Congo, but the old secessionist forms were still in use.

I attributed this at first to bureaucratic sloth, but I was quickly undeceived. In the adjoining small room we were asked for our medical documents; confidently I produced the international medical certificate which had gained me admission to the empire of Ethiopia, the kingdom of Burundi, the republic of Rwanda, and the Congolese province of the Kivu. A black finger with a pale-pink nail leafed through the booklet and came to a halt on the vaccination page. “Invalid!” cried its owner in a peremptory tone. I bent down to see what was wrong. “Invalid!” the little man without a tie repeated. “Your vaccination certificate is invalid. What’s that?” The accusing finger pointed at the date. “December, 1961,” I read. “Yes,” he cried, like a croupier catching one in the act of picking up someone else’s chips. “It’s expired!” “Expired?” I protested. I pointed in my turn to the fine print which specified quite clearly that all vaccination

certificates are good for three years. He was unimpressed. “Not in Katanga,” he cried. “Here it’s twelve months, no more. You must be vaccinated immediately.” “Roll up your sleeve,” echoed another little man, seated beside a metal table covered with several bottles and a trayful of nibs. He picked up the rustiest-looking nib I have ever seen, dipped it briefly into several bottles, and then scraped my arm. “Next,” he cried expectantly, the wet nib still poised in the air.

I left the airport, the scratch still smarting under the adhesive, wondering what kind of African infection I had just acquired. Two days later large red welts began appearing on my arms, spreading over the base of my neck across my collarbone. They were still itching when I left Elisabethville two weeks later. I was finally reassured by an American, who told me not to worry. “They’re making progress; a couple of months back they had no vaccine and were pricking people with dry needles.”

At the American consulate, which had been stoned five times during the previous three years for our support of the UN and the Léopoldville government, I was warned that the manager of the Hotel Léopold II, a Swiss named Comte, was, like most Europeans in Elisabethville, openly unsympathetic to Americans. But it was a choice of either crashing

Photograph by Wide World Photos.

his reserve or landing at the Sabena Guesthouse a few miles out of town, a prospect I did not fancy.

The drive from the consulate through the jacaranda-lined avenues was as pleasant as it was instructive. The clock on the post office's faintly Arab facade said 2:25, though the actual time was closer to 5:00 — a margin of discrepancy which this particular chronometer steadfastly maintained throughout my sojourn in the city. There were impressive batteries of traffic lights at the major intersections, but not one of them was working. In front of the Léopold II, a yellow stucco structure with square arcades in the functional Belgian style, jazzed up by a pagodalike frill work of jutting tiles, there were several no parking signs and another indicating a special area reserved for taxis. A number of untaxilike machines were drawn up in front of the hotel, and it was a week later that I saw a taxi for the first time. It proved to be Elisabethville's one and only cab.

The five black boys behind the reception desk inside were languidly reading newspapers and seemed loath to be disturbed. I asked for Monsieur Comte, and one of them nodded toward a man with a thin, crafty face and a dark toothbrush mustache, who was seated with two white ladies at a nearby table. He rose, we shook hands, and I explained that I wanted a room.

"Who gave you my name?" he asked, with a wary smile.

"A friend in Brussels."

"What was his name?"

I had to think fast. "A Monsieur van Beylestreudt," I said, picking a name out of the air.

He arched his eyebrows in mock surprise. "I know no such person," he remarked quietly. He consulted the registry and handed me a form to fill out. When I opened my passport, his dark eyebrows arched again. "You weren't sent here by the American consulate, by any chance?"

"No," I said, truthfully for once.

"That's funny," he said, smiling, but in a decidedly cryptic way. "They called up about a week ago and asked me to reserve a room for a Mr. Cake." He opened the reservation book and pointed to a name which was glaringly outlined in a leprous circle of red ink, the only name on the page to be thus honored. "Not you by any chance?"

"My name isn't Cake," I pointed out.

"Good. There wasn't any room for Mr. Cake" — he let the words sink in for a moment — "but for you, there is." The smile, this time, was as subtle as a Chinese mandarin's.

Negro waiter shrugged his shoulders and sauntered off. After a while he reappeared and leaned casually against a doorjamb holding a pad of paper in his hand. I called him over again. "What about the beer?" He shook his head emphatically this time. "*Pas bière*," he answered. There were only two things he could offer me — Coca-Cola or orange soda. This dismaying discovery brought home to me the full decline of Moïse Tshombe's erstwhile capital. It wasn't that there was no brewery; Elisabethville had a brewery, but it didn't have a bottle factory. The bottles which used to come from Léopoldville could no longer get through, since the rail bridges over the Lubilash had been blown up. An emergency shipment of bottles had been ordered from South America, but someone forgot to include an order for the caps.

Next to the shortage of beer, the major preoccupation of the local populace was the continuing witch-hunt for "mercenaries." The definition of just what constitutes a mercenary has never been too precise, but in Katanga it was even fuzzier than elsewhere. When Ernest van den Haag asked the UN's representative in Léopoldville, Dr. Sture Linner, for his definition of a mercenary, the Swedish former classics professor replied that it was anyone who fought for money; from which Van den Haag not unreasonably concluded that all army officers must be mercenaries.

The latest victim of this semantic confusion was a Briton called Johnny Hunter, an unfortunate tippler who got into trouble when his irate landlady, to whom he owed six months' rent, tossed his belongings into the street. His property included an old British uniform, a relic of the war years; it was seized upon as damning evidence of mercenary inclinations, and Hunter was promptly clapped behind bars.

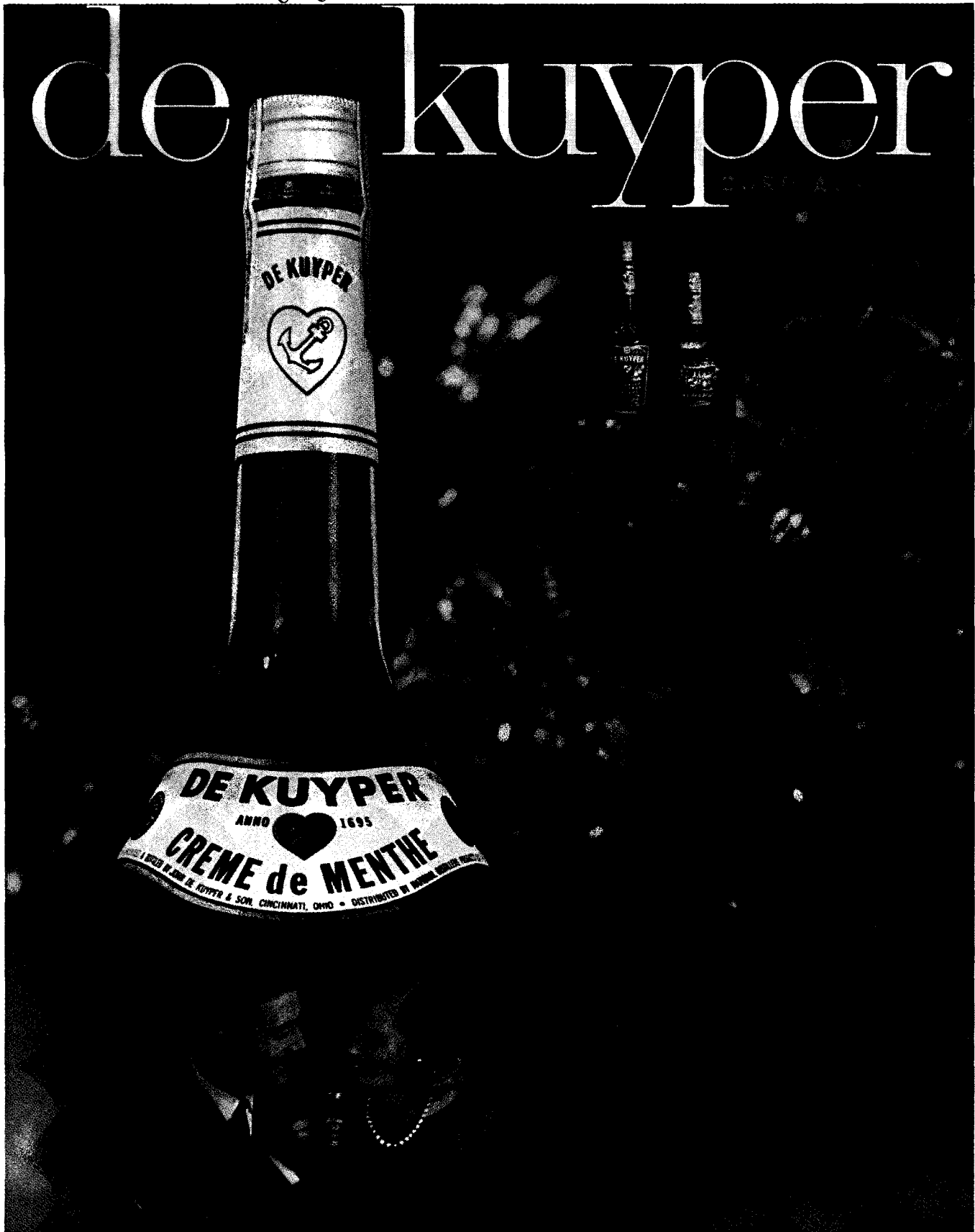
The first port of call for such suspects was, oddly enough, not the local jail but the residence of Mr. Joseph Ileo, a former Prime Minister of the Congo, who had been sent to Elisabethville as Resident Minister of the Central Government in Katanga. His nebulous powers included control over the Sûreté, the Congolese equivalent of our FBI. Ileo's Chef de Cabinet, a certain 'Mpwasa, also served as head of the local branch of the Léopoldville government's "secret" police. There was, in fact, little secret about his operations, and whenever a new "mercenary" was caught by his men, he would immediately be taken and flung at Ileo's feet.

I had occasion to see something of how this worked the first Friday of my stay in Elisabethville when Ileo gave his weekly press conference. His residence, located in a fashionable suburb, was a villa previously occupied by Tshombe's finance minister. It had a low sloping roof, gray stucco walls, and a large arched brick entrance. At the gateway

WHEN, later, I came downstairs, I sat down under the neon-lit arcades and asked for a beer. The

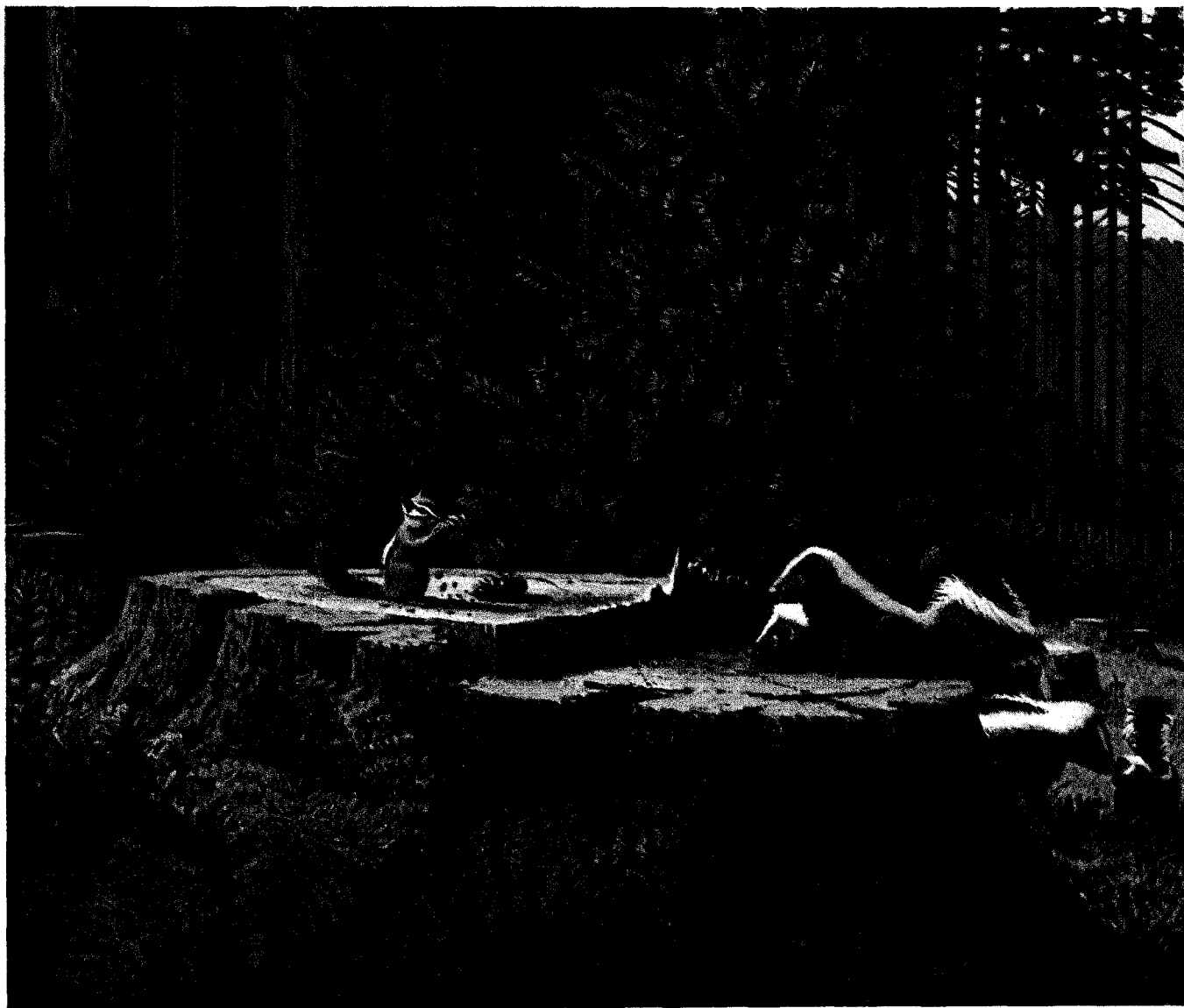
The
be-
Creme de
Menthe

It's as cool and delicious as it looks. Perhaps best of all, when you serve it, almost everyone likes it. De Kuyper also offers Creme de Cacao, Blackberry Flavored Brandy and 20 other flavors made in the U.S.A. to the Dutch formulas.



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Chipmunk and skunks on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

How many trees can a chipmunk eat?

This pert little ruffian is making a meal of what otherwise might be useful trees about 80 years from now. Like much of the wildlife that thrives on Weyerhaeuser tree farms, he is a delight to see in the woods. Nevertheless, he and his brethren are a real hazard in this complex business of growing timber as a crop. Collectively, they eat bushels of seed and damage thousands of trees every year.

There are other hazards, too. Fire that destroys many decades of work. Tree-killing insects and diseases that require heavy expenditures to control. All of these risks are compounded by the fact that it takes up to 80 years to grow a new tree crop to merchantable size.

Extensive research and protection practices have done a lot to bring some of these risks under control. Even so, tree farming simply isn't practical unless the nation's tax

structure takes such long-range risks into account. Congress recognized this in 1944. It then adopted a tax program designed to provide fair and equitable treatment for all who grow trees as a commercial crop.

Result? More than 27 thousand individuals and firms now grow timber crops on private lands—some 64 million acres in all. These lands are a perpetual source of payrolls and taxes, as well as water, wildlife and recreation. They also are the basic source of wood for building materials, pulp, paper, plastics and many other products.

Future generations must not be denied these benefits. Private tree farming must continue to be encouraged by a realistic tax climate at national and local levels.

Send for free booklet on modern industrial forestry. Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A4, Tacoma, Wash. 98401.

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were several soldiers in green fatigues and forage caps. Four other soldiers could be seen sitting on the lawn near the swimming pool with rifles by their sides: they were guarding a Belgian named Henri Reygel, who had been arrested the day before on mysterious charges and who sat on a garden chair with his back turned to us. There was something a bit unreal about the scene.

The press conference which followed was carried on in the same implausible vein. We were ushered into a carpetless, brown-curtained living room, beyond whose glass partition was another room — Ileo's office — equipped with a desk surmounted by a small statue of a two-horned antelope. Ileo, who came out and shook hands with us, was dressed in a coal-gray suit, white shirt, a long blue bow tie, brown shoes, and green socks. He had a small, round head with a wrinkled forehead, a pug nose, and fishy, suction-cup lips.

The Resident Minister of the Central Government began by distributing the ritual generalities. The central government wished to reassure the local populace that the state university at Elisabethville, which had just been subordinated to its control, would remain a university. Christian Cré, the mercenary, was being removed to Léopoldville, where he would be placed "at the disposition of justice." He was happy, in the name of the central government, to welcome five representatives of the Angola Liberation Movement — who were seated near us as solemnly as bishops, occasionally smiling and pretending to understand what was being said.

These preliminaries completed, fifteen minutes of shadowboxing ensued. Who had Dr. Pieters just been expelled from Elisabethville and flown back to Brussels? Because, replied Ileo blandly, of a batch of highly incriminating papers seized last March 31, from which it had emerged that the doctor was in possession of two automobiles equipped with radio transmitting sets. The Minister was unwilling to say just where these vehicles were presently located, but their existence could not be called into doubt. No one asked to see the incriminating documents.

John Latz of the Associated Press, a foxy-faced Englishman with a bushy brown mustache, brought the discussion closer to home with a question about the hotel, or rather the "*pension de famille*," which the Minister was presently running. Would the Minister care to say how many *pensionnaires* he was presently putting up, and would he care to comment on the conditions of their confinement? At this there was laughter. Ileo, momentarily ruffled, undertook to explain that the number of boarders in his establishment had been reduced to one, and that in general none of them had been detained in his villa for more than a day's interrogation before being shipped on to Léopoldville.

I emerged from the conference almost as mystified as when I went in. Was it a tacit convention between them? No one had inquired about Mr. Ileo's latest lodger, Henri Reygel, and this struck me as strange. He was still seated on the lawn when we came out, a forlorn figure in a short-sleeved shirt, with a jacket hung over the back of his chair. There was a glass of water in front of him; his jailers were drinking beer.

THE signs of Elisabethville's decline from the glorious days of 1960 and 1961, when it went through a short-lived golden age, were everywhere distressingly evident. Many of the fancier shops were closed, their Belgian owners having returned to Brussels, Antwerp, or Liège, and those that still remained open had the bare-shelf look of a pre-liquidation grocery. Sugar, which the Congo used to export, was severely rationed, communications with Kivu Province in the north having broken down completely. What meat was available had to be imported from neighboring Rhodesia, and the surest sources of foreign cigarettes or liquor were the black-market supplies sold by UN troops.

No less apparent was the decline of such once famous establishments as the Mitsuoshi, an upstairs restaurant reached by climbing a narrow staircase. The colorful wall paintings of Flemish and Alsatian towns were still there, but the colorful clients of yesterday, like Captain de la Bourdonnais or the legendary Colonel Faulques, were no longer around. These swashbuckling mercenaries, in whose veins still flowed the wild blood of Dumas's musketeers, fought through several Katangan wars with the nonchalant indifference of a Porthos or an Aramis. One can hardly blame them. One look at a Tshombe gendarme must have been enough to make them realize that serious warfare is far too strenuous an occupation for a Katangan, or, for that matter, a Congolese.

Most of the "fighting" in these spectral, limbo wars fell into a kind of pattern. The day would begin with a lull around breakfast-time followed by desultory firing until noon. There would then be a lunch-time break, prolonged for several hours of siesta. There would be more desultory firing in the late afternoon, but around seven o'clock a new calm would settle on the city with the approach of the aperitif hour. This would be followed by the almost total quiet of the dinner hour, undisturbed until about ten or eleven o'clock, when the mercenaries, well tanked up on wine and cognac, would come staggering out of their favorite restaurants and bars and shake up the air with a few salvos. This would usually be the signal for the gendarmes to get into the act, and they would keep the show going until

dawn, enlivening the nights with tracer fire and the joyous pop and crackle of a Luna Park.

The city's daylight hours revealed a similar come-down from the proud panache of yesterday. Tshombe's palace, a creamy-butterscotch-colored mansion graced by round arcades, stood abandoned behind closed gates guarded by Congolese soldiery. Gone was all trace of the once glittering Imperial Guard, with their white breeches, black riding boots, green tunics with splendidly embroidered scarlet hussar fronts, shiny brass helmets with plumes, and drawn sabers, who had once stood watch over the palace. Their uniforms, copied from those of the Garde Républicaine, had to be specially ordered and imported from Paris tailors. When the handpicked guards first mounted their charges outside the palace gates, little boys were hired to hold the horses' bits lest the restless mounts throw their unsteady riders to the ground. A parade in those days was really a parade. Personally, I couldn't repress a twinge of regret at the brusque collapse of this short-lived but colorful empire.

The most important Katangan minister I managed to run to earth was Godefroid Munongo, the dreaded Minister of the Interior who was long regarded as Tshombe's *éminence grise*. His enemies, in Katanga and elsewhere, had combined to clip his wings, and he had been removed from the key Ministry of the Interior to a more innocuous post, though it was said that he continued to run his old department by remote control. He received me in his office in the Ministry of Public Health wearing the smoky-brown glasses which have contributed to his aura of sinister mystery. A husky, broad-shouldered man, he was dressed in a gray double-breasted suit and wore two badges in his buttonhole — the dark-blue badge of the Congo, with its one large and six small stars, and the white shield of Katanga, with its three malachite crosses. His white shirt sleeves were elegantly cuff-linked, concealing powerful wristbones, and when he got up to walk around his desk, he held his palms outward, enhancing the general gorillalike impression.

In his book *To Katanga and Back*, Conor Cruise O'Brien records being told that Munongo was anti-Belgian because they had arrested his father for having sought, in his sixties, to restore his waning virility by eating a three-year-old child. Whatever anti-Belgian sentiments Munongo may secretly harbor he was careful to hide from me. He went out of his way to claim credit for the decision to call in the Belgian paratroopers who, in July, 1960, disarmed the mutinous Force Publique and spared Katanga the chaos which overtook so many other regions of the Congo. He spoke of the Congo as a "bottomless basket" into which American cash was being poured with precious little to show for it; there wasn't even any money available to help

reintegrate the sixteen thousand Katangan *gendarmes* who were still out in the bush, preying on the countryside because they were no longer being paid. The conversation, which lasted three quarters of an hour, was relatively affable, and it would have been difficult to gather from its tenor that I was listening to the man who is generally credited with Lumumba's assassination.

SUNDAY, June 30, was Congolese Independence Day. A big parade was scheduled, and since this was the first time that this date was being commemorated in Elisabethville — Katanga's Independence Day having hitherto been celebrated on July 11 — there was some expectation of trouble from Tshombe's numerous supporters in the city.

As it happened, everything went off without a hitch. Evariste Kimba, Tshombe's erstwhile foreign minister, stood on the red-draped podium looking impressively tall but decidedly unhappy behind the more diminutive Joseph Ileo, who couldn't quite conceal his nervousness as he took the salute, even though he was guarded from the rooftops by tough-looking men with machine guns and bush hats. There was considerable applause for the Ethiopian soldiers of the UN forces, even more for the briskly swinging Paracommandos in their green and purple jungle suits; there were *ah's* and *oh's* when the two Swedish Saab jets brushed the treetops in a series of frightening passes aimed to cow possible troublemakers; but there was no concealing the fact that barely four thousand spectators had turned out for the show. In Tshombe's prime, I was assured, he could easily pack thirty thousand for a parade, and not a branch or a windowsill would be unoccupied.

The parade wound up, after the soldiers and the workers and the boy scouts had marched by, with a shuffling phalanx of women, who came down the avenue writhing and chanting and wailing, beating on hand drums and shaking tin cans filled with pebbles. Some of them *you-youed* in the high-pitched wail of Africa; others beat their palms and chanted behind a red-bordered banner announcing the strangely spelled "Apostolique Faith Church Martyrs." Alternately they leaped and crouched, turned and lifted on their stamping bare feet, their rush skirts flying; and the headdresses of grass, leaves, and straw fluttering on their heads gave the effect of a forest on the move. Some were draped in banana leaves; others had their cheeks and foreheads smeared with white streaks of kaolin. Many of them carried babies wrapped against their backs in brilliantly colored blue and brown, emerald and tangerine, crimson and saffron shawls. Behind them came men draped in leopard skins,

swinging clubs and bicycle chains. One of them went to and fro waving a shrunken crocodile in his hand. These were the people of the Baluba tribe, the enemies of Tshombe's Iundas who had boycotted the parade. They were an odd sight after the stiff, high-swinging, and more or less orderly ranks: the jungle had suddenly moved into the heart of Elisabethville to celebrate independence too.

THAT evening there was a reception in Joseph Ileo's villa. The printed invitation cards — "which will be demanded on entry" — informed us that the reception would begin at six thirty in the evening and last until five the next morning. In the Congo, things are done in a big way.

The party was already in full swing when I turned up with a friend at seven thirty. The garden, where we had earlier seen the hapless "mercenary" under guard, was now filled to overflowing with some two hundred guests. Garish strips of neon cast their glow over the driveway, where half a dozen sentinels armed with rifles had been posted to see that only the invited gained admission to the grounds. Inside there were other MP's in red striped helmet liners, who patrolled the garden in army surplus overcoats and carbines. One of them had on an old Belgian Army coat with the insignia *Je Maintiendrai* still sewn on the sleeve. By the swimming pool a UN soldier was stationed, talking into a walkie-talkie mounted with an aerial. We never did discover with whom he was so earnestly communicating, but his presence made it clear that no stone had been left unturned to ensure the maintenance of law and order on this festive night.

None of these precautions sufficed, however, to stem the dark tide beating against the gates of the villa. The sentinels, after a summary perusal, allowed each entrant to keep his card, and since the villa's garden was surrounded by a two-foot brick wall, it was a simple matter for anyone who had negotiated the gate to walk a few yards further down and hand his card over the wall to someone else, who could then repeat the operation with a third.

Whether the sentinels failed to notice this or simply chose to turn a blind eye I don't know, but the garden kept filling with a ceaseless stream of new arrivals. The crush around the tables where the drinks were served grew fiercer, while Franco's All Africa Band began to work up real steam. Every now and then one of the red-helmeted MP's would furtively lean his carbine against a tree and plunge into the fray, returning happily with a foaming glass. But soon even the beer began to run out, and the harassed Monsieur and Madame Comte, of the Léopold II, whom I found guarding

one of the liquor tables, had to ration the whiskey. I went up to Madame Comte and rather stupidly asked her to refill a glass of whiskey for a member of Franco's band, who had joined our party in a gorgeous scarlet blouse. "The band's had enough to drink already!" she snapped. I walked back shamefacedly and almost tripped over a body.

We left the party some time after nine when the liquor ran out. It must have been one o'clock by the time we got back. The guards were still desperately struggling to keep out uninvited intruders, but the invitation cards got us by once again. Inside the garden the field had somewhat cleared. The bare tables were surrounded by cases of empty bottles, and two MP's still hung on grimly, occasionally putting out a hand toward a tree to steady themselves. The walkie-talkie man had disappeared, evidently satisfied that law and order reigned. Franco's All Africa Band was pounding away more lustily than ever.

We made our way toward the writhing bodies on the dance podium, gingerly skirting the swimming pool. As I edged past three Africans, I almost pushed one of them into the water. He clicked his heels, bowed, and we shook hands. "You've just shaken hands with the Minister of Justice," one of my companions remarked over his shoulder.

On the podium Africa's hour had struck. Shoulders and arms were pummeling away at the most energetic twist I think I have ever seen. Half a dozen girls were kicking vigorously with their partners, but most of the boys had to dance with one another; unabashed, they pumped their knees and hips with an oscillating frenzy which had to be seen to be believed. They swayed back and forth with half-closed eyes, each in a world of his own, his soul surrendered to the demon of the drums. Miss Katanga, a lithe, dark beauty in a jet-black dress, was still relatively cool and self-possessed, but Miss Runner-up Katanga, a bosomy creature in a flaming red affair, was rapidly passing the point of no return. The most extraordinary sight of all — in the midst of the thrusting and punching — was a middle-aged mother working away as resolutely as anyone. There was an unmistakable peasant toughness about her; she looked as though she had just done twenty-six miles and could hold out for twenty-six more. She wore a rough cotton dress and a brightly colored shawl on her back, from whose side apertures the tiny dark feet of her child protruded quaintly. His dark, moonlike face, one cheek pressed against the calico on his mother's back, stared out sideways at the world, the big black eyes weaving a complex geometry of their own above the camlike swing of the hips. The slightly opened mouth uttered not a sound, and on his baby face was a look of ancient resignation. He may well have thought that the heaving world

about him had taken leave of its senses. He was not old enough to comprehend that this was simply Katanga.

THE CHILDREN OF L'UNION MINIÈRE

"Kolwezi?" said the Union Minière public relations man with a professional smile. "No problem at all. Just a three-hour drive over a good tarred road, most of it straight as an arrow. . . . Shall I ask our guesthouse to reserve you a room?" I nodded, and he reached for the telephone.

The idea of getting out of Elisabethville appealed to me for several reasons. On the map, Kolwezi, some three hundred kilometers to the west, formed the final ganglion at the end of a long red filament; the filament was one of the few tarred roads in Katanga — a province almost the size of Texas — and the ganglion, apart from being the Union Minière's largest copper-mining center, was, in more than one sense, the end of the road. It was here that Moïse Tshombe had staged his last, melodramatically futile stand in January of 1963. It intrigued me to retrace the historic route which it had taken the UN's Ghurkas three weeks to traverse and at the end of which, on January 22, independent Katanga had finally given in.

The Union Minière official must have assumed that I would be traveling by Thunderbird or Jaguar; actually the trip, in a battered Volkswagen wheedled out of a German garage, took me more than six hours. Not all of this, however, was the Volkswagen's fault. Just outside Elisabethville I was held up, with a number of other drivers, at a roadblock formed by three oil drums, through which cars were forced to zigzag under the watchful muzzles of UN Ethiopian and Armée Nationale Congolaise (ANC) troops. The ANC soldiers, who did the checking of vehicles and papers and who struck me as slightly less than literate, kept us waiting more than twenty minutes while they ransacked a truck filled with empty beer bottles and sprawling Negroes. Their single trophy, after a meticulous search intended to uncover "mercenaries' weapons," was a sun-faded canvas knapsack which was confiscated, I suppose, on the grounds that it must have been former military equipment.

The half dozen bridges which the mercenaries had blown up during the famous retreat were still not completely repaired, and in several places I had to leave the tarred highway and bump for a mile or two over dusty dirt roads leading to temporary wooden bridges, whose loose planks set up a noisy protest when my Volkswagen clattered across them. To make matters worse, I took the wrong turn just outside Jadotville, another Union Minière center, which lies roughly midway between Elisabethville and Kolwezi. Five kilometers farther,

the macadam came to an abrupt end, and ahead lay nothing but a discouraging ribbon of stony dirt, stretching through the barren, scrub-covered hills, which were roasting beneath the fierce afternoon sun.

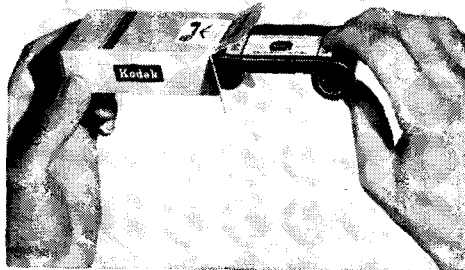
I welcomed the appearance of three Katangans, one of whom was carrying a small, string-bound suitcase with a broken handle. They piled in enthusiastically, and the one with the suitcase, who wore a tie and was better dressed than the others, told me that he would put me on the right road again. He spoke French and did most of the talking, occasionally translating for his two companions in the back, who spoke only Swahili. They were on their way to Kambove, some ten kilometers away, and were glad to have a lift.

A little farther on we came to a fork in the road with a sign pointing toward Shinkolobwe, the location of the famous mine which provided the uranium used in the first Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs. The Belgians closed the mine some years ago following the saturation of the world uranium market. Copper, with its satellite, cobalt, is once again the mainstay of local prosperity. Were it one day to fail, the entire area would revert to the wilderness. The French-speaking Katangan may not have understood the mechanics of the world commodities market, but he clearly knew where his bread was buttered. "We owe everything to the Belgians," he told me with an earnest smile. "They have given us work. They have given us clothes and houses. . . . *Ils nous ont civilisés*," he added with disarming frankness. He said something over his shoulder in Swahili, and his two companions assented eagerly.

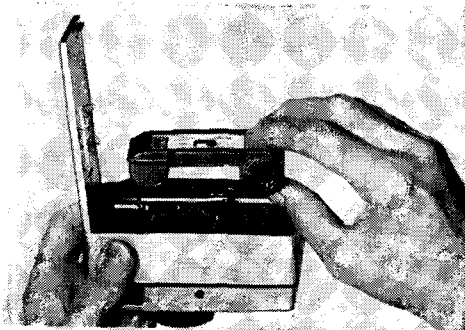
Kambove, like Shinkolobwe, Jadotville, Kolwezi, and the other mining centers in the region, is entirely a Union Minière creation. It lay spread out before us like an eighteenth-century battlescape — the groups of neat, whitewashed houses drawn up on the dusty plain, like companies and platoons, in straight military rows. Only the size of the habitations and the number of trees surrounding them denoted the difference between African workers' dwellings and the villas of the foremen and directors of the "capitalist" class. I let off the two silent Katangans near the first barracklike settlement, but my front-seat companion insisted on riding with me to the other end of the town to show me the way. He climbed out opposite a gleaming whitewashed recreation center advertising a bar and a cinema. "You see those trees," he said, pointing to the top of a hill straight ahead. "You cross the railway tracks and drive up the hill past those trees, and when you come to a sign saying 'Methodist Mission,' be sure to turn left. That will get you out on the Kolwezi road."

Night had fallen by the time I reached Kolwezi,

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which seemed to consist of nothing but long tree-lined streets intermittently lit with pale neon strips. Fifteen minutes of groping through dark, deserted streets brought me at last to the Hotel Manika, with its semicircle of parked cars and its gabled, country-club roof. I was directed, two hundred yards farther on, to the Union Minière's guesthouse, a neat two-story pavilion screened by a row of palm trees, a rarity in this part of the world. A Negro attendant greeted me on the illuminated threshold, bowing and smiling and welcoming me with a generous gush of Swahili. I washed up and put on a tie, and went back to the hotel.

I had hardly sat down in the Manika's bare-walled dining room, whose tables were occupied by a curious collection of Katangans and Belgians, when the manager of the hotel came over and asked if I was the person staying at the guesthouse. When I told him I was, he asked me to follow him. I was ushered into a private dining room, where I could be carefully insulated from the dubious characters in open collars and sandals in the main dining room. Here, on a large oval table, dinner had been laid for one. I found the isolation grand but a bit dismal, my only dinner companion being a picture of Moïse Tshombe, who watched over my lonely meal with the silence of a British butler.

The hotel manager and the maître d'hôtel, both of them equipped with dark toothbrush mustaches, like actors in a Grand Guignol melodrama, turned out to be French. "We answered an ad. The Belgians no longer want to come out here," the maître d'hôtel explained with a wry smile. Just that morning there had been another incident. The UN and the ANC had cordoned off the native quarter with troops and meticulously combed each house. None of the kitchen staff had been able to get to the hotel before noon. I asked who the UN troops here were. "Irish," he said. "And thank heavens they're here. The day they pull out and leave us face-to-face with the ANC, God help us!"

I was presented with a steak big enough to have satisfied a brace of heavyweight wrestlers, and a bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, a rarity these days. This was obviously the V.I.P. treatment, but a bit too lavish for my taste. I invited the manager, a dark little man with a quaint Provençal twang, to help me with the Châteauneuf. He produced a green Rhine-wine glass and told me that he came from Dax. He was half Basque. "The Basques are great travelers, you know," he added with a smile. I was prepared to believe it.

There was still some wine left in the bottle when my official host turned up. He was a distinguished gentleman, with thinning gray hair and pale eyes, who introduced himself as Monsieur Lapierre but whose full name, as I later discovered from his card, was Lapierre de Coussemaker. He apologized for

his tardiness. They had been expecting me since five o'clock, and he had made three trips to the guesthouse. He assumed I had got the message.

He sat down, and we emptied the bottle. His whole being exuded an air of disabused weariness. Life for him no longer possessed secrets worth investigating. He had seen surprises enough to last him another lifetime. He didn't know how much longer the Union Minière could go on in the existing circumstances. There were constant harassments; politics interfered in everything; the old discipline was breaking down. But then, what could one expect? He shrugged his shoulders with an air of confirmed hopelessness. He had been away when Tshombe and his cohorts swarmed into Kolwezi to make their defiant last stand. The gendarmes had found his car—a Ford—in a Union Minière garage and made off with it. It was retrieved one month later in poor shape, and not long thereafter, on the road to Kitwe, in Northern Rhodesia, it broke down completely.

"I have been here in the Congo thirty-two years," he ruefully observed, "and my one desire is to go home. I am through with Africa." Some years back, before independence, he had bought several hundred acres up in the northeastern corner of Stanleyville Province on the shores of Lake Albert. It would have been an idyllic spot to retire to under the warm African sun. But that dream was gone. The place had been pillaged, the trees chopped down—there was nothing left. So he was retiring soon to Belgium to eke out the rest of his days as best he could on his sadly devaluated Union Minière shares.

OUR tour of the Kolwezi installations began the next morning at eight o'clock when Lapierre came by for me in his Peugeot 403. On the way down to the crushing and washing plant, where the copper-containing earth is processed, we passed a native settlement, known in these parts as a "*cité*." There are half a dozen such *cités* in Kolwezi, with more than a thousand workers in each; four out of every five workers are married, and since most of them have at least three children, a *cité* averages five or six thousand inhabitants. I could not but admire the neat two-room houses, each with its few square yards of land, where the occupants can plant some vegetables or a couple of trees for shade; each, too, with its individual WC, which the occupants have to be taught not to use for washing in. All of them were built, of course, by l'Union Minière. Prior to independence, it usually took an occupant eleven years to pay off the amortizing costs and to become owner of his own house; since then, for some reason, the Africans showed less interest in owning property.

There was only one odd thing about these little

houses, which had been constructed with a praiseworthy effort at variety, and that was the fact that all of their windows were closed, the brightly colored curtains in a score of varying patterns tightly drawn across them. Lapierre smiled wanly: that was the heritage of the native village, where the huts are windowless and have only a single door. This was their way of bringing the feel of the village with them, of re-creating behind the cold brick and plaster walls that womblike sense of security which the African feels inside his warm, dark hut.

We stopped briefly to walk around a small market, where women in brightly colored African robes, many of them carrying babies on their backs, were selling lumps of chalklike manioc (a form of tapioca, and a food staple in the Congo) in enamel basins. From there we drove on to visit the tall-roofed refining plant. In this part of the world the extracted earth has a copper content of 7 percent. To bring this up to 70 percent, the earth and rock must be pounded to pieces in huge rotary crushers, the earth washed away in water; the residue is then dumped into huge sulfuric acid vats, where the globules of copper come floating to the surface in a sickly green froth and are skimmed off by slowly rotating pales.

The entire tour must have taken us over a circuit of twenty-five miles. Most of the excavation at Kolwezi is still done in open-face quarries, miniature Grand Canyons descending several hundred feet through terraced layers of brown and pink, red and gray earth, similar to what one can see in Kentucky and North Carolina. Below us the steam shovels and the twenty-five-ton trucks looked like tiny toys as they worked industriously at the copper-rich stratum, clearly recognizable even from afar by its greenish-gray hue, the result of oxidation and exposure to the air.

All told, the mines and factories of l'Union Minière, of which the Kolwezi complex is the largest, produce close to two thirds of the world's cobalt (used, among other things, in jet engines) and 8 percent of its copper. Neighboring Northern Rhodesia produces another 15 percent, so that the copper belt of this part of Africa accounts for almost a quarter of the world's output. Both regions are inhabited by the Lundas, Moise Tshombe's tribe, who also occupy a stretch of northern Angola. Reunited, the Lundas, one of the largest tribes in Central Africa, would constitute a mass two to three million strong. Later, in Elisabethville an enthusiastic Tshombe supporter — a Belgian — assured me that this was Tshombe's Grand Design and the way in which Katanga's vanishing man would make his miraculous comeback. The idea was to re-create the Lunda "empire" which had once existed before Europe's colonial powers redrew the map of Africa: an empire triumphantly

seated atop a treasure chest of buried copper so rich that it has hardly begun to be explored.

There was only one fly in the imperial ointment, which he neglected to point out: the world demand for copper has been stagnant in recent years, and l'Union Minière's share in world production has been declining. L'Union Minière could close shop tomorrow without causing much more than a ripple in international quotations. The idea of a Lunda empire based on an inexhaustible hoard of copper is a typically African dream — one powerful enough to seduce even the reputedly hardheaded Belgians — a manifestation of that magical conception of power and riches which has not ceased to haunt the African imagination since the days of King Solomon's mines.

It was a relief, on returning to the Hotel Manika, to see the table laid for four. My splendid isolation was over, and for luncheon companions I was given the president of the Kolwezi branch of the Union Minière, a man called Sauguier, and the chief of personnel, Mouillet. Both were young. There had evidently been a recent shakeup in the local management, and the high command in Brussels had decided that younger and less jaded men were needed to grapple with a radically new and difficult situation.

I was particularly interested to meet Mouillet, a vigorous, dark-haired man with twenty-two years of Congo experience. His blunt forthrightness impressed me. When I told him that one of my aims in coming to Kolwezi was to meet some Katangan workers, he immediately volunteered to round up a dozen for me that very afternoon.

It would be pointless, he said, to try to interview them on the *chantiers* — in the workshops or out in the quarries; defensive by nature, they would simply clam up. But we might have better luck if we could get them around a table at five o'clock that evening at the *Cercle du Père Pascal*, which I gathered was some kind of recreation center. Lapierre, with the skepticism of an older generation, expressed doubt about Mouillet's ability to round up a suitable number in a couple of hours, but Mouillet confidently waved away the objection: "Don't worry. When they hear that there's free beer to be had, they'll come running."

They not only came running, they came with jackets and ties, a sartorial refinement intended to impress me with the realization that the Union Minière's African employees are well enough off to be able to afford individual wardrobes. This Sunday-best attire did not contribute much, however, to bridging the gulf I immediately felt between us.

About this I had harbored very few illusions. The idea that one can walk into a factory or a pit-head and ask the first welder or steam-shovel operator one stumbles on to talk freely had never much appealed to me — and never less so than at this moment, as I found myself sitting opposite fifteen earnest black faces. There was something embarrassingly artificial for all of us in this forced congregation, and I had the feeling that even the seating order arranged prior to my arrival must have posed problems which had to be settled according to certain rules of protocol.

To make matters worse, only half of them spoke even rudimentary French; the others had to communicate through Mouillet, who translated from Swahili. The impression of strangeness was heightened by the tattoo marks a number of them carried just above the cheekbones; two of them even had spliced faces, with a long vertical saber-slit running from the middle of their dark foreheads down to the points of their noses; and one of them, in addition, had the vertical chin slit of the chief. They were “notables,” Mouillet explained, sons or relatives of tribal chieftains to whom, even in the detribalized atmosphere of workshop or quarry, other members of the same tribe instinctively defer. Their authority is tacitly recognized in the workers’ *cités*, and Union Minière officials meet with them once or twice a week to discuss general problems and the maintenance of law and order.

To get the conversation going, and in an effort to relax the taut expectancy mingled with wariness which was written all over these dark faces, I asked each worker in turn what his particular job was, whether he was married, where he came from, and so on. (There was only one bachelor present, it turned out.) I congratulated the more prolific fathers — those with eight or ten children — there were occasional ripples of laughter, and Mouillet ordered another round of beer. Finally, after twenty minutes or so, I felt free enough to ask one of them how much he earned.

The question fell, like a stone, into a pool of embarrassed silence. Mouillet had to intervene and say that this was a rather delicate matter which they preferred not to discuss in public. He explained the reason later when we were alone: the Union Minière’s workers are obliged to keep their earnings to themselves to maintain the limited degree of individuality and family life they managed to acquire in their new industrial (which is to say, European) milieu. None of them can trust his neighbor to retain even an elementary discretion; one word too many, and the news could immediately get back to the village, and before the poor fellow knew what had hit him, a couple of brothers or cousins or uncles could come tramping out of the bush demanding free board and lodging, any

wealth in the village being regarded as something rightfully to be shared by all members of the family.

Finally one of them asked if he might put a question to me: it was a complaint about the corn flour which was sold to them in sacks marked “USA — Not to be Sold.” The question struck me as odd: not one of them could have known English, and whatever was marked on the 50 kilo sacks, sold to them for 350 francs (then worth about \$6), must have been translated to them by someone with an anti-American ax to grind. It could conceivably have been one of their Union Minière employers; conceivable and natural too, since the Union Minière had never much appreciated our all-out support of the central Léopoldville government or the UN, several of whose jets had roared over one day and blown up some oil tanks and machine-gunned a hospital.

But the question revealed, more interestingly, the extraordinary hold which a primitive belief in the miraculous exercised on their eager imaginations: the idea that they should have to pay for something which they could freely obtain, like manna from heaven, seemed scandalous to these credulous minds. No one had taken the trouble to explain that this corn had had to be sown, reaped, processed, and shipped across an ocean before ending up here in the distant depths of Katanga; or if someone had tried to explain all this, no one had been prepared to comprehend it. Nor had anyone taken the trouble to explain to them how to use this corn flour to the best advantage; their wives had to spend hours every day pounding it to the necessary degree of powder so that it could be mixed with manioc and thrown into boiling water. When I told them that in America it is used to make a delicious form of cornbread, they stared at me with eager eyes and implored me to give them the recipe. I had to admit, shamefacedly, that I didn’t know it.

THAT evening the doctor in charge of the native hospital was one of the guests invited to dinner. He was a small bespectacled man with a pert, birdlike alertness which had been gnawed away at the edges by more than thirty years under the African sun. He was proud of his hospital, though, and pleased when I expressed a desire to visit it. It had not originally been part of my program — visiting hospitals is not one of my hobbies. But I felt that I owed it to myself to see how l’Union Minière cared for its ailing children.

I was not disappointed. The hospital, an ensemble of stone and brick bungalow buildings joined by shaded arcades and brick walks bordered with hedges, shrubs, and flowers, was as neat as a pin.

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I was shown an X-ray and spectroscope room with the most ultramodern equipment, an analysis laboratory full of dustless microscopes. In one carefully insulated chamber three prematurely born babies could be seen, lying on their backs in glass incubators, their little brown diaphragms heaving convulsively, their tiny wrinkled fingers and toes occasionally tightening and twitching in their hot, fitful sleep. We inspected the kitchen, where large round-bottomed vats with heavy steel lids were bubbling away with the mixture of corn flour and manioc which goes into the *boukari* eaten by the natives — fish-cake pellets spiced with hot *pili-pili* sauce.

The doctor opened a door into a storeroom full of canned goods. "You can't imagine the trouble we had getting them to eat canned food. A few years back a canning company in Léopoldville, wanting to attract African consumers, put a picture of a smiling African child on the outside of their meat cans. Immediately the word spread that the meat inside came from canned African children. There were riots, strikes, no end of trouble."

We continued the rounds; 350 beds, the doctor recited, with the patience of a museum guide. Seven doctors now instead of ten — all Belgians, but even the Belgians no longer wanted to come out here. Forty native orderlies (*aides-infirmiers*), with one or two *infirmiers* — but not comparable with European *infirmiers*, he hastily added. In all, an average of 1400 patients were treated every day for various ailments in this hospital and in the eight rural dispensaries depending on it.

There was only one thing wrong: the place was almost too neat, the atmosphere too quiet. The wards, particularly the maternity wards, were unusually empty. The doctor gave me a philosophical smile: "It's the approach of Independence Day. The workers are all expecting trouble. They've packed their wives and children off to their villages, which is what they always do when there's tension in the air. Walk around the *cités* a bit; you'll see they're two-thirds empty. They're all gripped by fear. A fear without a name, a fear that something's going to happen, and it has everybody paralyzed. Fear of what? No one will be able to tell you. It's a fear of something cosmic, apocalyptic overtaking them, a fear which descends on them every year at the approach of Independence Day. No European can possibly understand just what it is, just as we have only a dim idea of exactly what's conjured up for them in the word 'independence.' For some of them it meant the end of all obligations and work and a wonderful vacation for the rest of their lives. For others it meant the end of white rule and the return of the witch doctors. For many others it has come to mean rising prices, food shortages, no sugar. Occasionally one of them comes to us and says, '*Reprends ton indépendance*,' as though

we'd been punishing them for something and had it in our power to stop it."

As a final treat he took me to visit the mortuary chapel, used to mourn the passage of those not fortunate enough to leave the hospital alive. The cell-like chamber, lit by a single monastic window, had deep cobalt walls, with a frieze in a zigzag design of purple and Prussian blue just under the ceiling. It was entirely bare, save for a low table with a small vase of red "barbotone" flowers, imported, the doctor told me, from South Africa. Above the table was a wall-length fresco depicting a Bantu resurrection by the Elisabethville painter François Amisi. The black Christ, a cross in his right hand and a white robe covering his skinny frame, had his right foot poised on a skull. The guards watching over the sepulcher were sprawled around in confusion — one in yellow, another in white, the third in purple raiment. Off to the right the devil could be seen, with bat wings and red hair, presumably flames, equipped with two carrot-like horns and fierce red claws, fleeing into the night. On the left were the native mourners, weeping, wailing, and chanting about the corpse spread out under a white winding-sheet. The soul of the deceased, shown with crossed arms, floated nearby, above the offerings to be thrown into his tomb — a couple of chickens and two elephant tusks.

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLERS OF THE KASAI

From Luluabourg to the diamond-mining center of Bakwanga it is a mere fifty miles over a rough dirt road. In normal times one can do the trip in four or five hours; but these times were not normal, and I was warned that it would take me a full day at least. I accordingly settled for a trip in a small, two-engined Aztec monoplane piloted by a gray-haired Belgian with twenty years of African flying behind him. We skimmed over the rolling hills and thatch-roofed villages, the pilot pointing out the silvery coils of the Lubilash, undulating its lazy way through the valleys and gorges on its two-hundred-mile course to the Congo and its thousand-mile course to the sea.

My arrival at the tiny airport of Bakwanga occasioned considerable confusion and afforded an opportunity of measuring the extent to which the "Balkanization" of the Congo has been carried. On the map, the Congo, an area one third the size of the United States — which, when superimposed on a map of Europe, stretches from Le Havre to Leningrad and from Oslo to Sofia — is still one country; actually, the six provinces which made up the Congo under the Belgians have been broken into smaller units by a process of seemingly irresistible fission: the Kivu becoming two Kivus, Katanga being chopped into three Katangas, the

Kasai disintegrating into five Kasai's — each, of course, with its president, its council of ministers, its local assembly, and, not least of all, its customs and passport inspectors.

My passport, that of an unannounced American journalist, aroused unusual interest in the Bakwanga airport's passport office, which was about one yard wide and six yards long, with just room enough to scrape by two wooden tables.

"Journalist?" said a smiling African, after he had laboriously noted down the pertinent information in a large register. "So you are coming to see our President?"

"Of course," I answered. Why not, after all? To admit that I had come to have a closer look at the local diamond-smuggling racket might arouse needless suspicion. Besides, I had been told that Joseph 'Ngalula, the present President of South Kasai, was a shrewd politician, shrewd enough to have once been named Minister of Education in the central government at Léopoldville. A former adversary of Lumumba, he had recently broken with his old protector and ally, the Mulopwe (the "Emperor") Kalondji, and successfully hoisted himself into power.

The smiling little fellow consulted with a less smiling colleague who decided that a journalist of my stature was a big enough fish to warrant the dispatch of a special vehicle. I tried to dissuade him, explaining that the Belgian Air Congo official who single-handedly ran the airport had already telephoned to the SORCA, a Belgian research organization, where a friend whom I had met in Nairobi had invited me to visit him. The sudden surfeit of transportation produced a rather comic confrontation of two cars driving up simultaneously to the airport to carry me into town. The bigger of the two cars, a bulging gray and salmon-red tutti-frutti job of fairly recent Detroit vintage, disgorged a husky Congolese with a determined look on his face. A bit too determined for my particular taste; there was something uncomfortably effusive, it struck me, about the persistent smile and the pressing invitation, repeated a dozen times, that I should get into his car and be driven forthwith to see the President. This struck me as rather strange, since I had given the President no warning that I was about to darken his horizon. In the end he gave way and climbed surlily back into his car, but only after he had told the two Belgians who had come to pick me up that I must stop by and see him later.

After he had driven away, we climbed into the Belgians' small, cream-colored Volkswagen, and I asked them who the person was who had just driven off. The assistant chief of security, they told me, an industrious spider, it seemed, who tirelessly sought to impress his boss by luring every fly within reach into his web.

Bakwanga turned out to be trim and tidy. The *poste*, as my Belgian hosts called it, was not more than fifteen years old, the European residential district having been built from scratch on what was previously a barren hillside by the MIBA — the Compagnie des Mines du Bakwanga. The town had been laid out in a series of concentric arcs to form a kind of snail-like spiral, with pleasant villas graced by triple-arched porches painted in warm peach-reds and apricots. The fences enclosing the well-sprinkled lawns were draped with crimson and purple bougainvillea, and the neat tarred streets were lined with pale-leafed jacarandas, luxuriant flame trees, and Dakar tulip trees with deep-red blossoms. The hedges were carefully trimmed, the streets impeccably swept, and the concrete drains bordering them were free of refuse. Even the air seemed cleaner and purer, with a bit of a snap to it, which I found a welcome change after the drowsy, dusty heaviness of Luluabourg. This was clearly a MIBA town, still run trimly and efficiently by the Belgians. The only mildly discordant note was a long tubelike object which protruded ominously from the porch of a villa marked "*Cabinet du Président*"; it was a homemade bazooka tended by several soldiers who usually stood, or rather slouched, on guard behind the wooden railing in concave deck chairs.

WHILE my bags were being unloaded in front of the MIBA guesthouse, seven black American sedans swept by, each flying a small dark-blue pennant and driven by a chauffeur. "What on earth's that?" I asked. Ford Galaxies, I was told. There were fourteen of them in all. They had originally been ordered by Albert Kalondji at a time when the Mulopwe was bent on establishing an "empire" based on the diamond wealth of the Kasai and felt the need for the trappings of imperial grandeur. By the time the sedans finally reached Bakwanga, Kalondji's opponents, led by his own Prime Minister, 'Ngalula, had sent the "emperor" off to Switzerland — or perhaps it was Brazzaville, no one seemed quite sure — but they had kept the fleet of cars for the greater glory of the local ministers.

I had arrived in Bakwanga, it seemed, at a rather ticklish moment. The previous Sunday a lunch had been laid on at the officers' mess to commemorate Independence Day, but through some inexplicable mix-up President 'Ngalula had turned up instead at the MIBA *Cercle* and been much put out to find no trace of either banquet or guests. The only sign of life in the large empty lounge was four Europeans off in a corner engaged in a noisy game of table soccer. They were so engrossed in banging away at the little ball with their rod-strung halves and for-

wards that they failed to notice the President's solemn entry. This was construed as a gesture of deliberate disrespect, and they were ordered arrested on the spot. It was now Wednesday afternoon, and they were still in jail. To complicate matters, the Belgian ambassador had arrived from Léopoldville for a formal three-day visit; and it was expected that he would lodge a stiff protest. The Belgians were on tenterhooks, and the air was electric with expectation and forebodings.

That evening, at dinner-time, I had occasion to visit the scene of the crime. The MIBA *Cercle* consisted of a canteenlike mess hall adorned with second-rate impressionist paintings of native villages, palm trees, and dark African beauties with oily skins. Separated from it by a partition was a large semicircular lounge with a few leather armchairs and large wall paintings of native dancers with spears. The football machines which had caused so much trouble were off in the wings of the rotunda, which looked out on a barren terrace, a naked diving board, and some wire-mesh tennis-court fences. The swimming pool had no water in it. In the billiard room, there were several tables but no cues. The bar in the lounge was the emptiest bar I have ever laid eyes on. On its four curved shelves there was precisely one (empty) bottle of Vieille Cure and two (likewise empty) bottles of Marie Brizard gin.

In the mess hall there was no segregation, and the Congolese members of the *cadre* (the "staff") ate along with the whites in an informal atmosphere which I found most agreeable, even though each tended to stick to his own group. For both Europeans and Africans it was a somewhat Spartan regime. Breakfast was served from 5:00 to 7:30 A.M.; there were only sandwiches for lunch from Monday through Friday; and dinner was served from 6:00 to 7:00 P.M. Porridge was available in the morning. There was no beer with meals, only water, and one glass of wine on Sundays. The wine was imported all the way from Europe, but the beer could no longer get through from the brewery at Luluabourg, now controlled by the Lulus, who refused to sell a drop to their mortal enemies, the Balubas.

All of the Belgians — with but one exception, whose small plucky wife followed him like a shadow — were enforced "bachelors"; rather than expose their wives to the uncertainties and hardships of this frontier existence, they left them at home and visited them every six months for three weeks. "Is it a wonder," one of the Belgians asked me, "that we are sometimes ready to go out of our minds?"

THE following morning I received two messages almost simultaneously. The President would re-

ceive me at quarter to ten; the assistant chief of security wanted to see me immediately; he was evidently annoyed that I hadn't called on him the day before. I had myself driven over to Security headquarters in a SORCA car; to reach it we had to leave the macadam and bump our way over a quarter of a mile of sandy road which brought us up in front of a seedy-looking bungalow with a small barefoot mob milling around in front of it. It did not look in the least like a Security building. The SORCA's Negro driver seemed as dubious as I. "*Chef pas là*," he announced, surveying the edifice through his steel-rimmed glasses. There was no sign of the salmon-red and gray machine which should have been drawn up in front of the steps, and that meant, by a simple process of association, that the chief wasn't in.

Back at the villa where the SORCA had its offices, the Volkswagen stood ready to take me to the President. I was about to climb in when there was a squeal of brakes and an angry crunching of gravel, and through the gate came the salmon-red and gray job. In it was the assistant chief of security. He looked angry, and next to him on the front seat was a soldier with a gun. He was obviously taking no chances.

"Why didn't you come to see me this morning?" he shouted, leaping out of his machine. The sight of the Volkswagen into which I was about to climb added new fuel to his fury. "You've been trying to run away," he shouted, pointing an angry finger. I told him that I was on my way to see the President, who was expecting me, but he refused to believe it. "Get in," he shouted, pointing at his own car. My Belgian hosts argued with him for a moment but to no avail. His blood was up, and the soldier in the front seat gave him the upper hand.

"Tell the President that I'm visiting the gentlemen of the Sûreté," I said to my SORCA friends, and climbed into the salmon-red and gray job. I had a vision of myself joining the four European soccer enthusiasts behind bars. Well, it would be one way of seeing Bakwanga.

On the way to his office, the assistant security chief barked the same question at me a dozen times: "Why didn't you come to see me as I told you to?" He seemed to think that by repeating the same question over and over he could finally elicit an answer different from the first. He refused my explanation that we had actually driven by his headquarters but failed to find him in. He was in the whole time, he growled. "You've been avoiding me," he cried once again, glaring at me angrily through the rearview mirror.

He roared up the dirt path and arrived in front of the Security building with an authoritative screech of brakes, pelting the barefoot loiterers with

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a brief shower of sand. The soldier jumped out, his rifle at the ready. The loiterers looked on with big round eyes. I was obviously a prize catch — another colonialist caught red-handed trying to undermine the hard-won independence of South Kasai. The assistant chief strode importantly up the steps and pushed his way through a throng of people in shirt sleeves who were blocking the entrance way. None of them were handcuffed, so I presumed that they were either working for the Sûreté or applying for jobs. They had that unmistakable look of intelligence one associates with people in this particular line of activity.

We pushed on through a wooden door, which the assistant chief banged noisily behind him. If there had been a key in the lock, he would probably have turned it. This was the center of the web, and there was no escape. Outside, through a small-paned window, I could see the soldier patrolling with his gun. Inside, the place looked like a dispatcher's office and smelled of stale tobacco. There were two wooden desks, both cluttered with untidy piles of yellowing paper and dossiers loosely wrapped in string. Other folders perched precariously on the mantelpiece, and a corner cupboard with a door which wouldn't close properly revealed more piles of the stuff. The place might have a casual look about it, but it was clear that its inmates had a keen awareness of the importance of paper to a properly functioning intelligence system.

The assistant chief sat down at the desk nearest the door with a look of sudden irresolution. Now that he had got me here, he no longer seemed to know what to do with me. "Your passport," he demanded after a pause. Behind the other desk, by the window, sat an older Congolese, dressed in a wrinkled jacket and a dirty shirt open at the neck, who was writing a report with a nibbed pen. I took him at first for some kind of secretary, but from the glances the assistant chief kept throwing toward him I soon realized that this must be the chief in person. He seemed oblivious to my presence, and this lack of interest obviously nettled his assistant.

The assistant chief pulled out a blank sheet of paper. "You are a journalist?" he said, glaring at the passport. I nodded, adding that the relevant information had already been noted down the day before at the airport. "This is a special investigation," he snapped, flicking the pages. Why did I live in Paris if I was working for an American magazine? What was I doing in the Congo? Why had I come to Bakwanga? To see the Balubas, I answered. He frowned. Why, yes, I had seen the Lulus in Luluabourg; now I wanted to see the Balubas in Bakwanga. The two sides of the coin: whatever I wrote, I wasn't going to be accused of favoritism. He seemed put out by the answer, but scribbled an entry anyway. I had also come to see

the President, who was waiting for me at this very moment. The reminder annoyed him. This was a special investigation, he repeated sharply. Why were there Belgians to meet me at the airport? I had been seen last night on the terrace of so-and-so's house, talking. What were we talking about? The situation, I answered. What situation? The Bakwanga situation. What did I think of it? I hadn't had time to form an opinion of it yet. What did the Belgians think of it, what did they say?

The interrogation went on in this cat-and-mouse way for a good five minutes, the assistant chief glancing up every now and then to see if the chief was listening. Apparently he wasn't. I could hear the nib scratching diligently on the paper behind me. The assistant chief ruffled through the passport pages, looking desperately for a flaw in my visa, an expiration in the renewal date. He pulled out the dozen extra pages pasted into it by the embassy in Paris like a concertina, exasperated by the sight of all those African visas. Finally he got up and went over to the other desk, laying the passport down like a retriever dropping a bird at the foot of his master. The chief looked at the green cover with an expression of total disinterest.

"The President is waiting," I repeated for the tenth time.

"Take him away," said the chief in a bored voice. "Take him to the President." He waved away the passport and went back to his report.

It was a bad day for the assistant chief of security, no doubt about it. At the entrance to the presidential villa the sentinel denied him admittance. He had to get out of the car, point to a badge on the windshield, pull out a photographed certificate, all the time shouting in an angry voice: "*C'est la voiture de la Sûreté, vous ne voyez pas!*" The soldier apparently didn't, and the idea that the Sûreté Nationale could be stopped by the local soldiery made the assistant chief froth at the mouth. In the end the sentinel raised the white and red barrier, but only, I think, because he saw a soldier seated with a rifle in the front seat. Presumably if I were an assassin this man could take care of me.

PRESIDENT 'NGALULA was waiting for me on the gravel drive in front of half a dozen Ford Galaxies, each with its dark-blue pennant and its dark-faced chauffeur. He greeted me with a soft handshake and a subtle, calculating smile. There was no mistaking the shrewdness behind those heavy lids and slanting cheeks; the general flabbiness of his appearance, emphasized by the pencil-thin bow tie and the bulging shirtfront, struck me as concealing the ruthlessness of a crocodile. I apologized for my tardiness, explaining that it was due to the exem-

plary zeal of the local security system. He nodded coolly and invited me to accompany the Belgian ambassador on the tour he was about to make of the MIBA mining installations. He himself was staying behind — he had seen the installations before — but he hoped to see me later in the day.

I climbed into one of the MIBA Mercedes and the convoy set off. To reach the concession area we drove out over rough dirt roads which led past the sprawling native settlements with their corrugated-tin and adobe huts. More than half of the world's industrial diamonds come from the mines of Bakwanga, which produce some fifteen million carats a year. My idea of a diamond mine, prior to my visit of the MIBA installations, was of a shaft sunk into the earth with galleries leading off on both sides full of miners digging away with picks and shovels. Nothing could have been more remote from the sight we were presented with — a vast, hollowed-out canyon of red earth full of twenty-ton trucks, steam shovels, and conveyor belts. On one edge of the canyon an immense machine, built by the German firm of Siemens, was poised on the sloping cliff face like a metal bird of prey. Its ceaselessly ascending metal buckets clawed up the soft red bank, spewing out their gritty contents over a conveyor belt which took the earth and rock to a factory more than a quarter of a mile away. One ton of earth in this area produces an average of five carats of diamonds, and this immense machine, which was about as big and as bony as a small suspension bridge, could excavate almost 8000 tons a day.

In the factory the earth is sifted, and the rock is washed and finally plunged in a ferrous oxide solution with a specific gravity of 3.5 — heavy enough to make all but the weightiest stones rise to the top, the diamonds sinking to the bottom. Even so, the final sifting of the diamonds, which a novice cannot possibly recognize, has to be done by hand, by experts who are locked into a "restricted" wire-cage area, where they sit poised and ready to pounce, like hawks, over a slowly moving belt carrying out a thin dribble of small stones and pebbles.

A long barbed-wire fence had been strung around the concession area, covering several hundred square miles, to deter amateur diamond collectors; but, as the president of the MIBA explained to us, a great deal of diamond-seeking went on outside, since the entire region for miles around contained diamond veins. Officially this informal prospecting was illegal, the Congolese government having an interest in maintaining a MIBA monopoly, since every carat legally exported to the diamond market in London had an export duty levied on it in Léopoldville. In practice, however, the clandestine prospecting and smuggling that went on in the

Bakwanga region were so extensive that in the single month of May, 500,000 carats had found their way onto the black market of Brazzaville, compared with the 1,200,000 carats legally exported to Europe.

THAT evening after dinner I was taken around to meet a "character" with the robust Flemish name of Beulemans. I was warned that he was *un original*, given to blunt talk, and that I was not to be put out by whatever he might say. We found him sitting on the illuminated porch of his bungalow in front of a table with three empty beer cans. He was obviously out to deaden the pain, but being a burly man who could absorb a great deal, he still had a long way to go to confuse the tough lucidity of his brain. He had thick jowls and small squirrel-like eyes, and his powerful hairy hands gave off an impression of brute strength. The night air was full of tiny winged creatures like diminutive dragonflies, which kept ping-ponging against the windows and settling on the walls around the light bulb.

Beulemans went back to the kitchen and returned with three more cans of Karlsberg beer. One of them was frozen solid and gave off a few drops when he cracked it open; the second fizzed expectantly but the contents were lukewarm. "You're Irish, aren't you?" he said, cracking open the third can. He looked at me unbelievably when I told him I wasn't, but seemed somewhat reassured to discover that I had Scottish blood in me. "I know a Celt when I see one," he grunted, with an authoritative nod. He filled the remaining glass and sat down heavily.

"Let's speak frankly," he began, without further ado. "You Americans are incredibly naïve. You don't understand the first thing about this continent, but you walk in as though you owned the place and immediately start flinging your money around, thinking everyone's going to be grateful and love you for the rest of their lives. But that's where you're wrong. You don't know the Bantu. The Bantu is a man always in this position" — he held out his forearm, palm upward, in the gesture of the beggar. "You ship eighty thousand tons of wheat into this country, patting yourselves on the back every time you think what a generous people you are. Well, you're right, you are generous, but you're also damned fools! Eighty thousand tons — what's that for a colossus like the United States? Chicken feed, no more. Yes, but it isn't chicken feed here. There's not a place in the Congo where wheat can be grown; but you can grow corn, you can grow manioc practically anywhere. So all you've accomplished by bringing in all this wheat is to create a new taste for bread which didn't exist before and which this country in the nature of

things can't satisfy. You've encouraged people to think that they can get something for nothing, that they can sit on their haunches, twiddling their thumbs, and still get fed, and you're building up an appetite which is sure to be disappointed sometime in the future. Well, don't be surprised if the day they no longer get free wheat from you, they suddenly turn against you. How can you people be so naïve?" He took a swig of beer and put down his glass. "Well, I suppose it's only natural. When I think of the mess you made of things in Europe — Yalta, Potsdam —" He let his thought trail off into silence.

Overhead the mayflies pinged and fluttered around the electric bulb. My Belgian friends smiled at me a bit nervously, not knowing quite what Beulemans was going to say next.

"How long have you been here?" he asked me suddenly. Two days, I told him. "No, I mean the Congo." Three weeks, I answered. "Three weeks?" he rumbled, bringing down his glass. "Three weeks when you need three years to begin to understand these people. And that's a mere beginning! I've been here twelve years and damned if I understand them. Here we sit on this porch, talking about the Congo as though we knew something about it, but what do we know about what goes on out there in the hinterland — fifty, seventy kilometers away, in places where the white man never penetrates? Nothing. But that's the real Congo — out there where never a white man goes and where they still have leopard men preying on the villages." He stretched his hairy arm toward the blackness beyond the dimly silhouetted trees. The mayflies hovered around the light bulb.

"You want to know the problem of this country?" he continued. "I'll tell you. What's the population of the South Kasai — a million, a million two hundred thousand? Double it, and what do you get? Two million arms. Well, just try raising two million arms." He lifted up his own in a gesture of ponderous hopelessness. "That's the problem of this country in a nutshell — how to lift those two million arms. How to get them to work. They're not interested in working — not our kind of work anyway. Ask them to keep the streets clean; ask them to build better houses, to go out into the fields, raise cattle — they're not interested. They'd rather do anything else. But don't think they're not busy. Oh no. Go out five, ten kilometers here roundabouts and keep your eyes open, and what will you find? You'll find thirty to forty thousand people out there digging up the earth in their spare time. They know the moment they hit a gravel streak, they're pretty certain to unearth a diamond or two, even if it's only the size of a pinhead. They fill cans full of stones, carry them home, then wash all the stones and pebbles and carefully sift them.

What you saw being done on an industrial scale by all those machines, they do by hand. Unbelievable, isn't it? You'd never get a European to do it; it takes the patience of the Bantu. It may take them six months, a year, five years — it doesn't matter. One day they're certain they'll come up with a diamond the size of a walnut, and they won't have to do a lick of work for the rest of their lives. So on they go patiently filling their cans, and when they've collected enough they sell them to a Senegalese or a Malian in exchange for a transistor radio, a bicycle, or a Vespa. 'Bring me a bottleful,' the Senegalese says to him. So he brings the bottle, and the Senegalese pours it out in front of him and carefully examines each one to be sure they're real diamonds."

Where did the diamonds go from there? I asked. They were smuggled out of the country, Beulemans told me, the three main markets being Brazzaville, Monrovia, and Usumbura. From there most of them went to Israel and West Germany, the chief buyers. "And don't think the MIBA is stupid enough not to know what's going on. It knows perfectly well — inside as well as outside the concession, for that barbed wire you saw doesn't keep them out, never fear. But if the rascals want to climb over and dig in concession territory, what can you do about it? They can't station guards every hundred yards and have them shoot at everything that moves. There's enough wild shooting in this country as it is. So they let things take their course. A couple of weeks ago fifty of them climbed over the fence and were digging away madly when the bank gave way and they were buried in an avalanche. The MIBA didn't have to guess twice to know what had caused the landslide, but they simply sat tight. The greatest punishment for an African, remember, is not to be able to retrieve the body of his own kin."

He brought out some more cans and refilled the glasses. I should stick around a while longer, he went on, sitting down again heavily in his wicker chair. It wasn't in a couple of days that I would understand what was really going on around here. But I could take it from him that there was more in all this than met the eye, even a wary and experienced eye like his. For it wasn't just those poor devils out there digging with stones or sticks or their bare hands who were hard at it — no, there wasn't a politician in the place who wasn't up to his neck in the business himself. Just a couple of weeks before, the Chef de Cabinet of the local Minister of the Interior had been caught at the Léopoldville airport with eighty diamonds on him. But what the hell, they had to get rich somehow, and what else was there for all these stool pigeons to do?

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Just think, it took the Belgians three thousand people to run the South Kasai, and that included, in addition to regular administrators and teachers, the agricultural inspectors who no longer exist. Well, you know how many Africans are on the public payroll here today? Fifteen thousand — five times as many, in just three years!”

There were also, it seemed to me, five times as many mayflies pinging and fluttering over our heads. Two lizards had crept out onto the walls and were having a feast, but as fast as they devoured them new victims alighted. One of the Belgians who had brought me over remarked that when the *éphémères* — the “ephemera,” as they are known to biologists — were this thick, his Negro “boys” were nowhere to be found; they would knock off work and spend their time hunting them. I asked him what they did with them. “Grill them and eat them,” was the answer. “They’re considered a great delicacy.”

AT THE airport two days later the atmosphere was unusually hectic even for the Congo. A plane had just landed, and the incoming passengers were being put through the wringer in the same narrow, cell-like room as the outgoing passengers. There was much heaving and shoving of fat, sweating bodies, and the same information extracted from my passport was jotted down, letter by letter and figure by figure, by three different men in three different registers — one for the police, one for the customs, and one, I presumed, for the Sûreté. The Bakwangans were taking no chances: they were making sure I wouldn’t slip out of town unobserved.

While the information was laboriously being penned at the third desk, a sudden altercation broke out between a nasty little man in a dirty shirt and a burly, pockmarked policeman in a gray uniform. “I’ll report you!” cried the dirty little man in French. “I’ll arrest you!” shouted the pockmarked policeman, also in French. “No you won’t. I’ll have you arrested!” cried the little man banging the table with a diminutive fist. “Have *me* arrested?” thundered the policeman in a dark rage. “I’ll have you flung into jail!” The argument went on like this for a good three minutes. No blows were exchanged, and in the end neither arrested the other, though the air in the small office continued to crackle with muttered threats. The larger of the two evidently worked for the local police, and the smaller for the Sûreté Nationale; he must have been from some other part of the Congo, which is why they swore at each other in French rather than in Chiluba, the language of the Kasai.

Next door my baggage was treated to the most meticulous inspection ever visited upon it. Two

customs men, one in a soldier’s uniform, the other in a collarless shirt, fingered through the contents, leaving no bottle unopened and no bag unzipped. I had to open my toilet kit, unzip the leather back of a clothes brush. The soldier picked up a bottle of white lotion. “What’s this?” he growled. His suspicion only grew when I told him it was hand lotion. He unscrewed the top and poured a gob of white emulsion into his pale, dark-edged palm. He sniffed it, and for a moment I thought he was going to lick it. I poured out a little into my palm and rubbed it into the skin, by way of demonstration. He tried it on his own hands, viewing the streaks of greasy white against his own dark skin with unspeakable distaste. This was followed by a ten-minute wait in front of an obstinately closed door before I was admitted, like one more human dribble, to a room packed with bags, bodies, and bundles of blankets.

Outside on the airfield I spotted the cause of the unusual commotion. A four-engine plane with UN markings stood on the runway. The Belgian ambassador had just taken off for Léopoldville, and the British ambassador traveling with the UN representative for the Kasai, who was also English, had just flown in from Luluabourg.

While I was waiting for our flight to be called, President Ngalula came across the field holding a lighted cigarette. “So you are leaving?” he said, extending a limp hand.

“Yes, Monsieur le Président,” I answered.

“You didn’t come to see me?” he said, in a tone of mild reproach, watching me closely from beneath the heavy lids. It would have been undiplomatic to answer that I had been more interested in seeing something of the local countryside than in plying him with naïve questions which he would have parried with evasive answers.

“This is a busy airport, Monsieur le Président,” I said, to divert the conversation. “Bakwanga, I see, is an important center.”

“Yes, and it’s getting more and more important,” he nodded. The heavy lids lifted slightly, and in the two dark pools behind I caught a fleeting glint of diamonds. Then they lowered again, like steel traps, and he gave me a slow smile before wishing me bon voyage.

At the Léopoldville airport we were made to queue up once again. It was a long queue, which ended, oddly enough, at a door marked WC. The door kept opening and closing, and the passengers drifted back one by one. “What’s going on?” someone asked.

“Inspection,” answered a passenger walking by.

“Inspection?” a voice behind me asked. “What for?”

“Diamonds,” I said, for a lack of a better suggestion. But diamonds it was.

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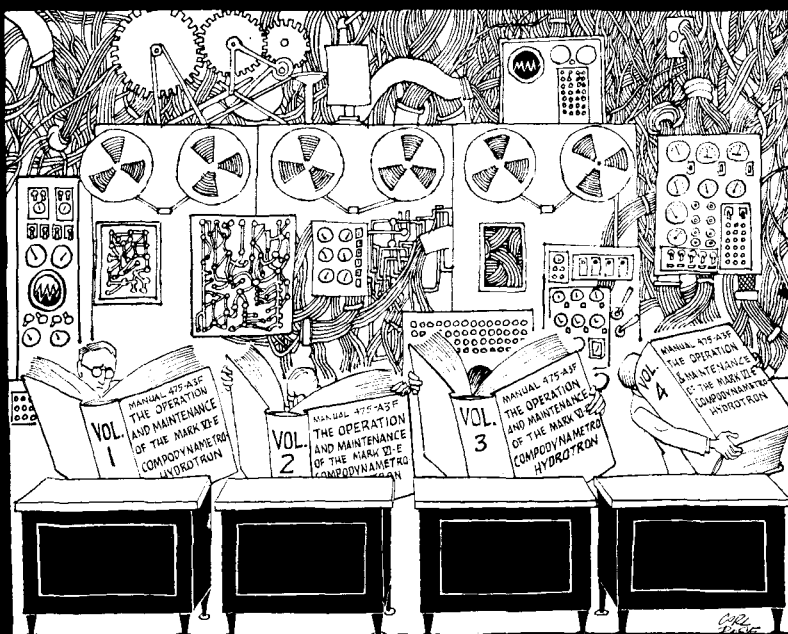
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Living

THE HIGH COST OF WRITING

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The written material supplied by manufacturers about their products seems to have deteriorated in recent years, sometimes to a point of irrelevancy. With our 1961 Peugeot, for example, came a handbook for the 1960 model explaining the controls of a heater-defroster system that had no resemblance to our own. There are three buttons whose purpose still eludes us, although we have found that one of them makes the interior too hot in the summertime and another can cause the flame of a match to waver slightly. The leaflet accompanying my bedroom air conditioner shows push buttons and dials not to be found on the model I bought. With an electric blanket, the manufacturer supplied a warning that the blanket was not to be regarded as a heating pad, couched in language so stern that the maker might well have added to the purchaser, "You chump!"

Literature of this sort used to be terse, rather stark, and the subjects were of course simpler. A smart office boy with a grounding in English grammar could have written most of it and probably did. "Tech-

nical writing" is the term for everything like this today; it covers specifications, catalogues, manuals for installation, instructions for maintenance and repair, and it relates to tens of thousands of products ranging from a potato peeler to a supersonic bomber, the latter containing a thousand or two complicated installations all its own. One wonders how much written matter underlies, say, the operation of a nuclear submarine or even of the machinery in its galley.

Billions for Confusion is the title of a new book about technical writing in the defense program. It is published by McNally and Loftin, and its author is a technical writer named Malden Grange Bishop, who tells us that technical publications "cost six cents out of each defense dollar," which is fairly big money for writers who, Mr. Bishop feels, don't write very well anyhow.

As an example of what happens in a weapon contract, the author begins with a motor priced at \$200 and sold to another manufacturer, who installs it in a gearbox and sells it, with his gear train, to a manufacturer who adds it to a blower.

The apparatus is then sold to a company that builds it into a ventilating system for electronic equipment, sells it to an electronics company which sells it to the airframe company that ultimately sells the complete unit to the Air Force. The markup at each stage will depend on what each participant thinks he can get, but it will never be less, according to Mr. Bishop, than 20 percent. If each takes only 20 percent, the motor becomes an \$829.44 motor.

If a considerable packet of technical writing accompanies the product through each transaction and is enlarged by the next, the ultimate cost of the writing is correspondingly high, says Mr. Bishop. Even so, he contends, much of the later writing is pilfered from earlier phases of the contract, and some of the writers and inspectors (weaponese for editors) are so bad that these lootings are not even copied correctly.

Incomes of technical writers can run to as much as \$30,000 a year, which might suggest to the schools of education the possibility of reinstating elementary grammar in the public schools. Might not technical writing be the answer for the early dropouts, now unemployed and roaming the streets in all manner of delinquencies?

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Asphalt Jungle

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH. He writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

Much as I approve of the warm hearts of the people who are trying to arouse world opinion on the conservation of wildlife, and while I quite realize how helpful the whole movement has been to photographers, I cannot help feeling that there is something backward about penning creatures threatened with extinction in odd corners of swamp and jungle. After all, nobody suggests keeping Eskimos or Pygmies at the point the race had reached when the earliest explorers ran across it, as a method of preserving their way of life, so why should animals be deprived of their right to join in the march of evolution? This march is generally spearheaded by man, who moved away from bush and desert into cities. I believe the proper policy for wildlife is urbanization.

The right place for a herd threatened by a new dam is not some artificially created game reserve, low-grade agricultural land turned into a high-yield tourist attraction. Nor is it a zoo. I am not arguing at the moment whether there is a place for zoos for education and study; but surely nobody wants to confine all the animals there are in vast zoos, whether the open-country kind or the sort that have concrete terraces and houses for the chimps, where they can exhibit their own earthy variety of gracious living. Nature is a unity, and if man, the pacemaker in evolution, has become urbanized, the rest of the animal kingdom ought to have a chance at city living.

Of course, menaced animal populations that were forcibly trans-

ported into the centers of conurbations and turned loose might simply get unhappy and go away. But before long, the more adventurous, the more evolution-worthy, would begin to adapt. Life is capable of the most extraordinary responsiveness to new conditions and is used to a constantly changing environment. If the rabbits introduced into Australia were soon climbing trees, there is nothing impossible in the idea of pumas learning to roost on top of billboards or pythons coiling on the roofs of elevators. In time, the design of buildings would take the local fauna into account, as it does in the tropics.

A more serious difficulty is that

the very people who are all for conservation when it means keeping the dumb chums on the other side of the globe might agitate against having them live next door. Man, they might argue, having originally built cities to put walls between himself and the wilder fauna, is retrogressing by inviting them inside. This completely ignores the contribution the animals would make in keeping man at the head of the evolutionary march. Through most of his long history he has been both hunter and hunted. Separated now from the wild beasts among whom he passed his earlier years, he is in danger of losing the keenness of his senses, the split-second operation of his responses, the

ZERO

BY LEONARD WOLF

Zero has always been the undesirable limit,
The maximum, the intricate abstraction for the possible.

He fell in love with a girl named Priscilla
And courted her in Tennessee, in Paris, in Bermuda.

She never cared for his style, his clothes, his money,
His accent, his teeth, the hood of his carriage.

So he swore to construct an imposing bridge
Linking the French and the British across the channel.

With toothpicks, chewing gum, library paste, and twelve
Tons of aluminum girders, he created merely suspicion.

He fell in love with a girl named Susan
And, in fact, tamed lions for her, tamed tigers.

The truth is that when he asked her, in Cairo,
To marry him, she replied with infinite sweetness, "No."

After which, in something like dogged haste, he built
Miniature trains in Siam, for an idiot Sultan,

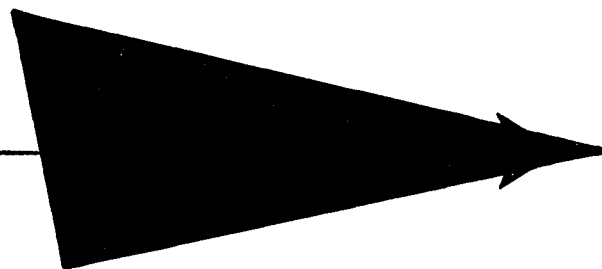
And a concert hall in Tibet for indigent shepherds
And was paid, for both of his pains, with execration and music.

Then fell in love with a girl whose name was Renata
Who looked at him always as if he stood in her light,

Who, when he kissed her, as he did in Des Moines and in Reno,
Took a deep breath and looked in her purse for more Kleenex.

One thing he did well — he knew how to add, to the limit,
And solved his problem at last by discovering zero.

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fear-driven intensity of his cunning. The automobile has to provide the stimulus once shared by the tiger and the peccary, the crocodile and the black mamba, the piranha and the bison.

I suspect that in a few centuries animals kept in reserves would turn into frustrated, pampered, neurotic exhibitionists and fade away. If man needs to be kept sharp and bright by animals, they need to be kept alert as well. They want tougher competition than they get from photographers. Of course, a few species might become domesticated without difficulty. Gentle creatures with large, melting eyes that once peered through dappled sunlight would easily seem at home on carpets or trotting behind their owners through supermarkets. But for the feral type of wildlife, it would be in the tougher aspects of urban living that it would find fulfillment.

In the early stages of wildlife urbanization, hunting would have to be forbidden and city ordinances would have to impose severe penalties for killing any animal except in defense of life. It would be preposterously wasteful to transport the animal population of a valley threatened by a hydroelectric scheme into the center of Philadelphia or Paris and then let the inhabitants turn the working week into one long unbridled safari. To allow the human environment to become a challenge once again, the displaced fauna would have to be given a reasonable time to settle down. Two complete breeding cycles would be the minimum, and animals would come off the protected list quite slowly. Some people might argue that numbers should be allowed to rise until man has to compete for each mouthful of food. This is mere sentimentality. It is not suggested for a moment that man should abdicate. Until beavers can build a better dam than engineers, for example, man is entitled to exercise sovereignty over them.

What would life be like if we admitted to our cities creatures from land taken over for agriculture, power stations, housing, and the other beneficent uses which annoy the wildlife lover? The conversation of husbands after a day at the office would become more varied and interesting, even though their wives would grumble at the teeth marks in their trousers and the higher insurance premiums.

"Dodged a timber wolf in the depot this morning. It got Tom Petersen."

"I said he was getting too heavy. The Murphy girl got caught by an anaconda at the clinic. Is Arnold back at work yet?"

"This morning. The plastic surgeon did a wonderful job. Good thing the elephant was distracted by the lights' changing. What's that hole in front of the garage?"

"Aardvark."

The fear that we undermine our children by being overprotective would vanish in a world where schools would be liable to invasion by baboons, cobras, or dingoes, and where nobody would dream of opening a door without being ready to leap sideways fast. Children would, in fact, rediscover some of the lost skills possessed by primitive races. They would learn to run far and fast, to climb quickly, to smell carnivores from a distance, and possibly to communicate telepathically. The boredom to which so much juvenile delinquency is attributed should be markedly reduced.

The city is becoming independent of weather. Central heating, air conditioning, heated roads, refrigeration, and all the other anticlimatic techniques would mean that there would be a far wider range of animals in a single locality than would normally be found. A man might be chased home by a herd of hungry elks only to fall a victim to a tarantula in the bath. Fights between polar bears and rhinos might easily occur on vacant lots. There would always be something going on.

Writers concerned with the problems of urban living constantly warn against the psychosomatic dangers of monotony. The similarity of buildings, the disappearance of regional variation in food, the uniform pattern of time-employment create tensions.

Man has reached this far because of his liking for change and variety, by straining his adaptability to the limit. As the city becomes increasingly comfortable, man begins to take it easy, and that is the danger point. The urbanization of the menaced denizens of marginal lands, as well as being kind to them, would be health-giving to us. Nobody could call an office block monotonous to work in when in several of the offices human occupants had been replaced by leopards.

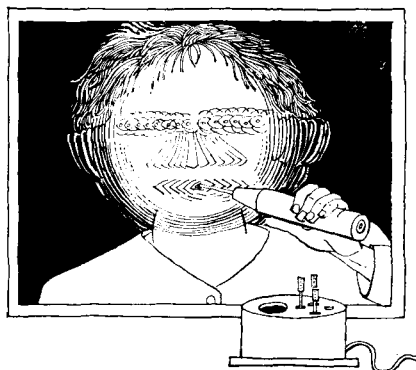
Stop the brush, I want to get off

BY JOHN AVERY SNYDER

JOHN AVERY SNYDER is a junior at the Episcopal Academy, Overbrook, Pennsylvania. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

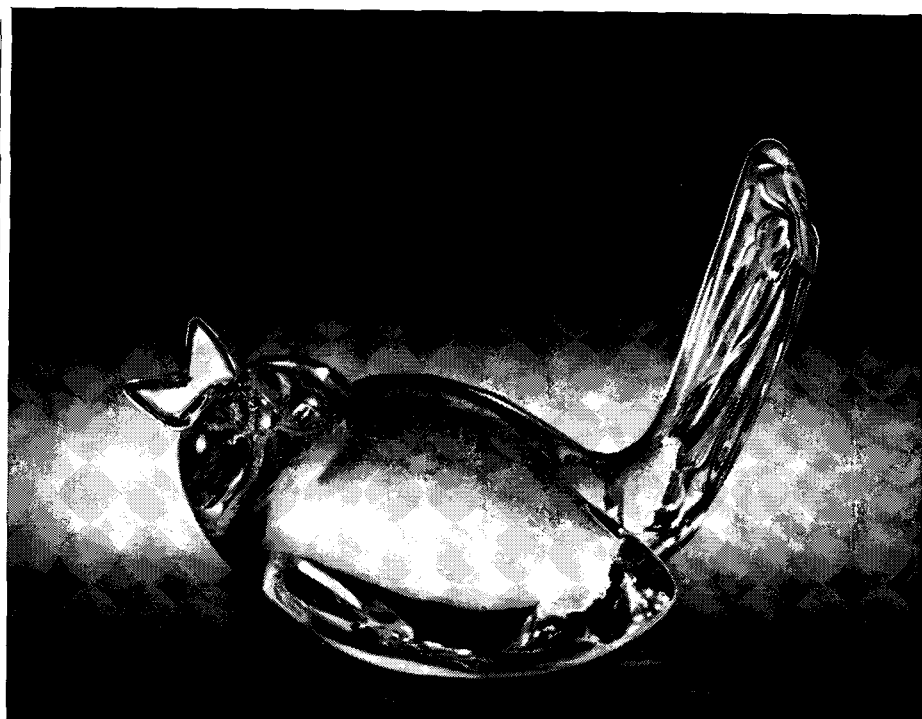
One night, in the last days of December, my brother came home from work having squandered fifteen dollars on a new toy. After unwrapping his recent acquisition, he showed us what it was. It was America's newest practical gadget — an electric toothbrush. At first I didn't believe my eyes. Had we really come to this?

Being one of the laziest people in the world, I had always considered it a major imposition to have to brush my teeth in the violent back-and-forth shimmying motion my dentist had recommended. My arm was not a piston, and in the wee small hours of the morning, when I was still groggy, the very idea of waking up in this manner was like that of stepping half asleep into a cold shower. This new concept in oral hygiene would avoid all that. I could now start my day with the soft purring of this dependable



waterproof piece of precision equipment. The manufacturer had thought of everything. The unit was so easy to operate that even a child could use it. What could possibly go wrong?

Although it looked simple, it wasn't. It took a good bit of skill and experience, I found, to use the machine properly. I fixed one of the four special brushes supplied with the machine in the end of its large cylindrical shaft. There was no



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cord. When not in use, the machine was held in a special plastic re-charging stand. Having put some paste on the bristles, I pushed the button on the side of the shaft and turned the machine on. That was my first mistake. After cleaning toothpaste off the mirror, basin, wallpaper, and rug, I decided to try again. This time I placed the brush inside my mouth before turning it on. With a click of the switch, I felt an excruciating burst of pain as the plastic end of the brush jabbed into my gum several times before I could move it or could find the switch to shut it off. Slightly shaken,

I proceeded to give the machine a last try. This time things were more successful. The brush worked like a dream. I was just getting to the molars in the back of my mouth when I realized that I had more plastic and machinery in my mouth than I really wanted. Just then, the brush fell out of the shaft. My head was vibrating, and everything was banging around inside my mouth.

I extracted the machine and carefully packed it back in its box. To my brother I reported what a marvelous machine it was, and how much pleasure I was sure he would get out of using it.

The Pledge of Allegiance

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

FRANCES DUNCAN, who lives in Baldwin Park, California, reminds us that her first writing was published in the May, 1901, ATLANTIC.

As familiar to this generation as was the Lord's Prayer to our ancestors is the pledge of allegiance to the flag. It is recited with fervor on many, many occasions by all — from kindergarten tots to the tremulous aged. And, periodically, as Memorial Day approaches, its origin is queried.

A few years ago the Library of Congress announced that the "Salute to the Flag" first appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and that its author was Francis Bellamy. This is true. But the whole story is much more enlivening, as early devotees of the *Companion*, now in their late seventies or eighties, well remember.

It was between 1889 and 1892 that the *Youth's Companion*, seeking new subscribers, published an intriguing offer. Week after week it proclaimed: "To Any School in the United States sending in, collectively," a certain (stated) number of subscriptions, "the *Youth's Companion*, as a reward, will send to that school, as a gift, an AMERICAN FLAG, of a fair size, which can be displayed outside the schoolhouse." In this era no school flew the American flag.

One can imagine how ardently *Companion* devotees urged their play-

mates to subscribe. Their school must not miss winning a flag. Today's girl scouts selling cookies could not equal the enthusiasm.

Continuing its drive for patriotism and subscriptions, the *Companion* announced the coming of a patriotic page, to be made up of contributions from its readers. For any contribution used, verse or prose, the magazine would pay five dollars. It was in response to this offer that the "Salute to the Flag" made its first appearance; it was entered in the competition by a young Canadian, Francis Bellamy, then living in Rome, New York. As printed in the *Youth's Companion*, the salute read, "I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and to the Republic for which it stands; one Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." And Mr. Bellamy undoubtedly received his five dollars.

Following this, the *Youth's Companion* featured a page detailing "exercises" suitable for a school's patriotic celebration. It was suggested that the school look up any surviving veterans of the Civil War who might reside in the vicinity. Each of these old soldiers must be formally invited to the affair. Upon arrival at the school grounds, they should be met by a chosen group of small boys

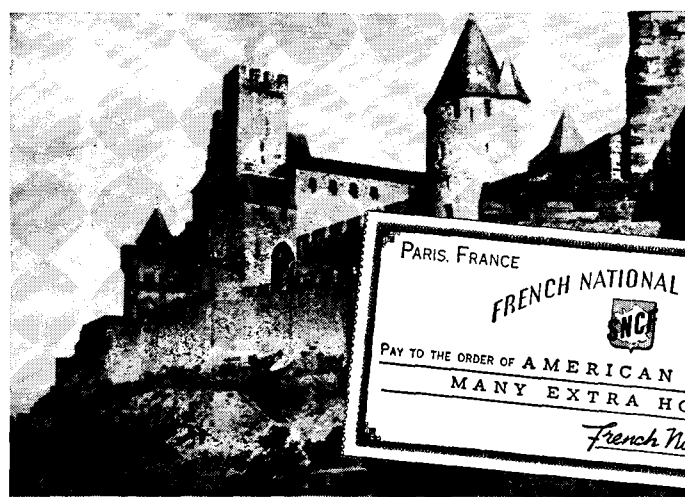
acting as guard of honor and carrying the flag. This group must escort the veterans to the school building and with them march ceremoniously up the aisle, mount the platform, and stand at attention until the soldiers have been seated in the places of honor arranged for them. Patriotic songs should be sung, and, standing at attention, all the children must repeat in unison the "Salute to the Flag." There were many other suggestions, for the *Youth's Companion* did a good job demonstrating "How to Stage a Patriotic Rally."

This program, undoubtedly put on by many a school throughout the country, was the first advertised use of the now indispensable "Salute to the Flag." Its national acceptance came in 1892, with the first celebration of Columbus Day. In the national plans for the great Columbus Day ceremonies, the salute had an honored place.

Not long after use of the pledge became widespread, this criticism was made. A schoolboy, in polyglot New York City, for instance, placing his hand on his heart, would say, "I pledge allegiance to my Flag," but if he were a native of France, Brazil, Haiti, or some other republic, he might be pledging allegiance not to this country but to the country of his birth. Therefore, "my Flag" was changed to "the Flag of the United States of America." In 1954, President Eisenhower made another change, inserting the words "under God" after "Nation."



Some years ago in California, Jehovah's Witnesses were prosecuted and nearly jailed for refusing to repeat the pledge to the flag. The matter was reviewed in Sacramento and it was proved that the Salute did not come down from Mt. Sinai.



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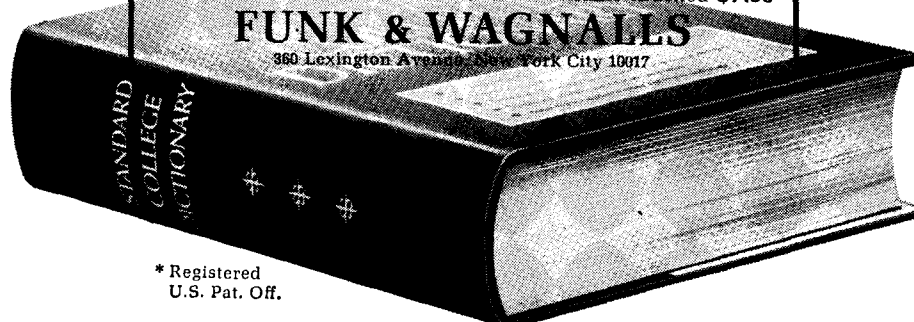
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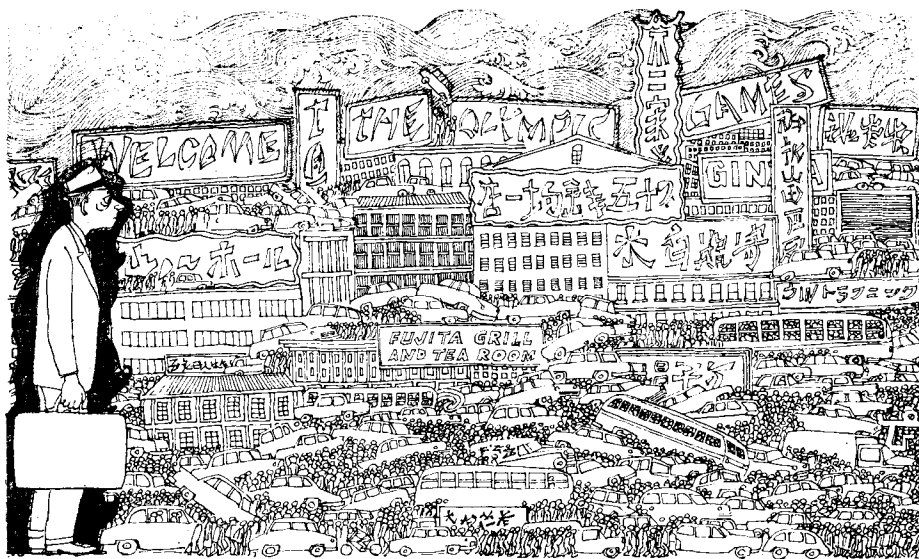
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TOKYO AND THE OLYMPICS

BY GEORGE LAURIA

There is a bustle and activity within Tokyo far surpassing the tempo of any other oriental city. Tokyo has a date with the West as this year's host city for the Olympic games. Unfortunately, however, Tokyo is ill-suited to play the role of host. There is serious speculation in responsible quarters that it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for Tokyo and Japan to meet the many commitments on schedule. Japan is just not geared to handle the tremendous influx of tourists that a sporting event of such magnitude will bring to its shores. Tourist facilities, while far superior to those of most countries of Asia, are still woefully inadequate for the numbers anticipated to arrive.

Roads in and through the world's most heavily populated city simply do not exist as we know them in the West. The few that are adequately paved and passable for automobiles still have innumerable bottlenecks that impede the normal flow of traffic. Japanese authorities estimate that it will take the country twenty years of constant construction to attain present European standards.

Street signs are almost nonexistent, and to look for them is wishful

thinking on the part of the unsuspecting foreigner. The few streets that are marked have the disconcerting habit of being changed every few blocks, or of suddenly going nameless after intersecting another street. The Japanese are belatedly erecting a few signs on major arteries in the fond hope of mitigating an otherwise intolerable situation. One occasionally stumbles across a weather-beaten remnant from the Occupation, but for the most part these signs are meaningless to the average Japanese. Traffic signals, too, are poorly placed and frequently ignored by the impatient Japanese motorist. In short, driving conditions are hazardous by American standards.

Even sidewalks are an ephemeral luxury flanking only the widest avenues of the downtown business districts. These, too, have a disturbing tendency to disappear at the most inopportune places. Rain turns the city into a quagmire of mud for the pedestrian, and the Japanese resort to boots and galoshes during inclement weather.

Public transportation, while punctual, is not much better. Trains, subways, and streetcars are terribly crowded throughout most of the day—crowded to the point where

students from various universities are hired during the rush hours to help pack the commuters inside the cars so the doors will close.

To make conditions even worse, all mass transportation stops after one o'clock in the morning, despite the fact that bars, coffee shops, and many other places of amusement often remain open until three. Resorting to taxis is only a partial solution to the problem for the foreigner. English as an international means of communication in the world of the taxi driver is only theoretical. In effect, it is difficult and usually expensive to move about the city without a minimum knowledge of Japanese. A fair working knowledge of Tokyo's maze of streets and alleys is also indispensable, since the traveler is expected to enter into the spirit of things by helping the driver locate the intended destination. This can be an ulcer-producing business with a wildly clicking meter staring one in the face as the driver nonchalantly inquires at one police box after another for further instructions as to how best to reach a certain point. Invariably, and in spite of repeated directions, he will miss the mark. Gesticulating wildly during this unfortunate experience, while sometimes helpful in Hong Kong and Manila, does not seem to be of much aid when coping with Tokyo's hodgepodge street system. Indeed, it is possible for the short-time visitor to move about this city only by constant reference to prominent landmarks and a good city map. Even with the use of these aids it is a time-consuming business. One consolation is that many Japanese get lost, or are lost, most of the time.

New construction is proceeding on an accelerated basis twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, which intensifies the confusion and disorder. The thousand and one projects that should have been completed years previous have now been dusted off and are being frenetically pushed into high gear. New subway lines to congested and ill-served areas are under construction, with the result that miles of streets are torn up or blocked off to traffic. New Western-style hotels, long overdue, together with scores of other sorely needed public buildings, are suddenly taking shape and piercing the city's skyline. The sounds of the pile driver, the jackhammer, the cement mixer, and the

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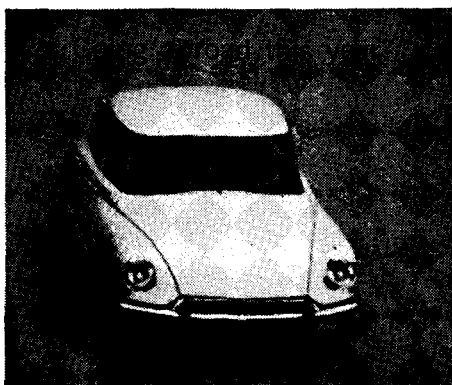


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In addition to the confused maze of twisting, narrow streets, one must reckon with the Japanese system of numbering houses. Actually, the houses are not numbered at all, but rather the land the house occupies. The result is that one may discover numbers 87, 323, 15, and 21 all on the same block.

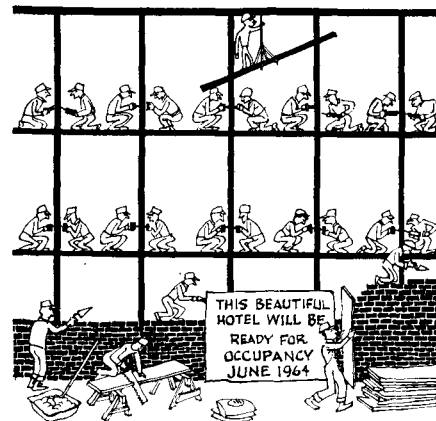
Tokyo is in the throes of a metamorphosis. The old order is giving way to the new. Yet it is only a surface change — a window dressing, so to speak. With the eradication of the old landmarks and the leveling of entire sections of the city for an antiseptically hygienic facade, something of Tokyo's character disappears. Just recently a European investigation committee for the Olympics completed its findings on the city's state of preparedness. They deplored the city's changing character and lack of exotic, oriental charm, fearing that the exotic and offbeat were exactly what most tourists would hope to discover on arrival. The facade Tokyo is now desperately trying to erect in time for the October opening of the games differs only in detail from the face presented by any Western metropolitan area.

Gaudy neon signs wink their multihued lights throughout the night advertising Western-style coffee shops, bars, restaurants, and a vast array of products ranging from Sony and Toshiba transistors to Fujiya ice cream. Windows of the large department stores reflect American and European tastes, and it is only occasionally that one stumbles across a truly Japanese-style establishment. Teen-agers prowl the city's streets after dark in their skintight slacks and duck-tail haircuts, snapping their fingers in time with the latest rock and roll tune blaring from the nearest loud-

speaker. What the European committee failed to discover, or at least to report, is the changing values of this country. In order to understand some of the reasons for these changes, it is first essential to know something of the Japanese character and attitudes.

The Japanese do not like foreigners. They may admire and respect our technical accomplishments; they may understand the necessity for mutual cooperation in order to survive in a tense world; but individually they wish to consider themselves culturally superior to the West. With the exception of the Chinese and the Koreans, all foreigners are euphemistically lumped together under the broad heading of *gaijin* ("outsiders"). Foreigners attain about the same rung on the Japanese social ladder as small children. They are looked upon as irresponsible beings lost on the outer fringes of Japanese culture.

What a foreigner says and does, therefore, is of no real consequence; the Japanese rather expect *gaijin* to break all the rules. It matters not at all that they themselves constantly violate the rules of normal behavior; they are Japanese and thus know what they are about. The foreigner, on the other hand, breaks the rules because he does not know any better, because he is in the category of a



small child. And yet, paradoxically, the Japanese are extremely sensitive to what these inferior people say, write, and think about Japan.

It is their desire for the proper facade that goads them into a frenzy to complete Tokyo's face-lifting at this time. The Japanese realize the deficiencies of their cities and hope to gloss over the most glaring shortcomings by the time of the Olympic games. At almost all of the major stations in and around Tokyo there



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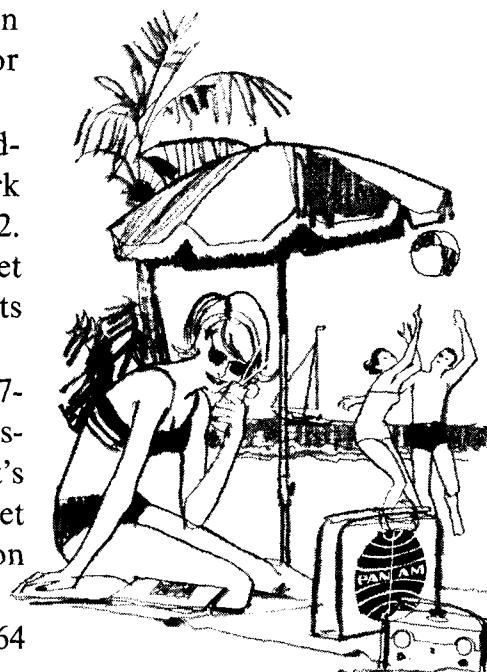
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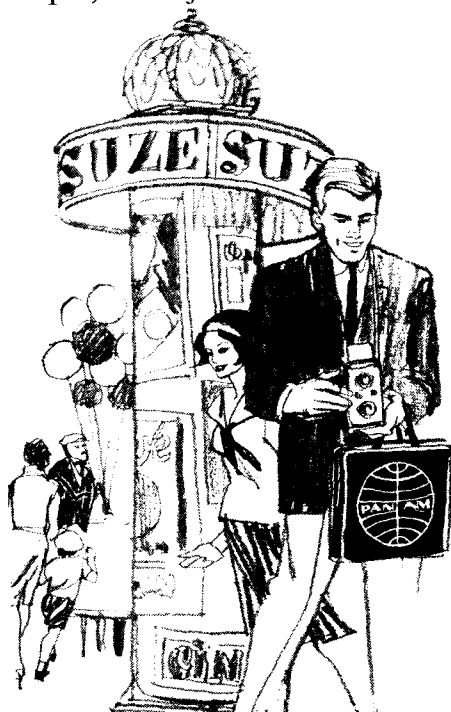
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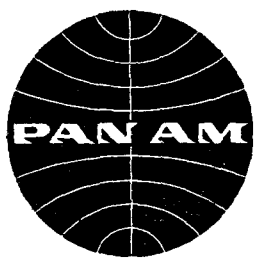
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are large signs cautioning the populace against public urination, intoxication, and spitting—all quite common sights—not because they consider these acts inherently evil, but for fear of criticism by visiting foreigners. The people are constantly exhorted to behave with decorum because the eyes of the world will be upon them.

This perennial fear of unfavorable criticism constantly irritates them; it coerces them to construct overhead speedways comparable with those in the United States; it rattles them, with the realization that there are not enough hotels catering to the needs of foreign tourists, to



erect new ones around the clock, in spite of the knowledge that it will be impossible to keep them all filled with guests after the Olympics are over and forgotten. Japan—above all, Tokyo—must be modernized, in the Western sense of the word, by this summer. That much the man in the street can understand; and the terrible price in face they will have to pay if Tokyo's accommodations fall short of the accepted norm gnaws away at their self-confidence. Gone are the pimps and panders from in front of the Nichigeki Theater. Streetwalkers have all but disappeared from the more frequented areas of the city, and the police have belatedly begun to crack down with increasing severity on the many gangs of *chimpira* ("young hoodlums") thronging the more popular night areas.

If Japan's elders are bewildered by this sudden turn of events, then it is even more difficult to fathom the feelings of Tokyo's youth. They are truly the lost generation. They are caught up in a spiritual and moral vacuum; the traditional appeal of Japanese morality and culture no longer suffices. Perhaps this vacuum can be partially explained as the natural concomitant to Japan's

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defeat in the last war and its resultant occupation. Nevertheless, the traditional floating world of geisha and samisen, long associated in the mind of the Westerner with Japan, is fast dying. The shrinking holdout of an older order are supported primarily by middle-aged men who have reached the social and financial top of the pile after a long, hard struggle. Geisha are disappearing from sheer inability to propagate their species. There simply are not enough patrons financially able to support the luxury of their company when the bill often exceeds one hundred dollars for a few hours of sedate entertainment. Besides the financial strain on the pocket, it takes an excellent command of the language as well as a thorough knowledge of Japanese literature and history, to receive the full value for one's money. The difference between informal Japanese and the classical language is formidable. Indeed, it has been said in jest, although there is much truth in it, that Japanese is a language of scholars; but unfortunately most Japanese are not scholars. Hence it is a rare individual who has any more than a nodding acquaintance with his cultural past. And the geisha's charm and reputation rest squarely on her ability to make puns, quote classical poetry, and perform adequately on classical instruments such as the samisen, koto, and drum. These are considered her chief social accomplishments, and sexual prowess is not numbered among them. She is and remains what her name implies, "art person."

A deep feeling of inadequacy impels the Japanese to study foreign languages in ever increasing numbers. Conversely, however, it also drives them in desperation from one conversation school to another every few months when no immediate progress is realized. They hope to achieve proficiency in a foreign language by some magic formula—to discover the secret of instantaneous English or automatic French in time for the Olympic games. They labor under the delusion that their listeners are always waiting for the chance to pounce upon their grammatical errors and mispronunciations. This fear of ridicule, the fear of what others think of them, is their biggest stumbling block in the formation of easy friendships with outsiders.

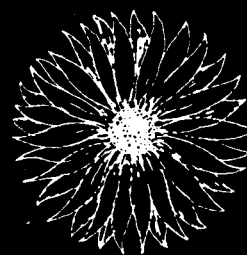
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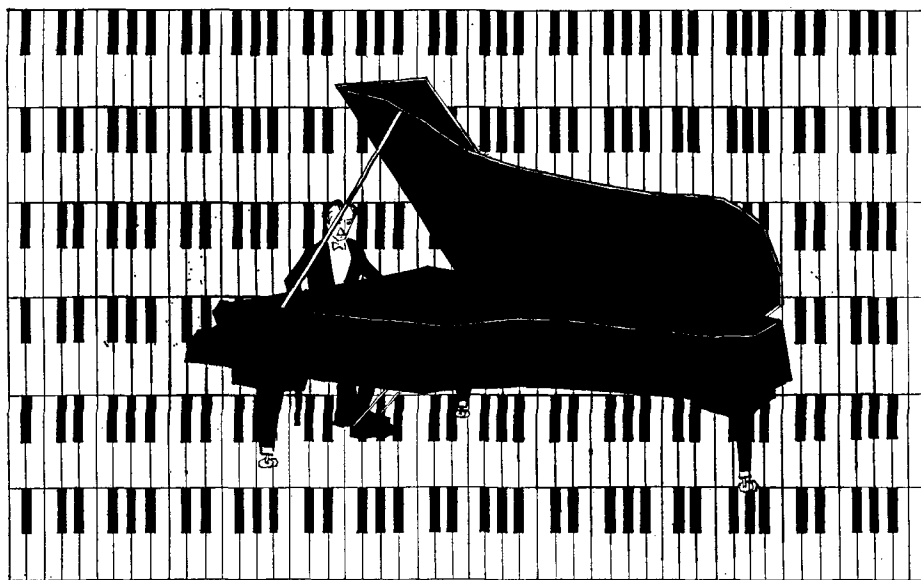
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THE PIANO THAT SINGS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

No pianist of our time has had a more curious history than Vladimir Horowitz. After a brief but brilliant career in Europe he made his American debut in 1928 at the age of twenty-four. It was no easy matter to establish oneself in an era when Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Lhévinne, Gábrilóvitsch, Hofmann, and others were still active, but Horowitz quickly became not only a success but a sensation. He played to packed houses wherever he went, and his records found an eager market. He married Arturo Toscanini's daughter, Wanda, became an American citizen, and pursued his dazzling career. Then, early in 1953, upset by the tensions and stresses of concert life, he suddenly withdrew from public performance. His records, which had been appearing for thirty years on the RCA Victor label, dwindled to a trickle and then ceased. He had virtually become a musical recluse.

Two years ago Horowitz took his first step back toward public activity. He switched his record affiliation from Victor to Columbia, signing a three-year contract calling for the release of two long-playing records a year. Horowitz retained control over the choice of material to be recorded,

which apparently had been a sore point between him and Victor. His newest release — his third for Columbia — contains Beethoven's Sonata No. 8 in C Minor, the *Pathétique*, three Debussy preludes, and two études and a scherzo by Chopin.

Horowitz's resumption of recording activities has naturally raised the question of a possible return to concert life. As his new recordings attest, he is still a brilliant performer, and at fifty-nine he is far from being the oldest practicing pianist in the business. The question is one which only Horowitz himself can decide, and if he is not yet ready to answer it directly, at least he has no objections to talking about it.

His present attitude, as he described it recently in a pleasant conversation in the art-lined living room of his Manhattan home, is that while he assuredly intends to play in public again, and hopes it will be soon, he still is not prepared to set the date. Looking fit, slender, and youthful, he discoursed on a number of subjects ranging from the problems of the younger pianists today to his own activities as a composer. His English is strongly flavored with a Russian accent, but it is fluent and decisive. He mentioned three or

four American pianists as musicians he admired, but he found the younger generation of pianists as a whole lacking in individuality and in lyricism. "The young people all play alike — the same style, the same pieces. They copy from records and from each other," he said. "There is no personality, no singing quality. It is all very well to have mechanical ability, to be able to play double notes and trills. But you cannot do it for two hours. It is like a beautiful woman. If she has diamonds it is nice to see them, but she must have a face, too — and character."

Although Horowitz made his first impact on the public by the sheer headlong brilliance of his playing, he insists that lyricism is the essence of great pianism. "It is not easy to sing on a piano, a percussive instrument," he said. "But I try to sing. And I tell others to sing when they come to me. 'You don't even have to practice,' I say. 'Sing in your mind when you are playing.'"

Horowitz recalled fondly the days when the piano, as well as being a display instrument, was a means of gaining musical insight and understanding. "When I was a boy I used to play operatic scores at the piano," he said. "Do you know *Sadko*? A wonderful opera; I loved to play through it. I played the Brahms symphonies at the piano long before I heard them at an orchestral concert. You learned to know music that way, but nobody does it anymore. I played many times four hands with Rachmaninoff — things like the symphonies of Haydn and Bruckner. Those were marvelous times."

Henceforth, Horowitz said, he is going to concentrate less on bravura showpieces — such as his own incredibly difficult piano transcription of John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" — and more on basic repertory. Talking of his virtuosic transcriptions, he remarked, "Maybe that's one reason why I stopped playing in public. There was too much exhibitionism; too much was expected of me."

Now Horowitz wants to record more Mozart and Clementi, and such pieces as Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C Minor. Horowitz, like Toscanini, has always been meticulous with his recordings. "I cannot blush for my records," he said. "I take time with them. I



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don't record just like this" — a rapid motion of his fingers — "and then 'good-bye, good-bye.' That is why I have not made so many records. But I think the ones I have made have a good standing."

Today Horowitz likes to go to Columbia's recording studio, housed in a former church on East Thirtieth Street in New York, and spend hours playing before the microphones. Then he listens to playbacks — "I have lots of free time" — and gives his approval to the selections to be released. Many observers have noted a more relaxed feeling in his latest recordings, and he says that he is in accord with their reaction. "When I go again on the stage I will be more relaxed, too," he said with a smile. "Well, maybe not the first time —"

As for his own activities as a composer, Horowitz disclosed that he had never written down, except in sketch form, such famous transcriptions as his "Stars and Stripes Forever" and his astonishing keyboard version of Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre*. As a young man, he said, he had composed a series of piano pieces which he described as "old-fashioned and sentimental." "Do you know," he said thoughtfully, "I played my music for three composers — Szymanowski, Rachmaninoff, and Prokofiev — and they all said they liked it."

Did that mean that there might yet be a record entitled *Horowitz Plays Horowitz*? "Oh, no," he replied, laughing. "I can see the reaction to it. They will say, 'better Horowitz plays Beethoven.'"

Certainly Horowitz's performance of the *Pathétique* Sonata on his newest record (Columbia MS-6541, stereo; ML-5941, monaural) makes such an attitude seem eminently reasonable. Generations of piano students have tried their hands at the *Pathétique*; it is usually accounted among the most old-fashioned and *démodé* of Beethoven's sonatas. Yet to Horowitz, who has never programmed it before, it is a work both fresh and vivid, and he plays it with a sense of discovery. To its romantic contours and broad melodies he brings eloquence, spaciousness, and even, for the most novel element of all, a touch of mystery. It is hard to picture any other pianist playing the *Pathétique* in just this way, or any other performance as satisfying. And the Debussy and Chopin on the reverse similarly bear the authoritative

Horowitz stamp. For performances of this unique quality, two LPs a year seem too meager a ration.

Where Vladimir Horowitz keeps himself to a rigorously limited schedule of record releases, Sviatoslav Richter seems to produce them as a matter of course wherever he goes. Probably no other pianist has had recordings on as many different labels or from so many widely scattered points of origin. Recent releases have included recordings made during concert tours in Paris, Rome, and Vienna, and taped right on the recital stage. Richter's entry in the Schwann catalogue is longer than Artur Schnabel's, and he has been recording for far fewer years.

Under these circumstances, it is understandable that Richter recordings are not always of a high quality. Indeed, the forty-nine-year-old Soviet artist is said to be unhappy about certain releases that bear his name and to wonder how some of them have managed to reach the market. All the more reason, then, to welcome a new Richter performance of music by Schubert, impeccably recorded last year in Paris and released here by Angel (S-36150, stereo; 36150, monaural).

On the record are Schubert's *Wanderer* Fantasy in C Major, Opus 15, and the Sonata in A Major, Opus 120. By coincidence, the same two pieces have just been recorded by the young American pianist Leon Fleisher (Epic BC-1274, stereo; LS-3874, monaural). Fleisher is a pianist of unusual gifts, musical no less than technical. He brings to the *Wanderer* Fantasy rhythmic excitement and a firm grasp of the musical line. And yet it is no reflection upon his ringing performance to say that Richter's surpasses it in almost every aspect save sheer vigor. This is one of the great Richter records, displaying the fluidity of motion and gracefulness of touch that this pianist can combine with pure technical wizardry. Richter's tempos are generally slower than Fleisher's, his climaxes less percussive, and his rhythms less insistent. Perhaps the differences are most clearly marked in the relatively light and lyrical Sonata in A Major, which in Richter's performance emerges as a delightful excursion into sheer pianistic song.

Pianists in general seem to be turning increasingly to the Schubert sonatas, finding in them music that is challenging and relatively unhack-

neyed. The Sonata in B-flat Major, Opus Posthumous, one of the longest and loveliest of Schubert's scores, has been recorded by both the Hungarian pianist Géza Anda (Deutsche Grammophon 138880, stereo; 18880, monaural) and the Chinese pianist Fou Ts'ong (Westminster WST-17038, stereo; XWN-19038, monaural).

Anda's approach is serious to the point of being phlegmatic. Fou Ts'ong, whose record also includes the Sonata in A Minor, Opus 143, plays with more suppleness, life, and flexibility. Nothing, probably, will ever displace Artur Schnabel's recording of the B-flat Sonata (re-released in Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series as COLH-33) in the affection of Schubertians. But the young Chinese pianist, who defected a few years ago to the West, demonstrates that he, too, is aware of the need to make a piano sing.

Record Reviews

Bach: The Well-tempered Clavier, Book I

Ralph Kirkpatrick, clavichord; DGG-Archive ARC-73211/12 (stereo) and 3211/12: two records

The key to this recording of twenty-four of Bach's preludes and fugues lies in the choice of instrument. Nowadays it has become almost obligatory to perform them upon the harpsichord, although some musicians still use the piano. But Ralph Kirkpatrick chooses to go back to the clavichord, a lighter and more delicate instrument. The attempt is only intermittently successful; the clavichord works well in the lighter and gayer preludes, but it is unable to bear the weight of many of the fugues. At times, however, its refinement of sound is lovely, with almost prismatic tonal effects. These can be heightened by raising the volume above normal levels, but at the cost of distorting the music. In his album notes Mr. Kirkpatrick earnestly beseeches the listener not to succumb to the temptation.

Berlioz: Nuits d'Été

Ravel: Shéhérazade

Régine Crespin, mezzo-soprano, with Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre

de la Suisse Romande; London OSA-25821 (stereo) and 5821

Berlioz: Nuits d'Été

De Falla: El Amor Brujo

Leontyne Price, soprano, with Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2695 (stereo) and LM-2695

Eleanor Steber's recording of Berlioz's *Nuits d'Été*, one of the most romantically enchanting of all French song cycles, has been regarded as virtually unassailable for a good ten years. Now along have come two new versions to challenge it, one by an American of rare vocal equipment and musical intelligence, the other by a Frenchwoman who adds to her technical skills innate insight and sympathy for the music. It is no reflection on Miss Price's carefully sung and well-balanced presentation of these songs to say that it seems inconsequential beside Miss Crespín's exquisite performance. The Crespín record also includes the delicate and atmospheric *Shéhérazade* of Ravel, a setting of three poems by Tristan Klingsor. On the reverse side of her record Miss Price offers De Falla's *El Amor Brujo*, sung with gusto but also with a Spanish flamenco flavor that often borders on the excessive.

Handel: The Organ Concertos

Marie-Claire Alain, organist, with Chamber Orchestra conducted by Jean-François Paillard; Decca DL-710085/8 (stereo) and DL-10085/8: four records

During the intermissions of operas and oratorios in Handel's day, audiences apparently did not rush out into the lobby for a smoke; instead they remained in the hall and expected further musical entertainment during the intervals. Handel wrote his organ concertos to supply that need: works alternately festive and beautiful that sometimes quoted passages from his own previous music, including a snatch of the "Hallelujah Chorus." This is a performance of the complete organ concertos — all sixteen of them — very much in the French style, suave, refined, and tasteful. Marie-Claire Alain is an organist unknown to this listener, but she brings to her performances a quality of intimacy that makes them ideally suited to living room listening. And the organ of Église des Maronites in Paris has a lightness and flexibility that serve the music perfectly. The records, each containing four concertos, are available individually.

Verdi: Falstaff (complete)

Georg Solti conducting RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra, with Geraint Evans and Robert Merrill, baritones; Alfredo Kraus, John Lanigan, and Piero de Palma, tenors; Ilva Ligabue and Mirella Freni, sopranos; Giulietta Simionato and Rosalind Elias, mezzo-sopranos; and Giovanni Foiani, bass; RCA Victor LSC-6163 (stereo) and LM-6163: three records

Verdi: Falstaff (highlights)

Edward Downes conducting New Symphony Orchestra, with Fernando Corena, bass; Renato Capecchi, baritone; Luigi Alva, tenor; Ilva Ligabue, soprano; and Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; London OSA-1154 (stereo) and A-4154

Since Verdi's *Falstaff* does not especially lend itself to excerpting, one is at a loss to explain the issuance by London of a single disc of highlights, although the performances by Corena, Capecchi, Resnik, and Company are perfectly amiable and expert. The RCA Victor album is, however, much more than that. Not only is it a complete recording of this masterful operatic comedy by an eighty-year-old composer, but it is the only one that can stand beside the Toscanini recording of nearly fifteen years ago. No other Verdi work is so nearly an ensemble opera as this, and great care has been taken to assemble a cast of uniformly qualified artists, as witness the presence of Robert Merrill as Ford and Alfredo Kraus as Fenton. And in this Italian musical translation of Shakespeare, it seems particularly satisfying to find a sturdy Briton in its midst — the Welsh baritone Geraint Evans, who brings a fine comic flair as well as musical amplitude to the title role. "*Falstaff immenso!*" is the salute sung by Bardolph and Pistol to the fat knight; let it serve as well to describe this beautifully sung and deftly conducted recording of Verdi's comic masterpiece.

An Anthology of Chinese Folk Songs

Ellie Mao, soprano, and Ann Mi Lee, pianist; Folkways FW-8877 (monaural only)

A new world of song, and apparently a very fertile one, is opened by this record of Chinese folk melodies sung in their original tongue. They treat of subjects universal to folk songs, as some of the titles indicate: "Heartache," "A Festive Song," "Digging Potatoes," "The Mule-Driver's Song," "The Funny Old Man," "Bean Sprouts," "Scallions and Gar-

lic Cloves." In their intervals and scales the songs are unmistakably Chinese; yet at times there is an affinity with folk melodies of other lands, as when the listener is reminded of a phrase or a mood in another famous folk collection, the *Songs of the Auvergne*. In any case, the flavor of these Chinese songs is always agreeable and often enchanting. Perhaps (this is only a guess) part of the gap between East and West has been bridged by the performers, both of whom, though born in China, are Juilliard graduates. It seems unlikely that a Chinese village would offer a soprano as expert as Miss Mao or so accomplished a pianist as Miss Lee. Use of a piano, in place of native instruments, represents a compromise, but one which few Western listeners are likely to object to. English summaries of the songs are included in a brochure, as are the original texts in Chinese script.

Kurt Weill: Lady in the Dark

Risë Stevens, Adolph Green, and John Reardon, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Lehman Engel; Columbia OS-2390 (stereo) and OL-5990

Lady in the Dark came to Broadway in 1941, before the era of the long-playing record or the original-cast show album. Gertrude Lawrence is, alas, no longer around to re-create her part as Liza Elliott, the fashion magazine editor whose neuroses make for such seductive music. Danny Kaye, who gained much of his early fame in the show, is not among the participants either. But a strong cast has been assembled nevertheless. Risë Stevens, whose career as an opera singer apparently has ended, makes an excellent Liza by singing the part with a warm voice and straightforward style rather than trying to imitate the quite inimitable Miss Lawrence. Adolph Green does not quite match Danny Kaye's insouciance in "Tchaikovsky," that remarkable song consisting of the unadorned names of forty-nine Russian composers tossed off in staccato style, but he does get through it reasonably well. The record has been done so expertly that the participants seem ready to step out onto a stage and perform the work — which might be an excellent idea, for Weill's score, along with Ira Gershwin's lyrics and Moss Hart's book, retains its flair and flavor after twenty-three years.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

EXPERIENCE tells me that fishing with Freddie is a losing game: to begin with he does not like fishing, and to end with he has no patience — plenty of patience for the grouse which elude him as he tramps up the Welsh hills, but none for fish. Yet he hankers for expeditions, and if I have a lucky catch (and if nothing better presents itself), he can whip up an apparent enthusiasm which is beguiling.

I had had good sport my first day with Cooper: he is the tallest Negro on the Cay, and a joy to watch as with effortless grace he swings his twenty-foot pole; when he plants it hard against the bow I know there is a fish ahead. The wind was soft from the southwest as Coop piloted us through the gut, slowly across the shoals and up into Munjack Creek. The tide was at ebb, maybe a foot and a half above the grass matting on the flats, and hardly had we cut the motor when a bonefish tailed fifty feet dead ahead. Coop swung our bow to port and planted his pole, and as my first cast settled into the water I saw the fish make his V toward the conch bait; watching the line, I felt the slight tautness, I felt his mouth, and set the hook. About ten minutes later he came into the net a gleaming six-pounder, not a great fish but a good one.

This is like drawing three aces in the first hand, and of course it couldn't last. We saw and stalked a school, and one of them — he was certainly bigger — smelled the crab I had added to the conch and made the water roll as he darted toward it. But he broke me — I *will* forget to cut and tie the nylon after a fight — and when Cooper, using my little rod as if it were a pencil, had cast high and far for a dark shadow, that one also stripped us and never came again. The tide was now too high for further business. At supper, I must have embellished the telling enough to pique Freddie's interest, for he announced that he was going out with us next morning.

It was colder then, for the wind had swung

around to the north. "Bring a windbreaker!" I shouted, but Freddie is a hardy type and came just as he was. Again we slid in through the narrow channel that leads to Munjack; the strong wind had put down the fish, and Cooper had to pole for the "smoke," the smudges of sand which show where bonefish have been feeding.

In the distance, egrets were feeding close to the mangroves; nearby we saw a needlefish skip across the water, and then the lolling black fin of a big turbot, Nelson's favorite fish, which shied away from our shadow. Freddie groaned at not having his gun along to shoot it, said he had shot one a week ago, and it was delicious. Cooper poled on until suddenly, fifteen feet from the boat, a shark broke water in swirling pursuit of an octopus. Oblivious to our approach, the shark lashed this way and that, and finally wound up in the black smoke screen while the octopus scuttled away. We idled until the water cleared, and then Coop poled us over to peer at the octopus's hole surrounded by conch shells; here the shark would stalk him for days, Coop said. Poling and peering, we came at last to the thin water of a coral reef, where bonefish were making their V's on either side, but now the sun was half dimmed by the clouds; in the opal light nothing came to our vagrant casts.

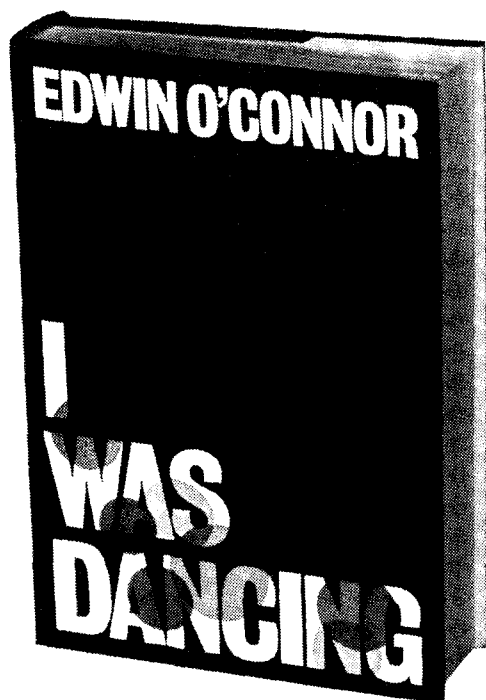
Bored, Freddie took to reading *Peyton Place*, and could not be disturbed until at the edge of the rocky shore Cooper spotted and speared a crayfish. In no time flat Freddie had his pants off and was in the shallow water spearing like mad. We wound up with four scuttlers in the bilge whose tails would be added to our evening chowder.

Now the sun had gone under for good, and with rising wind came the rain. "God's teeth, it's cold!" Freddie exclaimed as he spotted my raincoat in its nylon packet, "Why didn't you tell me you had it with you? You must have known I've been shivering ever since I went overboard."

The only fishing I have ever seen Freddie enjoy was off the end of the dock. There, before our

Edwin O'Connor

Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Last Hurrah* and *The Edge of Sadness*



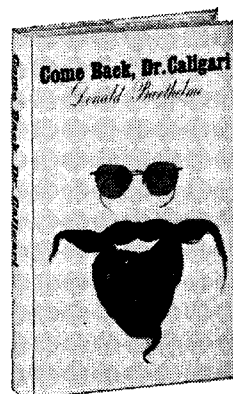
*I WAS DANCING

Not since the political machinations of Frank Skeffington in *The Last Hurrah*, or the comically devious tactics of old Charlie Carmody in *The Edge of Sadness*, has the reader met a character so bursting with life as the spry, old-time vaudevillian, Waltzing Daniel Considine. "Edwin O'Connor is one of the most convincing creators of character we have. Get set now to add another to the O'Connor gallery. The situation is one with which millions of Americans can readily identify. What ought married children to do with difficult parents who insist on living with them? In the process a few hearts have been bared for readers to laugh at — or weep over." — JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*. "The full measure of a unique Irish-American . . . strong and subtle in its character portrayal, swift and deft in motion, outlandishly funny, another testimony to Edwin O'Connor's love and comprehension of human beings." — *Newsweek*. \$4.75

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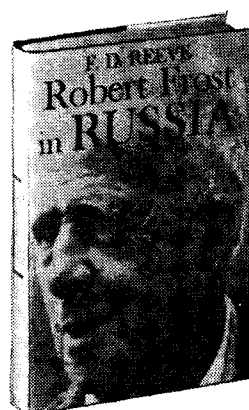


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Donald Barthelme's work is already known to *The New Yorker* readers who puzzled and grinned over a one-page story called "The Piano Player." And to the readers who held on their chairs as they read "Florence Green Is 81" in *Harper's Bazaar*. With *COME BACK, DR. CALIGARI* Barthelme's very unique vision of life makes its first appearance in book form in a collection of some of the most extraordinary short stories ever published. \$4.95

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time, someone had discarded a metal chamber pot, presumably because it had a hole in its bottom. It had landed on the coral strand face down and had been taken over as a domicile by a slender tang, who used the hole for its entrance. Out of the hole the tang would emerge and flit gently here and there, seemingly unaware of a young barracuda a foot long which was skulking in the seaweed. Tempted beyond endurance, the barracuda would make its rush, the tang would flash back into the hole, and with a ping the barracuda would ram its nose into the enamel pot. Hour after hour this was repeated while Freddie, lying above in a snorkel, giggled. As I say, it is the only fishing I have ever known him to enjoy.

THE GODS OF TREES

Of all experts, Army Engineers, state highway engineers, engineers in the Bureau of Reclamation stand in my mind as the most powerful, efficient, and ruthless. Their estimates are based on economy, and for this we respect them. We would respect them the more if in their planning they showed some consideration for the nation's heritage. The best throughway is a wind tunnel and water culvert cleaving woods and hills with a mania rivaling our love for speed. The more expensive the project — be it throughway or dam — the more support engineers will get for it politically, and it is this fact, taken together with their imperviousness to our natural instincts, that makes these professionals such a devastating force.

In *THE LAST REDWOODS* (Sierra Club, \$17.50) PHILIP HYDE and FRANCOIS LEYDET have told in photographs and text a fighting story. The photographs, some in color, are of forests so unbelievably beautiful that they make a man catch his breath. But these pictures of California enchantment — for California is the last great stronghold of this national treasure — could be a memorial. Now the last and finest of the Coast redwoods in the great watershed north of San Francisco are about to be subdivided by the state highway engineers in defiance of all that has been given to save the redwoods and in defiance of common sense. Highways, it seems, have a prior claim, and those who build them can destroy any trust.

"As timber the Redwood is too good to live," wrote John Muir, and how true those bitter words have proved to be. The National Tribute Grove, so beautifully illustrated in this book, consists today of five thousand acres, at the northern end of the state, protected "in perpetuity" as part of the Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park. The state engineers argue that they are not planning to cut down the entire grove, merely a swath through it about a mile long removing "only a few of the

trees." Sure, sure. We have heard that same argument again and again in the East, and we have seen what the wind tunnels on Route 128 did to the unprotected stands of Cathedral pine in Essex County, and how the pine, maple, and hardwood have been thumbed down along the Connecticut River. There might have been alternate routes which would have saved the woods, but the engineers' ideal is a route that cleaves, without any curve or deviation to protect the past.

The Last Redwoods is a poignant, infuriating record of American impatience. Here, in pictures like that of the "Malarkey Forest" near Crescent City, is the shocking callousness with which lumbermen will terminate a chain of life going back farther than any other race of trees. The first positive identification of redwood fossils dates back some 130 million years, but the trees which had once reigned from the Black Sea to Greenland had to retreat before the glaciers; in time the species was reduced to two, and in time the last stand of the great monarchs, such as the Big Tree, which had stood for four thousand years, was confined to California — and this is what the highway engineers will willingly disperse for a throughway. "If ever there were gods of trees, here they stand," and I suppose we should count ourselves lucky to have seen such giants, lucky to have felt the light and the hush in the depths of such a forest. I suppose, given our rapacity, our grandchildren will say we did not deserve such beauty.

THE PLACE NO ONE KNEW, by ELIOT PORTER (Sierra Club, \$25.00), is not a fighting book but a requiem for the Glen Canyon on the Colorado, which died in 1963. Photography, when in the hands of a colorist as perceptive as Mr. Porter, achieves, as no drawing ever could, the height, the power, the contrast, and the secrecy of the rock world. Many great naturalists have been here and had their say: "In no other portion of the world," wrote Clarence E. Dutton, "are the natural laws governing the processes of land sculpture exemplified so grandly." That is how it was.

The Hoover, Parker, and Davis dams were already in existence. Their control of the Colorado and their production of hydroelectric power were considered by many adequate before the dam which killed Glen Canyon was authorized. But builders must build, if not for us, then, as they imagine, for the future. What the citizen is never told is whether these projects are imperative. We heard a great deal of talk about the Missouri when General Pike and his staff were out to tame it, and it was not until the extent of valley destruction and land change was realized and resisted that the project was pigeonholed. Too often

these days the rivers of the West are being tampered with by short-term projects with long-term devastation. If Glen Canyon had to go last year, will the Grand Canyon be next?

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

SHIRLEY ANN GRAU is a Southerner who writes about the Deep South with a word choice as fastidious as Willa Cather's and with a passion aroused by the turbulence in her home country. Her new novel, **THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE** (Knopf, \$4.95), a beautifully designed, beautifully written book, is a story told in two moods. The first half is the evocation of the William Howland plantation, which was staked out north of New Orleans by one of Andrew Jackson's veterans and which was greatly extended by a grandson who had married a wealthy Catholic who spent her money buying up bottomland and sandy pine ridges. After him came one more William Howland, burly, blue-eyed, and resourceful, a man who knew how to get the best out of his soil, and whose business manipulation during World War II made him one of the wealthiest men in the state.

Will Howland is a powerfully drawn figure, and what he did to the women who loved him — to his brief young bride; to Margaret, his mistress, part Choctaw, part Negro, by whom he had three children; to his white daughter; and to his only grandchild — is the story. "Sometimes he must have felt that he was being smothered in dependents. There hadn't been a man of his blood in so long. All those clinging female arms. . . . And then there was Margaret." This is the situation as it is gradually perceived by his granddaughter, Abigail, to whom his wealth is bequeathed. At the outset she writes of her grandfather's house and of her love for the varying seasons of the Gulf Coast country with "the glitter and hush-breath quality" of an adolescent. But as she matures and before she goes to college Abigail has accepted certain realities: her grandfather's powerful grasp of life and his contempt for his neighbors; his love for Margaret, whose three children were sent north for education just as soon as they were old enough to travel; and the pride he has in herself which he rarely shows.

The tone of the telling changes after Abigail's marriage to handsome John Tolliver. She suspects that he married her for her money, and he did; and she suspects that he is a philanderer, which he is. But she knows that he is a hard worker in his law office, and she loves him; she bears their children and works for his political career, until they are flung apart by the scandal over Old Will's miscegenation. The bitter vengeance that follows is hard to take.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

THE SPIRE (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95) is possibly the best thus far of WILLIAM GOLDING's haunting parables of the human condition. The setting is medieval England at the time of the building of the cathedrals, but the atmosphere is at once so much of a never-never land and so full of nervous suspense that it seems like a cross between Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and the high-strung melodrama of the early Graham Greene. The implications of Mr. Golding's tale, as always, are ominous for human nature.

Jocelin, dean of the Cathedral of Our Lady, is driven by the desire to crown his church with a steeple four hundred feet high that will be visible to all the countryside round about. His architect, Roger Mason, doubts that the foundations can support that height; but Jocelin is in the grip of his idea and will not be deterred by any counsel of moderation. He relentlessly whips his workers and congregation forward in the enterprise.

Mr. Golding generates much suspense by the detailed business of the building. An even greater element of tension piles up in the series of disillusioning discoveries that try Jocelin's faith. As the builders dig downward they discover that their trusted ancestors, who were supposed to have built so well in the good old days, carelessly erected the church on a swamp. At one point the waters burst through the floor, as if mother earth — nature arrayed against spirit — were intent on punishing the presumption of the builders. The pillars sway continually and make an eerie music that frightens the congregation. A final blow to Jocelin's faith in the ancestors is delivered by a workman who thrusts an iron bar into an old pillar and shows that it is filled, not with good solid brick, but rubble.

Jocelin has also to learn about his own connivance with the forces of evil. His chief source of funds for building the spire has been his aunt, Lady Allison, mistress to the king. When she arrives, late in the book, she discloses that Jocelin's promotion over his fellow clerics, on whom he has looked down, was due not to his own ability but to her adulterous influence at court. An ecclesiastical

(Advertisement)

Editor-
at-
Large



Shortly before I sat down to write these notes about Edwin Diamond's new book, *The Rise and Fall of the Space Age*, a radio news announcer said that there were a couple of hundred objects now off there somewhere in space. I couldn't help wondering, given Diamond's thesis, whether some of those objects might not be lost heads.

The thesis is . . . well, let's not call it a thesis book; let's merely say that it is a question-asking book. But the questions are the sort that leave the persons asked red-faced and gasping for air. Some of those who have made sweeping statements in behalf of the "space race" and the "space gap" may wish that they were off exploring the upper atmosphere permanently when Diamond's book gets around.

In brief, the book questions such matters as the desirability or possibility of man making a moon landing in this decade; the costs of the effort; the purported economic and other benefits ("spin-off" and "fall-out") of the missile industry; the propriety of the astronauts' conversion from heroes to objects of exploitation; the starting and cancellation of Defense Department and Space Agency projects. Mr. Diamond is not a partisan man. He lays about him on every side with a broad-edged, sharp pointed blade, performing surgery on self-satisfied smilers or puncturing the balloon figures sent up by apologists and official spokesmen. By the time he is finished, smiles and chamber of commerce-like satisfactions have been neatly excised. Even a few heads have been rolled, at least in print.

Maybe that's how a few of them get Up There after all.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Rise and Fall of the Space Age (\$3.95) by Edwin Diamond is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

official come to investigate discovers that while Jocelin has been building his towering edifice, he has neglected to conduct services or even to keep the church candles lit. The cathedral, which would soar so high, has lost contact with the life of the people.

In a nightmarish scene of tempest and rain Jocelin himself finally nails the spire at the top. But it hangs awry and crazy, as if tottering to fall. On his deathbed Jocelin, incoherent about almost everything else, still anxiously asks, "Has it fallen yet?"

Is Jocelin a saint, or a madman in the frenzied grip of an impossible ideal? Mr. Golding's answer is ambiguous. He does make powerfully clear that all faith rests on a quagmire, that our inheritance from the past is always imperfect, and that holy purposes have, in the way of the world, to do business with corruption and evil. But he seems to be suggesting, too, that without the absurdity of a faith like Jocelin's, no cathedrals would ever be built.

The book opens with a crackle of language that immediately sets the tone throughout: "He was laughing, chin up, and shaking his head. God the Father was exploding in his face with the glory of sunlight through painted glass." Agile and poetic, Mr. Golding's prose throws off wheels and spokes of light. In a symbolic story like this, the sheer intensity of style has to work hard to make up for a lack of substance in characterization. For all his fantastic passion, Jocelin himself is a rather thin character, on the verge of evaporating into his own hallucinations. We are not always sure when he is seeing devils in his head or in the world, and the confusion becomes a little fatiguing toward the end. The other characters float in and out of Jocelin's visions like insubstantial vapors. The novel as a whole has the startling quality of one of Ingmar Bergman's medieval phantasmagorias; but Mr. Bergman has at his disposal the unusually sharp focus of his camera, while Mr. Golding's images often blur.

A CALL TO REPUBLICANS

JACOB J. JAVITS, junior senator from New York, is considered by some people as a minority of one within the Republican Party. During his 1962 election campaign, as a result of which he won by a greater



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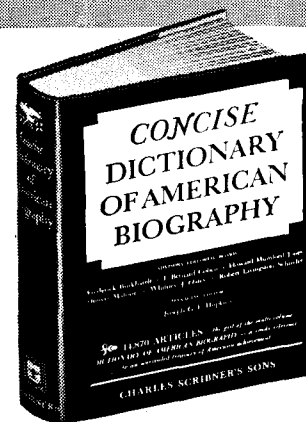
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SCRIBNERS

margin than Governor Rockefeller, he was persistently asked why he was a Republican rather than a Democrat, and in **CALL TO REASON: A REPUBLICAN SUMMONS HIS PARTY** (Atheneum, \$5.95), he sets out to answer the question. In so doing he presents a program for Republicans that is remarkably vigorous, courageous, and intelligent, and that — because this is a presidential year and he has repeatedly demonstrated his power at the polls — might be listened to within the circles of his own party.

Mr. Javits did not bury himself in a library to surface years later and declare, "I am a Republican." Born in New York's lower East Side, he was exposed early to the corruptions of the Tammany machine. Later, in 1932, he came into active politics to assist in the campaign of Mayor La Guardia to clean up the city's government. But if these accidents of biography inclined him in his present direction, Mr. Javits makes clear that his Republicanism now is a matter of principle and that it has a solid basis in one tradition of his party. He chooses four ancestors for his political philosophy: Hamilton, Clay, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. True, Hamilton was a Federalist, and Clay a Whig, but Mr. Javits is convinced that they were intellectual forebears of the Republican Party.

Hamilton's belief in the propriety of governmental intervention in the economy, according to Mr. Javits, would probably cause the radical right to brand him as a leftist, were he alive today. (Would he be likely, therefore, to be considered a typical Republican?) Mr. Javits' clearest ancestry really lies in the progressive Republicanism of Theodore Roosevelt; and, significantly, a quotation from T. R. is placed on the title page, to the effect that the national government belongs to all the people, and where the interests of all the people are concerned, only the national government can be their guardian. To some of Mr. Javits' colleagues who persistently talk of the federal government as the people's enemy, this dictum of T.R.'s must surely come with the sting of surprise.

On many crucial matters — medical care for the aged, urban renewal, the need for a balanced economy rather than a balanced budget — Mr. Javits submits a program

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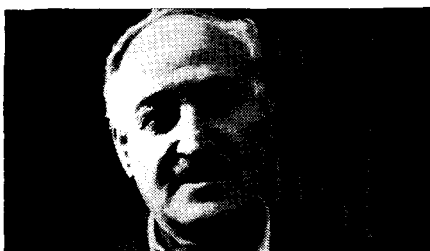
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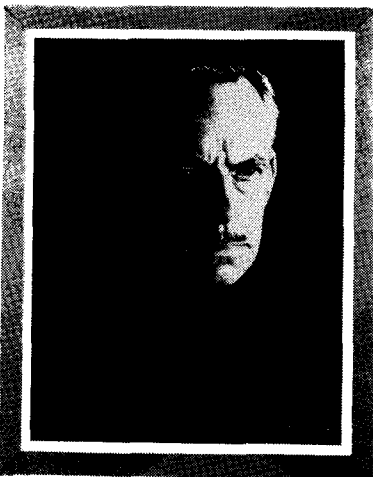
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the celebrated conflict between President Kennedy and Roger Blough of U.S. Steel, he insists the motives of the former were economic, and those of the latter political. The President had used his influence to hold down the steelworkers' wages, an action perfectly in line with the traditional claim by business that labor costs are the chief problem in keeping down prices. Mr. Blough, on the other hand, wanted to make a political test of power to see whether the government would act against a price rise, even though his own accounting staff had advised that such a rise was not necessary and might even hurt the competitiveness of U.S. Steel abroad. Business, which was quite willing to accept government influence in its favor, wanted to insist on the political principle that its own freedom of action was not to be limited in any way by federal action.

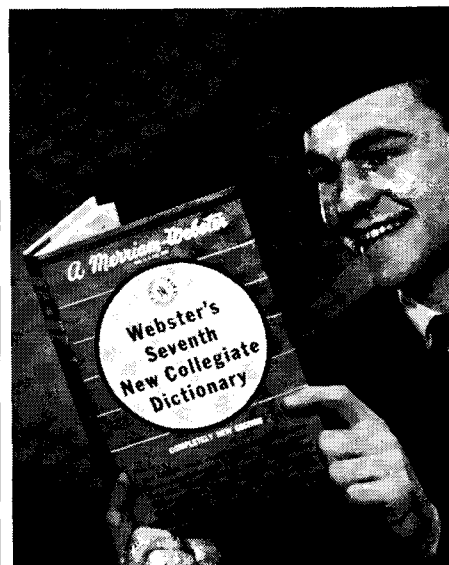
No doubt this persistent critique of corporate power is going to provoke controversy, but the real value of Mr. Nossiter's book is not as a polemic. As a trained economist and practicing journalist (he is the national economics reporter for the *Washington Post*), Mr. Nossiter shows an unusual combination of two gifts that are indispensable in a book like this: a firsthand grasp of his subject and an ability to write clear and lively prose. *The Myth-makers* is one of the most intelligent and readable of recent guides to the workings of our national economy.

MAGIC AND MURDER

The heart of man is a strange and deep place, as DAVIS GRUBB sees it, and in his novels he has given us powerfully moving yet tender glimpses of this obscure region. The short story is a less congenial and more restricting medium for his gifts, yet *TWELVE TALES OF SUSPENSE AND THE SUPERNATURAL* (Scribner's, \$3.95), which is uneven in its achievement, shows the marks of an exceptional talent, and provides, along with some duds, plenty of shivers and entertainment.

Mr. Grubb is a regional writer whose imagination has never left the West Virginia town on the banks of the Ohio where he grew up. He is at his best when his story has enough space to move around in so that he can capture the atmosphere of his native place. In these stories, the

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occasional touches of nature — the woods where the papaws grow and the crying of rain crows in the butternut tree — come alive with an intensity lacking in Mr. Grubb's urban settings. But his vision of the human heart as a dark and mysterious place, which comes off well in the longer narrative forms, tends to degenerate in the short story to the mechanical and macabre.

Yet even some of his more contrived stories are done with a brisk efficiency and suspense. The "Return of Verge Likens" recounts the ingenious revenge of a mountaineer upon the local political boss, Riley McGrath, who has killed his father. Verge goes away to a barber's college; when he returns, he manages to get the boss into a chair for a shave. As Verge shaves him very, very slowly, he tells Riley who he is. When the coroner arrives, Riley has died of a heart attack, but he has been shaved so carefully (and legally) that there is not a scratch on his face.

Elsewhere Mr. Grubb's mood is more magical and evocative. "The Man Who Stole the Moon" deals with the theft of the moon from a trout pond by a young man who wants to lay it at the feet of his beloved. It seems a most unlikely subject, but the author manages it well. The most haunting story in this vein, "Where the Woodbine Twineth," portrays an imaginative little girl who changes places with her doll.

The collection has much variety, and though some of the stories are obvious potboilers, there is everywhere an abundance and vigor of imagination that redeem the whole.

DECLINE AND FALL

JAMES BURNHAM is a thinker and writer of great gifts who manages nevertheless to be persistently wrong-headed whenever he comes to deal with politics. **SUICIDE OF THE WEST** (John Day, \$5.95), an aggressive and intemperate attack upon all liberals as being weak-kneed and confused do-gooders subtly preparing the defeat of Western civilization, carries to an extreme all of his usual faults: the tendency to see everything in black-and-white contrasts, the addiction to sweeping generalization, and the penchant for grandiose prophecy.

Mr. Burnham's record in proph-

ecy is not altogether unblemished. In 1941 he predicted with positive assurance that Germany and Japan would soon divide the world between them. Ten years later, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, in which the Reds were just about to collapse, almost persuaded some of us, in view of Mr. Burnham's fallibility as a prophet, to take to the hills. Is Western Europe really weaker now than a decade ago when, in the high tide of McCarthyism, Mr. Burnham was confidently predicting the overthrow of Communism? General Charles de Gaulle doesn't act as if he thought so. Since history has such an obstinate habit of playing tricks with Mr. Burnham's predictions, we might almost be consoled by his present vision.

Of course, like most people, liberals frequently do and say foolish things, of which Mr. Burnham has a hatful of citations. But when he comes down to the three positive tasks confronting the West in its struggle for survival — the clearing up of the jungles of our cities, the lessening of worldwide poverty, and the confrontation of Communist power — it seems to me that on the first two, at least, liberals form the only political group which has insisted on taking action. Conservatives blocked the formation of a Department of Urban Affairs, and conservatives are usually the people most opposed to any kind of foreign aid. Mr. Burnham does not even touch on our lagging economy, which, if continued, would surely lead to our defeat by Communism, and which only liberals seem to be calling to the public's attention.

A livelier and more profitable examination of social decay is **SUICIDE OF A NATION?**, a collection of essays on the state of Britain today, edited by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan, \$4.95). The sixteen contributors to this book range over nearly every topic — economics, sex, education, social snobbery, complacency — and in almost all cases they turn in a bad report card for their country's performance. Yet their tone is constructive, the writing is peppery, and I doubt if we in this country could produce such a vigorous assemblage of critical intelligence as this without becoming sectarian or shrill. If Mr. Koestler's collection is any evidence, the British are very much alive and kicking; and, as has happened at

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various times in their history, it would be entirely premature to write of their demise.

"ALL AROUND THE TOWN . . ."

GILBERT MILLSTEIN is a native New Yorker who would cough if he were inhaling fresh air instead of exhaust fumes. Followers of his sharp reportage, year in and year out, in the *New York Times* will be glad that he has at last put together his views on the big town, and particularly glad that he has found a felicitous collaborator in the photographer SAM FALK. Their joint effort, *NEW YORK: TRUE NORTH* (Doubleday, \$7.95), is as sprawling and exciting as the Empire City itself.

Mr. Falk has poked his cameras everywhere, from the top hats at the horse show to the kids in backyard slums, and his photographs, without artiness or fuzzy "atmosphere," are sharp and natural. Mr. Millstein adorns the pictures with a copious text by way of explication, analysis, and sometimes unabashed lyricism. He has also adopted the ingenious device of adding "Witnesses," named and unnamed, from bottom to top of the social ladder, who speak their pieces about the city; and while a few are straitjacketed or phony, a good many really touch the raw nerve of metropolitan life.

Mr. Millstein writes with a tough-guy sentimentality, but from time to time he is properly irreverent. For example, he describes the mausoleum of Lincoln Center with becoming restraint as "the newest supermarket for the production, distribution, and consumption of music."

He takes wing on a burst of lyricism: "New York is the pulse by which the heartbeat of the world is measured," but at the end he comes down to reality: "almost no neighborhoods left. Man is not the measure of anything in this city." Only the old lady from Dubuque believes that New York measures the heartbeat of the world; few people, however, would doubt that it is in the vanguard of cities all over the world on matters of pollution, congestion, noise, crime, delinquency, and honky-tonk. Mr. Millstein acknowledges that the city has become nearly impossible to live in; but he is hooked, and he finds it impossible to live anywhere else.



"WHAT IS THE SOUTH?"

...It may be that "What is it?" is the wrong, even the impossible question. It may be that the South exists now, and has existed, as a place holding the virtues of the past against the buffets of change, the bat-ters of the present, the agonies of the future. Possibly the South can be glimpsed only in passing, caught in fleeting images as time goes by. It may be that the South is something like Hesperides or Camelot, a place of good promise. If this be so, the South lingers on as a touchstone of the past, a bridge to the future. Surely this is no thin reality?"

To the may-be-impossible question posed above by Frank E. Vandiver, he and six other distinguished men attempt answers in *THE IDEA OF THE SOUTH*.

In pursuit of a central theme, these seven explore the South in myth and historical reality, the South in literature and as the cradle of writers, the violent South, the political South, the South's potential.

As T. Harry Williams writes in his contribution: "The South could well do with less uninformed criticism from the outside. But it absolutely demands more informed criticism from the inside." *THE IDEA OF THE SOUTH* helps fill this demand.

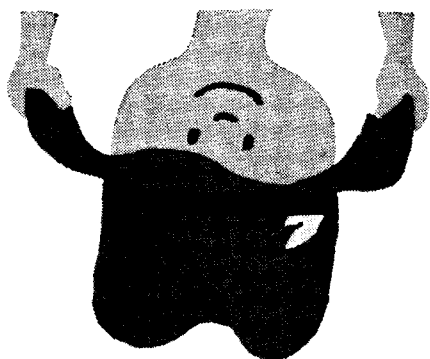
Contributors are: George B. Tindall, Richard B. Harwell, Louis D. Rubin, Jr., T. Harry Williams, Walter Prescott Webb, Hugh B. Patterson, Jr., and Frank E. Vandiver.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

GEORGE R. STEWART'S COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00) tells how, in 1851, the sober citizens of San Francisco resorted to something closely resembling lynch law. The city was suffering from an incompetent administration and a large population of thieves, and the local merchants, exasperated equally with the criminals and with the authorities, formed a committee which took over the functions of both police and courts. Having hanged a few burglars and scared the police into a brief fit of gumption, the committee returned to normal business. The affair is notable for the decorum with which illegal justice was undertaken and the restraint with which it was exercised, but for these very reasons, the story is not exciting. Mr. Stewart has worked hard, digging through old records and dusty newspaper files, but his material is recalcitrant. It refuses to look like anything but a worthy moral example.

Depending on the inclination of the reader, **RICHARD E. KIM's** novel, **THE MARTYRED** (Braziller, \$4.50), can be taken as a study of Christian ethics, pastoral responsibility, the nature of truth, and several other matters. It is an interesting study from any point of view, a tense, undecorated account of a peculiar minor episode in the Korean War. Practically speaking, the shooting of some clergymen by an addled Communist officer is no more important than any other piece of military brutality, but by the exercise of intelligence and concern, Mr. Kim makes it a question of great importance, extending well beyond the military realm.

ALFRED DUGGAN's novels prove him to be most learned in history, and his decision to write a short account of the Crusades is, in theory, reasonable. In fact, two hundred years of disorganized fighting across the whole Middle East is too much for any one book to cover, and Mr. Duggan's normally elegant style is clogged by an unmanageable glut of facts. **THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES** (Pantheon, \$4.95) does nothing much for the author or the Crusades,

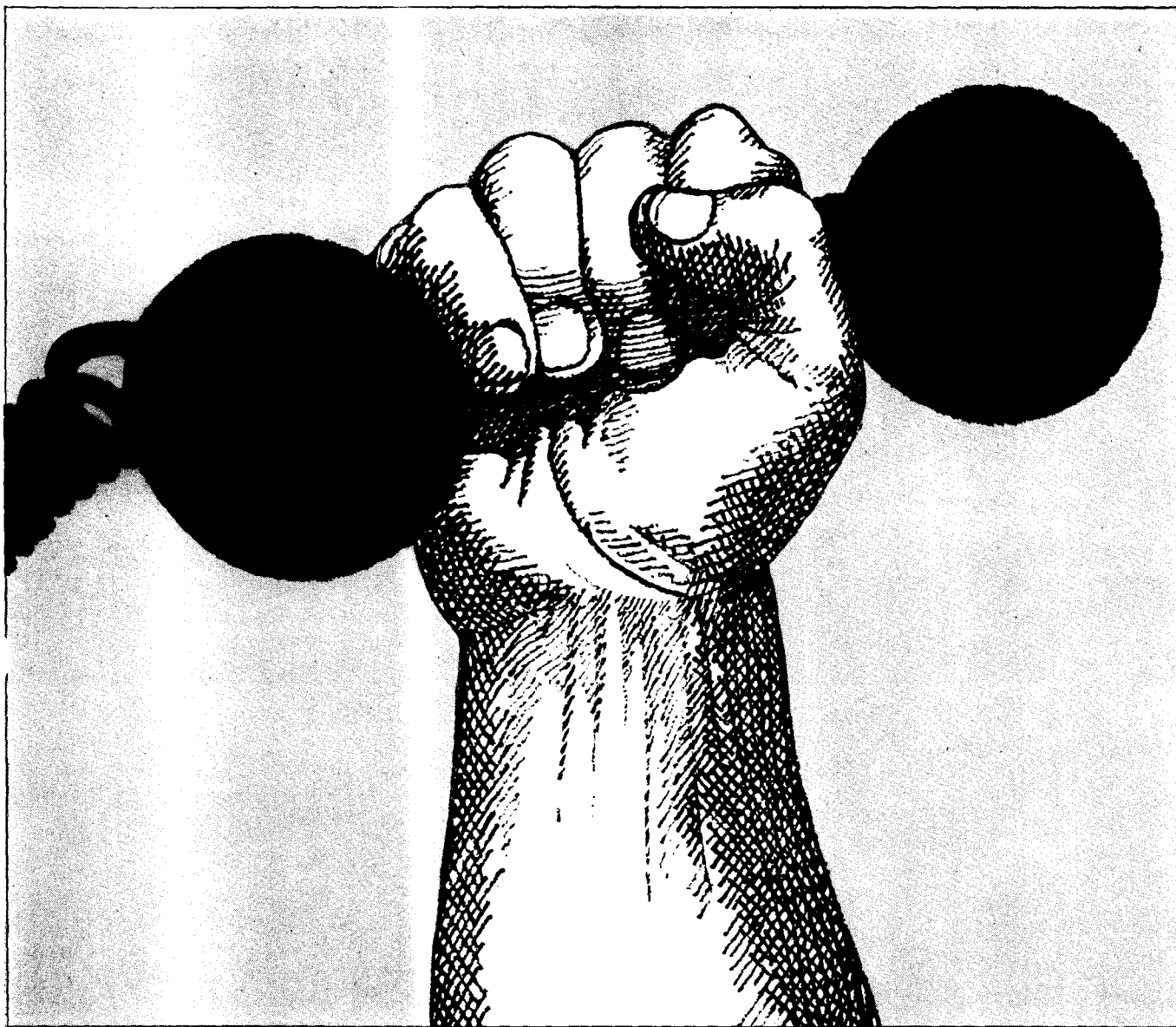
but readers unfamiliar with the subject will not be led astray by it.

TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS (Coward-McCann, \$6.95), by **BARBARA MERTZ**, is another book for the uninformed—those ignorant of Egyptology. It is a delightful introduction to the field, for Dr. Mertz is an amusing writer with an eye for comedy, past or present. Constantly reminding the reader how much Egyptian history is necessarily half guesswork, she writes of forgotten pharaohs and their courts as though all these people lived and fought and intrigued only last week, and without being pedantic, she explains such things as Egyptian writing and archaeological methods clearly and tersely.

THE RAYMOND CHANDLER OMNIBUS (Knopf, \$5.95) contains four of Chandler's best mystery stories—*The Big Sleep*, *Farewell, My Lovely*, *The High Window*, and *The Lady in the Lake*. This is information enough for Chandler devotees. I would recommend the book to followers of James Bond, but I fear Marlowe's wit would be too subtle for them.

About once a year, somebody writes another book trying to prove that the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl really represented folk memories of a visit by some white, bewhiskered European voyager. The latest of these volumes is **IN QUEST OF THE WHITE GOD** (Putnam, \$5.95), by **PIERRE HONORÉ**, described by his publishers as "an internationally known scientist and diplomat." Mr. Honoré's book is enthusiastic, well illustrated, badly organized, and somewhat erratic with facts and references. Of the cross-city highway at Teotihuacán, the author reports, "The road was referred to as the 'Via Sacra' or 'Way of Death,'" but by whom and when is never mentioned, leaving this information irrelevant as well as inconsistent. The book is nevertheless a beguiling thing; the author, floundering in his morass of parallels, myths, rumors, and assumptions, is so unconscious of the picture he is creating of Latin America as a prehistoric Grand Central Station, continually tramped through by Melanesians, Chinese, Phoenecians, and Cretans, that the project arouses sympathy as well as amusement. Austerely ignoring Vikings and Irish monks, Mr. Honoré casts his vote for early Cretans, and his climactic piece of evidence is an innovation.

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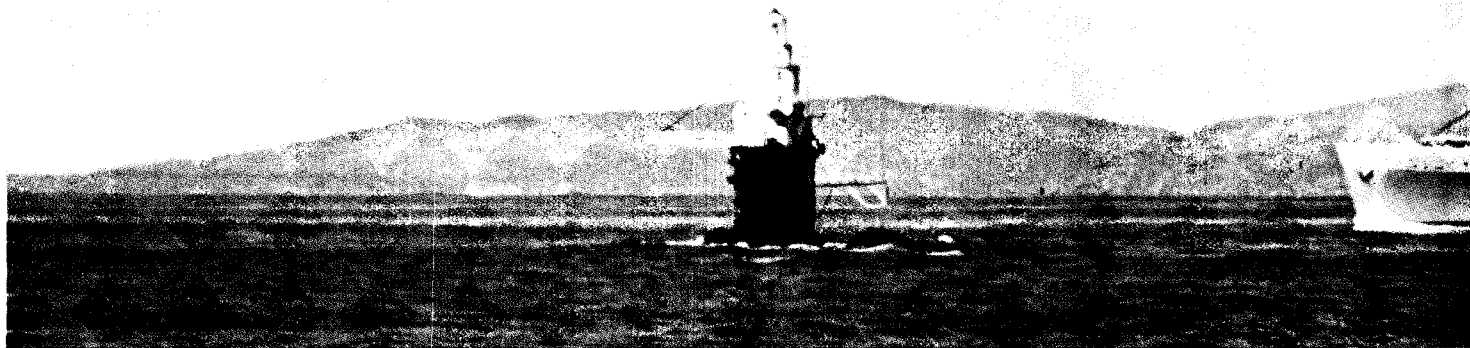
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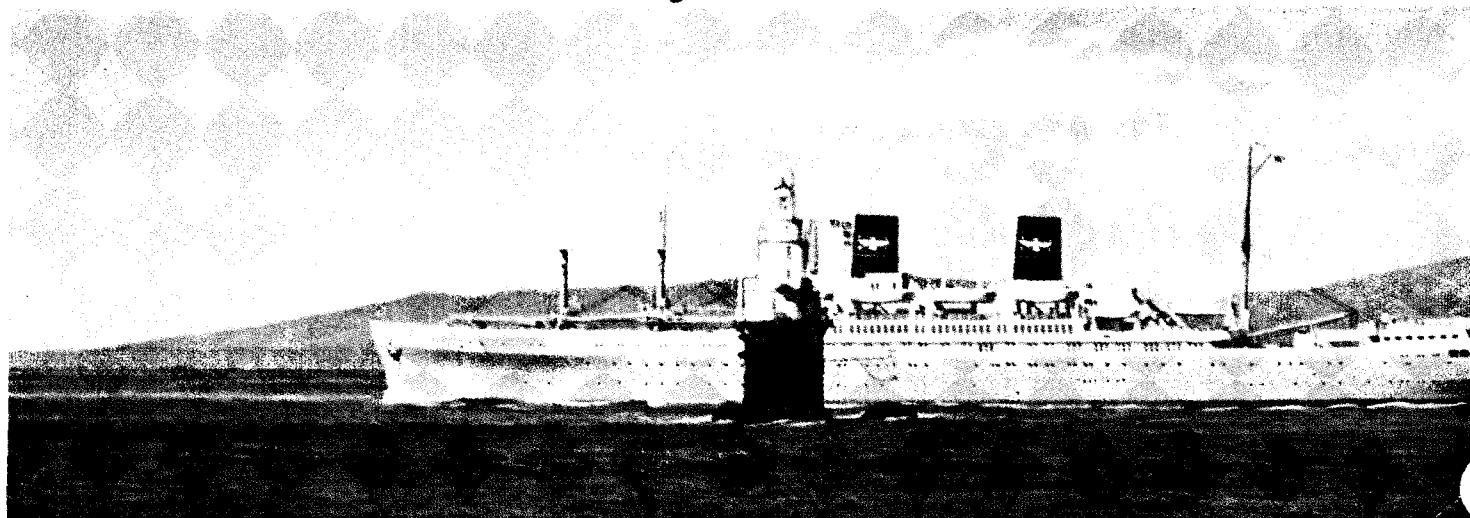


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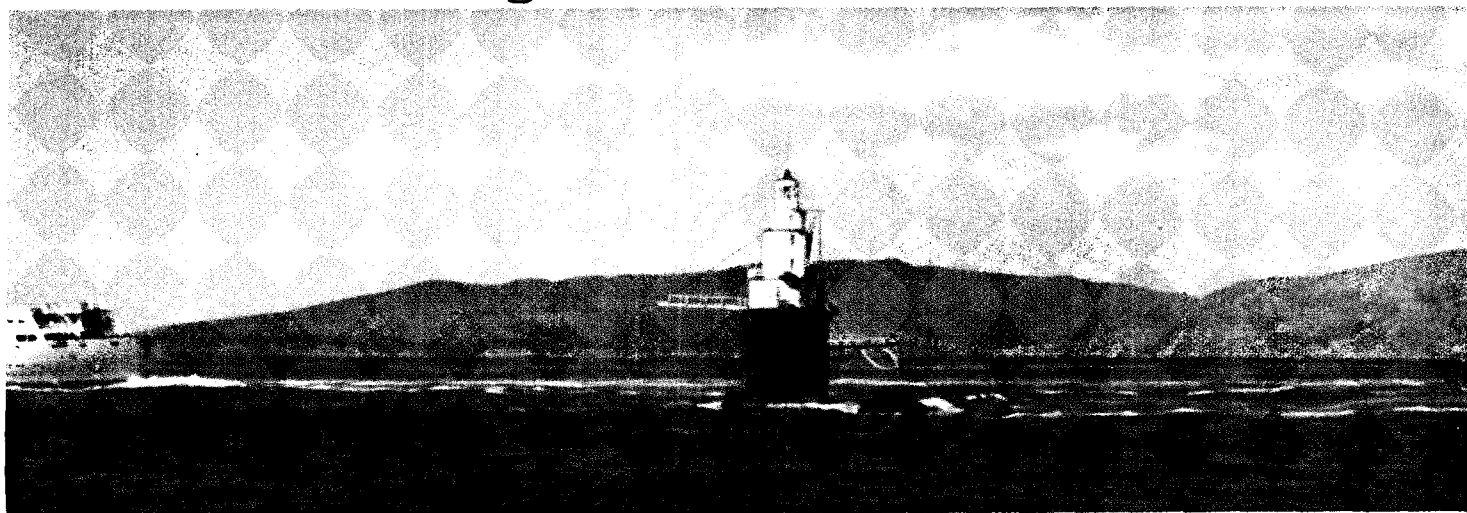
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